WAR PAPERS

COMMANDERY OF WISCONSIN

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

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WAR PAPERS

READ BEFORE THE

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN, MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

Published under direction of the Commandery

VOLUME II.

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BY CAPTAIN A. ROSS HOUSTON, *Recorder,*
For the Commandery of the State of Wisconsin,
Military Order of the Loyal Legion
of the United States.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.

At a stated meeting of this Commandery held at Milwaukee, Nov. 7, 1894, it was

Resolved, That the Board of Officers of this Commandery be authorized, in their discretion, to have such of the war papers as have been read before the Commandery as they may select, bound in book form as Volume II., War Papers, and supplied to Companions at publishers' price. To have charge of preparing for publication Volume II., the following Editing Committee is selected:

Companions Lieutenant William H. Beach, Lieutenant Theron W. Haight, Captain A. Ross Houston.

PREFACE.

In 1891 the first volume of War Papers read before the Wisconsin Commandery of the Loyal Legion was published. The edition of that volume has been exhausted and it has not been possible to meet the calls that have recently been made for the book.

The Commandery here presents Volume II. of War Papers. It is evident that there is an increasing interest in these records, filling in as they do the outlines of general history with the narratives of personal experiences. Actors in the great conflict are passing away, and it is well that we record and preserve all that we can of the events of those times so full of significance, and that we render due tribute to the humblest as well as the most prominent of those who did their part; that we "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Both sides now review dispassionately the great events that took place, and are promoting the fraternal and national feeling that so largely prevails. It is believed that every fact and incident truthfully narrated will serve to educate the young to better citizenship and higher patriotism; will bind together the whole people in respect for one another and in loyalty to our family of States, and will hasten the fulfillment of the prediction with which Lincoln closed his first inaugural:—"The mystic chords of memory, reaching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION.

Milwaukee, April, 1896.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

LIFE AND SERVICES OF GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN. Capt. F. H. MAGDEBURG, *14th Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. Vols.* 1

THE FIRST VICKSBURG EXPEDITION, AND THE BATTLE OF BATON ROUGE, 1862. Rt. Rev. G. MOTT WILLIAMS, *Bishop of Marquette.* 52

THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR ARMIES, 1861-1865. Capt. GEORGE W. BURNELL, *10th Vermont Infantry and 19th U. S. C. T.* 70

THE LOYAL LEGION. Capt. A. Ross HOUSTON, *U. S. Vols.* . . 81

IN THE IMMEDIATE REAR: EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF A FIELD SURGEON. Surgeon ALMON CLARKE, *1st Vermont Cavalry, U. S. Vols.* 87

EXPERIENCES WITH THE NINTH BRIGADE, ROUSSEAU'S DIVISION, ARMY OF OHIO. Surgeon SOLON MARKS, *10th Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. Vols.* 102

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND JEFFERSON DAVIS AS COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF. Capt. GEORGE E. SUTHERLAND, *13th Heavy Artillery, U. S. C. T.* 110

A REMINISCENCE. Capt. H. B. JACKSON, *2d Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. Vols.* 137

EARLY WAR DAYS IN MISSOURI. Capt. CHARLES MORTON, *3d U. S. Cavalry.* 145

WAR QUESTIONS IN THE SUPREME COURT OF WISCONSIN. Bvt. Brig. Gen. F. C. WINKLER, *Lieut. Col. 26th Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. Vols.* 159

THE WISCONSIN CAVALRY SERVICE DURING THE WAR. Col. E. A. CALKINS, *3d Wisconsin Cavalry, U. S. Vols.* 173

THE WOMEN OF THE NORTH—1861-1865. Capt. F. H. MAGDEBURG, *14th Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. Vols.* 194

PAGE.

RESPONSE TO TOAST: BOYS OF THE LOYAL LEGION. Capt. CHARLES KING, *5th U. S. Cavalry*. 201

REMINISCENCES OF THE BATTLE OF GETTSYBURG. Col. CORNELIUS WHEELER, *1st Lieut. 2d Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. Vols*. 207

THE SIGNAL CORPS OF THE ARMY DURING THE REBELLION. Maj. W. W. ROWLEY, *Captain 28th New York Infantry, U. S. Vols*. 221

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, WITH MAPS. Col. E. E. BRYANT, *3d and 50th Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. Vols*. 231

REMINISCENCES OF 1ST NEW YORK "LINCOLN" CAVALRY. 1st Lieut. W. H. BEACH, *1st New York Cavalry, U. S. Vols*. 276

MOSBY AND HIS MEN. Col. J. A. WATROUS, *1st Lieut. and Adjutant 6th Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. Vols*. 303

IN AND OUT OF THE WISCONSIN ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, 1862-1866. Gen. AUGUSTUS GAYLORD. 308

THE OLD ARMY. Maj. MOSES HARRIS, *1st and 8th U. S. Cavalry* 331

KING'S DIVISION: FREDERICKSBURG TO MANASSAS—AN EPISODE OF POPE'S VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN. 1st Lieut. THERON W. HAIGHT, *24th New York Infantry, U. S. Vols*. . . 345

GAINESVILLE, GROVETON AND SECOND BULL RUN. 1st Lieut. THERON W. HAIGHT, *24th New York Infantry, U. S. Vols*. 357

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—

Bishop SAMUEL FALLOWS, *Bvt. Brig. Gen., U. S. Vols*. . . . 373

Ex-Governor W. D. HOARD. 379

EXPERIENCES AT THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER. Surgeon SOLON MARKS, *10th Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. Vols*. 385

THE ARMIES OF OTHER COUNTRIES. Surgeon WALTER KEMPSTER, *10th New York Cavalry, U. S. Vols*. 399

OUR SOLDIERS AS CITIZENS. Major WILLIAM RUGER, *Adjutant 13th Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. Vols., Captain A. A. G.* . . . 430

CHICKAMAUGA. Captain E. B. PARSONS, *24th Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. Vols*. 438

WAR PAPERS.

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

By Captain F. H. Magdeburg, U. S. V.

[Read October 6, 1891.]

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN was the sixth child in a family of eleven children, born to Judge Charles Robert Sherman and Mary Hoyt Sherman. He was born at Lancaster, Ohio, February 8th, 1820.

Judge Charles Robert Sherman, the father, was born September 26th, 1788, and married, May 8th, 1810, Mary Hoyt, both being natives of Connecticut. All their eleven children were born in Ohio, except the oldest, who was born just before their removal from Connecticut. The father died June 20th, 1829, and shortly thereafter William Tecumseh, then a little over nine years old, was taken into the family of the Hon. Thomas Ewing, who sent him to school in Lancaster, whence he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, July 1st, 1836. Here he immediately took high rank in his classes, being ninth in a class of seventy-six the first year, sixth in a class of fifty-eight the second year, sixth in a class of forty-six the third year, and again sixth in a class of forty-two the fourth, his graduating year. In his class was George H. Thomas. There were also attending during his graduating year, but in other classes, Nathaniel Lyon, John F. Reynolds, Don Carlos Buell, in the second class.

In the third class were John Newton, William S. Rosecrans, John Pope and Seth Williams; and in the fourth class, William B. Franklin, C. C. Augur and Ulysses S. Grant.

Cadet Sherman graduated July 1st, 1840, and was, on that date, appointed Second Lieutenant in the Third Artillery. He joined his regiment October 20th, 1840, and served with it in Florida to March 1st, 1842. During his stay in Florida, on November 30th, 1841, he was promoted to be First Lieutenant in his regiment. From March 1st, 1842, to June 2d of the same year, he was stationed at Fort Morgan, Alabama. From June 2d, 1842, to April 13th, 1846, we find him at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, whence on April 13th he was detailed on recruiting service, and ordered to Pittsburg, Pa.

His headquarters were at Pittsburg, and he at once obtained permission to open a sub-rendezvous for recruits at Zanesville, Ohio, which he placed in charge of a sergeant. It appears that here already the ruling traits of his character—promptness of action, and quick perception of that which was most needful to be done, orders or no orders—showed itself in the young Lieutenant on recruiting service.

The latter part of May, 1846, while on a recruiting expedition at Wheeling, Va., he heard the news of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, which occurred on the 8th and 9th days of May. He at once returned to Pittsburg, and wrote to the Adjutant General of the Army to be considered an applicant for active service. Without permission or authority he immediately took all the recruits to Newport Barracks, well knowing that they were wanted, and then reported in person to the superintendent of the western recruiting service at Cincinnati, what he had done. Instead of being com-

mended for his zeal, in getting men promptly forward, he was rebuked, and was ordered back to Pittsburg. He reached that city late in June, and on his arrival found orders from the War Department relieving him from recruiting service, and ordering him to join Company F, Third Artillery, then under orders for California. He also received a private letter from Lieut. Ord (during the rebellion Gen. Ord), informing him that the company was already under way from Fort McHenry to New York, where it was to embark for California. Fearful that he would be left behind, he worked day and night to get his accounts and papers in order. Receiving his orders to leave at 8 P. M., he put out the next morning on a boat to Brownsville. Thence he went by stage to Cumberland, Maryland, and thence by cars to New York.

He found his company on Governor's Island, and there also found Lieut. E. O. C. Ord, who was senior First Lieutenant of the same company. The expedition left New York July 14, 1846, on the United States ship Lexington. Attached to these troops was Lieut. H. W. Halleck of the Engineer Corps.

After a voyage of one hundred and ninety-eight days, including stops at Rio Janeiro and at Valparaiso, the ship reached Monterey, California, January 26th, 1847. The command was landed and marched in full martial array to the hills back of the town, where they established their camp. The population then was a mixture of Americans, Mexicans and Indians, together numbering perhaps one thousand.

Being desirous of getting acquainted with the country and its people, Sherman and Ord, who seemed to be congenial spirits, frequently obtained permission to make trips inland. Troops continued to arrive, and among the officers who arrived, were Col. R. B. Mason, also A. J.

Smith and Geo. Stoneman, both then Lieutenants of Dragoons.

Early in May Sherman went with Gen. Kearney to Los Angeles. During that month and after Gen. Kearney had finished his business at Los Angeles, Sherman marched a detachment of Mormon troops from Los Angeles to Monterey. Late in May Gen. Kearney left for the States, leaving Col. R. B. Mason of the First Dragoons in command of California. Col. Mason at once selected Sherman as his Adjutant General, and established his headquarters at Monterey. In his memoirs Sherman treats fully of his experiences in California, of the excitement when the first samples of gold were brought from Sutter's to Col. Mason's headquarters, and also speaks of the quicksilver mines. He there met Kit Carson, then a Lieutenant in Col. Sumner's Mounted Rifles. Toward the end of June, 1848, with Col. Mason, he made a trip to the gold mines. Sherman was interested in everything passing, and took great pains to inform himself of everything connected with the discovery of gold and the manner of securing it. In due time they returned by a different route to Monterey. Col. Mason there found dispatches from Commodore Shubrick, stating that negotiations for peace were pending.

In the fall Col. Mason, accompanied by Sherman and other officers, made another trip to Sutter's fort and other newly discovered mines. At the request of Col. Mason, Sherman prepared, on the 17th day of August, an official report of their visits to the mines, which, with samples of the gold nuggets found, was forwarded to the President at Washington, who made this official report the subject of a special message to Congress.

The first regular mail steamer arrived February 23d, 1849, bringing Brigadier General Persifer F. Smith, who

was to take command of the Pacific coast. Major Canby, Adjutant General, also arrived on this steamer, and was to take Sherman's place. It was arranged that Sherman was to enter the military family of Gen. Smith at San Francisco as Adjutant General. He parted with his old commander, Col. Mason, with sincere regret. With his inborn good will to all deserving men, he renders in his Memoirs a most touching tribute to Col. Mason's honesty and fidelity. Always generous, truthful, sincere and honest himself, he was ever ready to acknowledge such traits of character in others.

During May, 1849, while on a visit at Monterey, Sherman displayed that life-long characteristic of being always ready for duty. One night over twenty-five men of the garrison deserted, and were supposed to be on their way to the gold mines. Being better acquainted with the roads than the other officers were, he at once volunteered to lead a party to capture the deserters, who, being on foot, could easily be overtaken by daylight. About six miles out they captured six of them, and twenty miles out, by a bold dash, secured eighteen more.

About this time Major Joseph Hooker arrived from the East, and as regular Adjutant General of the division relieved Sherman, who was then made aide de camp to Gen. Smith.

Sherman was sent to Monterey during the session of the State Convention, convened to frame a State Constitution. Shortly thereafter he was sent to Sacramento City to instruct Lieutenants Warner and Williamson of the Engineers, to push their survey of routes in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The possibility of crossing this range of mountains with a railroad was at that early date discussed, and elicited in California universal interest.

About Christmas, Sherman was ordered to take dis-

patches to General Scott in New York. On the 2d day of January he left Monterey on the steamer Oregon, with a party of young officers consisting of Ord, A. J. Smith and Rucker, some under orders, some on leave of absence. Sherman arrived in New York about the end of January and delivered his dispatches to Gen. Scott. He was then ordered to take the dispatches he had brought to the Secretary of War at Washington. He found there that the Hon. Thomas Ewing was Secretary of the Interior, and Sherman at once became a member of his family. He called upon President Taylor, who received him very graciously. Though Sherman had served under Taylor in the Florida war, he had never before seen him. He applied for and received on February 23d, 1850, a leave of absence for six months, during which time he visited his mother, then living at Mansfield, Ohio. On the first day of May, 1850, he married Miss Ellen Boyl Ewing, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Ewing.

Sherman was in Washington when President Taylor died, and at the request of the Adjutant General, to whom he acted as aide de camp, attended the funeral. His leave of absence was extended to September 23d, 1850, when he reported to Capt. Braxton Bragg, Company C, Third Artillery, at Jefferson Barracks. On the 27th day of September, 1850, he was promoted to Captain, was assigned to the commissary department, and was ordered to relieve Capt. A. J. Smith at St. Louis. He remained on this duty at St. Louis till September, 1852, when he was ordered to New Orleans to relieve Major Waggaman, who was the commissary of subsistence there.

In February, 1853, he applied for six months' leave of absence, with a view of visiting California, to look over the ground in San Francisco for the purpose of establishing himself in business with some St. Louis gentlemen.

He sailed early in March, 1853, going by the Panama route. Owing to some miscalculation and fog the propeller was wrecked on a reef eighteen miles north of the entrance to San Francisco harbor. He and some others managed to get on shore, and ascertained that they were at Baulinas Creek, a lumber camp; also that a schooner loaded with lumber would soon leave for San Francisco. Sherman and his companion went to the Creek, hailed the schooner and secured passage to San Francisco. All went well till they entered the Golden Gate, when through some mishap the schooner was capsized. Sherman was picked up by a man in a row boat, put ashore and found his way to town. He reported the accident of the propeller S. S. Lewis at the steamship company's office, and two steamers were sent to the relief of the balance of the passengers who had all been landed.

His investigation resulted in his deciding to enter into the banking business. Returning to New York in July, 1853, he handed in his resignation, which was accepted, to take effect September 6th, 1853. He sailed with his family from New York September 20th, arriving in San Francisco October 15th, and at once assumed the management of the banking house of Lucas, Turner & Co. The house passed through the troubles of February, 1855, without losing the confidence of the public, due to his able and straightforward manner of dealing with his patrons.

He was made Major General of the Second Division of the Militia about May 14th, 1856, but resigned soon thereafter because he found that political trickery was interfering with the exercise of what he thought his duty. Business becoming more and more precarious and unprofitable he advised winding up the affairs of the bank, and in April, 1857, published a card asking all depositors to call and get their money by May first, otherwise their

balances would be transferred to the banking house of Parrott & Co. This was promptly done, and nothing remained to do except to collect what was due the firm.

Soon after closing the bank he sailed with his family for New York, took them to Lancaster, Ohio, and went on to St. Louis to meet his partners. It was there decided to establish a banking house in New York, under the firm name of Lucas, Turner & Co., which was done July 21st, 1857, at No. 12 Wall Street. Sherman's business connections in New York were of the highest character. The business was, however, of short duration. The panic of 1857 compelled the firm to close their doors on October 7th. All balances due depositors were transferred to other banks, and here, as at San Francisco, no person lost a cent by their retirement from business.

Sherman went to St. Louis to assist in winding up the affairs of the St. Louis house, where also everybody was paid in full. January 5th, 1858, he sailed for San Francisco to straighten out all his old business affairs. He remained on this business till July 3d, 1858, when he returned to Lancaster, Ohio.

September 1st he went to Leavenworth, Kansas, where he entered into law business, the firm being Sherman, Ewing & McCook. This firm was larger than the business warranted, and consequently Sherman made up his mind to get out as soon as he could get something better. In June, 1859, he ascertained that the State of Louisiana wanted to engage a competent man as Superintendent for the Louisiana State Seminary of Learning and Military Academy, at Alexandria, and he at once applied for the position. In July he received notice from Governor Wickliffe that he had been elected Superintendent. For this position he was indebted to Major Don Carlos Buell and Gen. G. Mason Graham, a half

brother of his old commander in California, Gen. R. B. Mason.

In the fall of 1859 he went to Baton Rouge, and reported to Governor Wickliffe. On the 17th day of November, 1859, notices were issued that the seminary would be open January 1st, 1860. The institution was promptly opened and started out with sixty cadets. The school was modeled after West Point and the Virginia Military Institute, but had no uniforms or muskets. The first term closed July 31st, 1860, and the new term was to begin November 1st. In the interim Sherman went east to procure uniforms and additional scientific outfits. He also went to Washington to procure from the general government arms for the college. In this application for arms he was successful. Floyd, the traitor, was then Secretary of War, and was only too glad of an opportunity to ship more arms into Louisiana, notwithstanding the fact that it had already its full quota of arms from the general government. He returned to Alexandria early in October. On reopening the school November 1st there were one hundred and thirty cadets.

Perplexities began to surround Sherman, owing to the growing secession sentiment in Louisiana, and the seizures by state authorities of the property of the United States. He was outspoken in his loyalty to the federal government, and he was not afraid to openly declare that "secession was treason, was war." He was indignant at the seizure of the United States arsenal at Baton Rouge which occurred January 10th, 1861, and blamed the authorities in Washington who had left officers in charge of such places in doubt as to what course to pursue. This action on the part of the state government of Louisiana determined his course, and January 18th, 1861, he wrote

one of his most famous letters to the Governor of Louisiana:

LOUISIANA STATE SEMINARY OF LEARNING
AND MILITARY ACADEMY, January 18th, 1861.

GOVERNOR THOMAS O. MOORE,
Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

SIR:—As I occupy a quasi-military position under the laws of the State, I deem it proper to acquaint you that I accepted such position when Louisiana was a State in the Union, and when the motto of this seminary was inserted in marble over its main door: "By the liberality of the General Government of the United States. The Union—*esto perpetua.*"

Recent events foreshadow a great change, and it becomes all men to choose. If Louisiana withdraw from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives; and my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense of the word.

In that event, I beg you will send or appoint some authorized agent to take charge of the arms and munitions of war belonging to the State, or advise me what disposition to make of them. And furthermore, as president of the Board of Supervisors, I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as superintendent, the moment the State determines to secede, for on no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to, or in defiance of, the old Government of the United States.

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Superintendent.

On the 25th or 26th of January, 1861, the secession ordinance was passed by Louisiana, and this was the signal for Sherman to leave. He closed up all his affairs in the most business-like manner, and on the 20th of February he left Alexandria for New Orleans, and there completed the transfer and all business matters connected with his position, and on the 25th of February left by railroad for Lancaster, Ohio.

On his way home he was very observing of all that passed around him, and saw that the activity and temper displayed meant war. North of the Ohio River the absolute apathy of the people astonished and disgusted him. On reaching Lancaster he found letters from his brother, Senator John Sherman, urging him to come to Washington, and also letters from his old St. Louis friend, telling him that he was trying to secure for him the position of President of the Fifth Street Railroad at a salary of $2,500 per year. He, however, went to Washington about the 10th of March. With his brother, the Senator, he called on the President and explained to him what he knew of the situation in the South. It appears, however, that he was not favorably impressed with this his first interview with President Lincoln. The President seemed inclined to the belief that Sherman was painting the situation too gloomily, and to Sherman it seemed that the President took matters too lightly when in fact they were very grave.

March 27th he removed with his family to St. Louis and entered upon the duties of President of the Fifth Street Railroad. At that time the rebel element in St. Louis had pretty much its own way. Captain Nathaniel Lyon was in charge of the arsenal, and acting with him were Frank Blair, B. Gratz Brown, John M. Schofield, Clinton B. Fisk and others, who had organized a body of four or five regiments, composed almost exclusively of Germans, to be used in quelling the rebel element.

April 6th Sherman received an offer to be made Chief Clerk of the War Department, with intention of eventually making him Assistant Secretary of War. This offer was made to him through the Hon. Montgomery Blair. He immediately answered by wire, "I cannot accept," and under date of April 8th wrote as follows:

OFFICE ST. LOUIS RAILROAD COMPANY,
MONDAY, April 8th, 1861.

HON. M. BLAIR,
Washington, D. C.

I received, about 9 o'clock Saturday night, your telegraph dispatch, which I have this moment answered, "I cannot accept."

I have quite a large family, and when I resigned my place in Louisiana, on account of secession, I had no time to lose; and, therefore, after my hasty visit to Washington, where I saw no chance of employment, I came to St. Louis, have accepted a place in this company, have rented a house, and incurred other obligations, so that I am not at liberty to change.

I thank you for the compliment contained in your offer, and assure you that I wish the Administration all success in its almost impossible task of governing this distracted and anarchical people.

Yours truly, W. T. SHERMAN.

This letter gave offense, as well as rise to innuendoes that he, too, would eventually prove false to his country. These outrageous innuendoes were being hawked about, notwithstanding the fact that he had voluntarily given up a position in the South yielding him $4,000 per year, and there is no doubt he could have had a high position in the rebel army had he chosen to take it. In order to put evil tongues at rest he wrote to the Secretary of War:

OFFICE OF ST. LOUIS RAILROAD COMPANY,
May 8th, 1861.

HON. S. CAMERON, *Secretary of War*,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR:—I hold myself now, as always, prepared to serve my country in the capacity for which I was trained. I did not and will not volunteer for *three months*, because I cannot throw my family on the cold charity of the world. But for the *three years*' call made by the President, an officer can prepare his command and do good service.

I will not volunteer as a soldier, because rightfully or wrongfully I feel unwilling to take a mere private's place, and, having for many years lived in California and Louisiana, the men are

not well enough acquainted with me to elect me to my appropriate place.

Should my services be needed, the records of the War Department will enable you to designate the station in which I can render most service.

Yours truly, W. T. SHERMAN.

He witnessed the Camp Jackson affair in St. Louis, May 10th, 1861.

To his letter to the Secretary of War he received no direct answer, but on the 14th of May, 1861, was appointed Colonel of the 13th Regular Infantry, and went at once to Washington. He expected to be permitted to return to St. Louis and there enlist his regiment, but instead was detailed on the staff of Lieut. Gen. Scott on inspection duty, and he instructed Mrs. Sherman to return to Lancaster, Ohio, with the children.

June 30th, Sherman assumed command of the Third Brigade of the First Division. His brigade consisted of the 13th, 29th, 69th and 79th New York and 2d Wisconsin Vol. Infantry, and Captain Ayres' battery of the 5th Regular Artillery. With his brigade he participated in the battle of Bull Run July 21st, and, like the rest, had to retreat. He was made Brigadier General of Volunteers May 17th. He remained in command of his brigade in the defenses of Washington to August 28th, when having been ordered to report to Brig. Gen. Robert Anderson at Louisville, Ky., he relinquished the command of his brigade to Brig. Gen. Fitz John Porter. He at once started for his new field of action, and on the 8th of October succeeded Gen. Anderson in the command of all troops in Kentucky. Soon after taking command he was visited by Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War.

During that visit occurred what was so injurious to Sherman's career in the earlier part of the war. It appears that the Secretary of War requested Sherman to

explain to him fully the wants in that part of the country. Sherman stated that it would require 60,000 troops to hold Kentucky in the Union, and that eventually 200,000 troops would be required to drive the rebels out of the state and keep them out. His official record on this subject is contained in a letter to Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas, at Washington, under date of October 22d, 1861:

"This force, if concentrated, should be strong enough for the purpose; at all events, it is all he had or I could give him. * * * I explained so fully to yourself and the Secretary of War the condition of things, that I can add nothing new until further developments. You know my views, that this great centre of our field is too weak, far too weak, and I have begged and implored till I dare not say more. * * * I again repeat that our force here is out of all proportion to the importance of the position. Our defeat would be disastrous to the nation; and to expect of new men, who never bore arms, to do miracles, is not right."

In a letter to the same, dated November 4th, 1861, he says:

"I know well, you will think our forces too widely distributed, but we are forced to it by the attitude of our enemies, whose force and numbers the country never has comprehended and probably never will comprehend. I am told that my estimate of troops needed for this line, viz., two hundred thousand, has been construed to my prejudice, and therefore leave it for the future. This is the great centre on which our enemies can concentrate whatever force is not employed elsewhere."

Events have proved his wisdom, but he was violently assailed in almost all the northern papers, more particularly so by some of the Cincinnati papers, and he was decried as a crazy fool and an imbecile. All this wounded him deeply, but he could not help it, and though efforts were made by his friends to stop these slanderous remarks, such efforts were unsuccessful, because it was said the North had to be fed by sensational news at any cost. It

is supposed that these rumors and attacks were the cause of his removal to another sphere.

Brig. Gen. Don Carlos Buell arrived at Louisville about November 23d, 1861, and relieved Sherman, who was ordered by the War Department to report in person to Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck at St. Louis. He felt deeply the insult heaped upon him and noticed that many officers and men looked at him askance.

Sherman at once reported to Gen. Halleck and was by him put on inspection duty. It appears that his efforts to solidify the situation between Sedalia and Jefferson City, whither he had been sent by Halleck, were not approved when he ordered them to be made, and he was recalled. But the very same dispositions of troops he then ordered were subsequently made by advice of Lieut. Col. James B. McPherson, which goes to show that even Halleck did not fully trust to Sherman's judgment.

On his return to St. Louis he found Mrs. Sherman, who had come to see for herself if her husband was "crazy, insane and mad," as he was said to be by all the papers in the North. He finally decided to ask for a thirty days' leave of absence, which was granted, and he went to Lancaster to enjoy it with his family. At the expiration of his leave of absence he returned to St. Louis and was ordered December 23d to take command of the camp and post of Benton Barracks. He immediately assumed command and retained the same till February 13th, 1862, when he was ordered to Paducah, Ky., to take command of that post. After his arrival at Paducah, in addition to his duties as post commander, he commenced to organize a division for himself, to take the field as soon as he should be ordered to do so.

On the 10th of March he was ordered to take the field, and embarked his division, which was composed of four

brigades, and reported to Gen. C. F. Smith at Fort Henry. He was ordered some miles above, to the remains of the burned railroad bridge, there to await the rendezvous of the rest of the army. Soon thereafter Sherman was ordered to take his division up the Tennessee River near Eastport, and to land there and break up the Memphis and Charleston railroad. He went up as far as Eastport, but dropped back to the mouth of Yellow River, whence there led a road to Burnsville, on the Memphis & Charleston railroad, where were located that road's repair shops. Rain fell in torrents, and owing to the river rising very fast, he was obliged to abandon the object of the expedition, and returned with his command to his boats.

During the night of the 14th of March he steamed down to Pittsburg Landing, where he found Hurlburt's division. He left his command in the boats and steamed down to Savannah and reported to Gen. Smith the result of his expedition. He was ordered back to Pittsburg Landing, and there disembark the troops and take position well back of the Landing so as to leave room for the balance of the army which was soon to arrive.

On the 16th of March part of the troops disembarked and reconnoitered under Sherman, assisted by McPherson, about ten miles toward Corinth. The expedition returned to the Landing the same day. On the 18th Hurlburt landed his division and took post about a mile and a half out. On the 19th Sherman disembarked his division and made camp about three miles from the river.

Gen. C. F. Smith remained in chief command at Savannah. On the 19th of March, owing to Gen. Smith's severe illness, Gen. U. S. Grant succeeded to the chief command. He also made his headquarters at Savannah. On the 6th and 7th of April the battle of Shiloh was fought, in which Sherman took a conspicuous part. From the position he

took on Sunday about three or four o'clock P. M. he was not forced back, and to him more than to any one else is due the credit of making a stand on that disastrous day, and rallying the faltering forces of our somewhat demoralized army. In the second day's fight he also took a conspicuous part with his division. From that time forward Sherman was identified with the Army of the Tennessee. May 1st, 1862, he was promoted to be Major General of Volunteers.

He took part in the advance on Corinth and entered that town May 30th. Soon after he was ordered to Chewalla and thence to Grand Junction. During the latter part of June and the first half of July he had his own and Hurlburt's divisions about Grand Junction, Lagrange, Moscow and Lafayette. Later he went to Holly Springs, which he held till July 6th, when he was ordered by Gen. Halleck to withdraw his troops to the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad.

On the 16th of July he was notified that thereafter he would be under orders of Gen. Grant and was at the same time ordered to go to Memphis. On the 21st and 22d of July he reached Memphis and assumed command. Matters at Memphis were in bad shape, as it was a sort of headquarters for all scoundrels dealing in contraband of war with the rebels. He immediately set about correcting these evils, and clearly defined his position in a letter to Dr. E. S. Plummer and others, signers to a petition:

"I have this moment received your communication, and assure you that it grieves my heart thus to be the instrument of adding to the seeming cruelty and hardship of this unnatural war. All people who are unfriendly should forthwith prepare to depart in such directions as I may hereafter indicate.

"Surgeons are not liable to be made prisoners of war, but they should not reside within the lines of an army which they regard as hostile. The situation would be too delicate."

To the editor of Union Appeal, at Memphis, he wrote:

"It is well I should come to an understanding at once with the press as well as with the people of Memphis, which I am ordered to command; which means, to control for the interest, welfare and glory of the *whole* Government of the United States. Personalities in a newspaper are wrong and criminal. Thus, though you meant to be complimentary in your sketch of my career, you make more than a dozen mistakes of fact, which I need not correct, as I don't desire my biography to be written till I am dead. It is enough for the world to know that I live and am a soldier, bound to obey the orders of my superiors, the laws of my country, and to venerate its Constitution; and that, when discretion is given me, I shall exercise it wisely and account to my superiors. If I find the press of Memphis actuated by high principle and a sole devotion to their country, I will be their best friend; but if I find them personal, abusive, dealing in innuendoes and hints at a blind venture, and looking to their own selfish aggrandizement and fame, then they had better look out; for I regard such persons as greater enemies to their country and to mankind than the men who, from a mistaken sense of State pride, have taken up muskets, and fight us about as hard as we care about."

To the Mayor of Memphis he wrote, under date of July 27th, 1862:

"I have the most unbounded respect for the civil law, courts, and authorities, and shall do all in my power to restore them to their proper use, viz., the protection of life, liberty and property. Unfortunately, at this time, civil war prevails in the land, and necessarily the military, for the time being, must be superior to the civil authority, but it does not therefore destroy it."

To the editor of the Bulletin he wrote:

"I know, moreover, in some instances when our soldiers are complained of, that they have been insulted by sneering remarks about 'Yankees,' 'Northern barbarians,' 'Lincoln's hirelings,' etc., etc. People who use such language must seek redress through some one else, for I will not tolerate insults to our country or cause. When people forget their obligations to a Govern-

ment that made them respected among the nations of the earth, and speak contemptuously of the flag which is the silent emblem of that country, I will not go out of my way to protect them or their property."

I quote these extracts from his letters to show that there was nothing vindictive about him, but that he was intensely loyal to his country and his soldiers.

November 1st, 1862, he had five brigades under his command and later on a sixth was added, and he then organized his six brigades into three divisions. On the 17th of November he was ordered to meet Gen. Grant at Columbus, Ky. At this conference it was agreed to make a movement down the Mississippi Central railroad with a view of taking Vicksburg, or crushing Pemberton's army before he could get into Vicksburg with it. Gen. McPherson was to start with the troops then lying around Grand Junction, and Sherman was to start on November 24th from Memphis, with all available troops, after turning the command of Memphis over to Hurlburt. Sherman was to meet Grant at or near Oxford.

On the 5th of December Sherman with his whole army reached College Hill, ten miles from Oxford, and at once placed himself in communication with Gen. Grant, then in Oxford. On the 8th he received a letter from Gen. Grant requesting him to come to him for consultation. He at once reported, and it was then decided that Sherman should return to Memphis with his troops and from there embark and go down the river and effect a lodgment up the Yazoo, and, if possible, capture Vicksburg from the rear, while Gen. Grant with his forces held Pemberton engaged and away from Vicksburg. This decision was then and there reported to Washington, and Gen. Grant at once wrote out Sherman's instructions. Sherman immediately started back with his army, reaching Memphis December 12th.

On the 19th the troops were embarked and steamed down the river. On the 21st he reached Helena, and on the 22d they all rendezvoused at Friar's Point. On the 23d Sherman issued explicit orders in writing to every division commander accompanying the same, with maps of the country to be operated in, so that no errors should be made. Admiral Porter with his fleet accompanied the expedition. On Christmas day Milliken's Bend was reached, whence Sherman sent a detachment to destroy as much as possible of the railroad leading from Vicksburg to Shreveport. On the 26th he proceeded to the mouth of the Yazoo River, and steamed up that stream some thirteen miles to Johnson's plantation and there disembarked Steele's division above the mouth of Chickasaw Bayou, Morgan's division near Johnson's house, and M. L. Smith's division just below. A. J. Smith's division arrived the next night and disembarked below that of M. L. Smith. On the 29th of December all was ready for the attack, and at the agreed signal the troops made it. However it was a failure, and though Sherman in his official report assumes all responsibility of the disaster, he lays the chief blame on Gen. G. W. Morgan, who did not follow orders, nor did he do as he had promised to. The assault was repulsed with great loss to Sherman's command.

During the night of the 29th and 30th it was agreed between Sherman and Porter that a landing should be effected below Haines' Bluff at about daylight of the 30th, and that then a dash should be made for the hills. When daylight came, however, it was accompanied by a fog so thick that it was impossible for the boats to move. Rain began to fall in torrents, and as trees showed water marks ten feet above a man's height, Sherman concluded to get out before he was drowned out. On the 1st of

January, 1863, all embarked. Sherman was then informed that Gen. McClernand had arrived from Washington with orders to take command of the expeditionary forces on the Mississippi River, and that Gen. Grant with his army was in full retreat to Memphis, because his entire supplies had been destroyed by Van Dorn at Holly Springs.

On January 3d Sherman's whole command rendezvoused at Milliken's Bend, under approval of Gen. McClernand. On the following day McClernand issued his General Order No. 1, assuming command, and dividing the forces into two corps, one to be commanded by Gen. Sherman, the other by Gen. Morgan.

Sherman urged an attempt to capture Fort Hindman, and after much urging he persuaded McClernand to attempt the capture of that place, and got Admiral Porter to consent to go along. The expedition started from the mouth of White River January 9th, and on the 11th captured the place after a smart engagement, in which about one hundred and fifty rebels were killed and forty-seven hundred and ninety-one were made prisoners. On the 13th the troops returned to the Mississippi. Arriving at Napoleon, McClernand received information that Grant disapproved of the Arkansas Post movement. It is, however, supposed that when Grant heard of the brilliant success achieved he changed his disapproval to approval.

January 21st these troops again reached Milliken's Bend and were ordered to there await the arrival of Gen. Grant. From Milliken's Bend Sherman was ordered to take up work in the ditch opposite Vicksburg. In March he was entrusted with the movement in support of the gunboats up Steel's Bayou, Black Bayou and Deer Creek. This movement proved a failure, but the gunboats were saved only through Sherman's indomitable perseverance

and hard work. On the 6th of April Sherman was placed in command of the 15th Corps, consisting of nine brigades divided into three divisions.

It was by that time demonstrated that Vicksburg had either to be taken on the old route, as attempted in the fall campaign of 1862, or it had to be taken by marching the army below Vicksburg on the Louisiana side and then crossing the river, and by quick and decisive fighting and marching get into the rear of the town, and either carry it by assault or siege.

The former plan was favored by Sherman as indicated in his letter of April 8th, 1863, to Col. John A. Rawlins, then Asst. Adjt. Genl. to Gen. Grant. This is the letter that has by many been construed as a protest against the other movement, but it contains no word of protest; he therein simply gives his reasons why he prefers the original plan.

Sherman crossed his command below Vicksburg May 7th, and at once marched out to Hankinson's Ferry, eighteen miles. He reached Jackson the 14th and Vicksburg the 19th of May, and participated in the assault made that day, and also in the assault of May 22nd. Soon thereafter he was placed in command of the troops operating in the rear of Vicksburg and fronting toward Black River.

Here it was that I first became personally acquainted with this great man, and he then impressed me as the most energetic officer of high rank I had met. I saw him daily, either at his own or our headquarters; always on the alert, always active. He never permitted Joe Johnston, whose movements he watched and was to counteract, to gain one foot of ground.

Immediately upon the surrender of Vicksburg, July 4th, 1863, this army under Sherman moved out to follow

Joe Johnston and to force him to battle. He was too fleet of foot, however, and was not caught up with till Jackson was reached, where an engagement of no great moment took place. July 17th Jackson was found evacuated. Johnston was followed fourteen miles further, when the pursuit was abandoned, owing to the hot weather. Sherman's corps took position at Black River on the 27th day of July. For his participation and the brilliant services he rendered in this campaign he was rewarded by being made a Brigadier General of the Regular Army, taking rank July 4th, 1863.

Under date of August 29th Sherman received a private letter from Gen. H. W. Halleck requesting him to give his views on reconstructing Mississippi, or such other States as were occupied in whole or in part by our troops. Sherman answered, under date of September 17th, at great length, and I quote a few passages of his letter:

"A civil government now, for any part of it, would be simply ridiculous. The people would not regard it, and even the military commanders of the antagonistic parties would treat it lightly. * * * Therefore, I contend that the interests of the United States and of the real parties concerned, demand the continuance of the simple military rule, till after *all* the organized armies of the South are dispersed, conquered and subjugated. * * * Our armies must prevail over theirs. Our officers, marshals and courts, must penetrate into the innermost recesses of their land, before we have the natural right to demand their submission. * * * I would banish all minor questions, assert the broad doctrine that as a nation the United States has the right, and also the physical power, to penetrate to every part of our national domain, and that we will do it—that we will do it in our own time and in our own way; that it makes no difference whether it be in one year or two, or ten, or twenty; that we will remove and destroy every obstacle, if need be, take every life, every acre of land, every particle of property, everything that to us seems proper; that we will not cease till the end is attained;

that all who do not aid us are enemies, and that we will not account to them for our acts. If the people of the South oppose, they do so at their peril; and if they stand by, mere lookers-on in this domestic tragedy, they have no right to immunity, protection, or share in the final results. * * * I would not coax them, or even meet them half way, but make them so sick of war that generations would pass away before they would again appeal to it. God knows that I deplore this fratricidal war as much as any man living, but it is upon us, a physical fact; and there is only one honorable issue from it. We must fight it out, army against army, and man against man. * * * I therefore hope the Government of the United States will continue, as heretofore, to collect, in well organized armies, the physical strength of the nation; applying it, as heretofore, in asserting the national authority, and in persevering, without relaxation, to the end."

Thus wrote the man who, in the fall of 1861, was decried as insane by the Northern newspapers. Has any man ever uttered better or more loyal sentiments?

Serious disasters had befallen our army at Chickamauga, and on the 22d of September Sherman received orders to send at once one of his divisions to Chattanooga. Gen. Osterhaus marched with his division on the 22d, the same day the order was received. Sherman was summoned to Vicksburg on the 23d, and was there informed by Grant that he must go to Chattanooga with his whole corps. On the 25th he returned to his camp on the Big Black, and on the 27th the last of his divisions marched to Vicksburg and embarked on the 28th.

Sherman and family embarked on steamer Atlantic. The river being low progress was slow. Willie, his favorite child, became ill during the trip. The boat arrived at Memphis October 2d and the little fellow died at the Gayoso Hotel October 3d. The blow to Sherman was a terrible one. Burdened by all the perplexities surrounding a General commanding a corps engaged in an expedition, this sorrow was heavy to bear. He bore up

under it, however. Mrs. Sherman and the remaining children returned with the body to Lancaster, Ohio, the 13th Regulars acting as military escort to the boat landing. Sherman, under date of October 4th, wrote a most feeling letter of acknowledgment to the commanding officer of the 13th for this act of courtesy and kindness to his dear soldier boy.

Immediately thereafter Sherman went at his task with all his energy. All his divisions were moved forward as fast as they arrived. He left Memphis October 11th, and came very near being captured by rebel cavalry at Colliersville. He left Corinth on the 18th for Burnsville. Reaching Iuka the 19th he heard that Captain Phelps with two gunboats had arrived at Eastport, on the Tennessee, to assist his crossing there. On the 24th one of his divisions crossed the Tennessee at Eastport, and moved on to Florence. On the 27th, while busy pushing forward repairs of railroad bridge at Bear Creek, he received through special messenger, Corporal Pike, a message from Gen. Grant, then at Chattanooga, telling him to drop all work and hurry forward as fast as possible toward Bridgeport, where he would meet further orders. He made all necessary dispositions to hurry his troops forward, and on the 1st of November rode to Florence. During the night of the 13th he reached Bridgeport, his troops closely behind him on different roads, but all hastening as rapidly as the terrible condition of the roads would permit. Here he received a dispatch from Gen. Grant requesting him to hurry forward in person to Chattanooga and to let the troops come forward as fast as possible. He took passage on a small river steamer as far as Kelly's Ferry, where he found orderlies with one of Gen. Grant's horses awaiting him, and on the 14th of November he reached Chattanooga.

He was heartily welcomed by Generals Grant and Thomas, who both fully realized the extraordinary efforts he had made to come to their relief.

The next day was spent in fully explaining the situation to Sherman. Grant and Thomas were besieged, and their situation was quite desperate if relief was not near at hand. Anxious in the extreme to get his troops up as quickly as possible, Sherman started back to Kelly's Ferry in the hope of catching a steamer for Bridgeport, but when he reached there the boat had left, and he started that night in a row boat manned by four soldiers. He himself took turn at the oars to relieve the men. At midnight they reached Shell Mound, where he was furnished a new crew and reached Bridgeport by daylight. Can anyone point to another case of such thorough devotion to duty as this night's work of Sherman?

At Bridgeport he at once set about to move his troops forward with all possible speed to the positions assigned them. Sherman took conspicuous part with his army in the two days' battle around Chattanooga, which resulted in Bragg's army being thoroughly whipped and forced out of positions he had deemed impregnable. Sherman and his entire corps covered themselves with glory by their march of 330 miles from Memphis, and by the hard and splendid fighting they did during the two days, November 24th and 25th.

Still there was no rest for this indomitable campaigner. He assisted in the pursuit of Bragg till Grant, on the 29th, ordered him to march at once to the relief of Gen. Burnside at Knoxville. This he accomplished on the 5th of December, Longstreet raising the siege when he heard Sherman was coming. He at once returned by easy marches to Chattanooga.

About the middle of December his corps went into

camp, covering the railroad from Stevenson to Decatur and from Decatur to Nashville. Sherman was then in command of the Department and Army of the Tennessee.

On the 3d of February, 1864, Sherman left Vicksburg on what is known as the Meridian campaign. On the 6th he found the rebel cavalry at the Big Black River, and pushed it pell mell into and beyond Jackson. The next day he reached Brandon, and on the 9th Morton was reached, and here the first sign of infantry concentration was found, the enemy retreating, however, without giving battle.

On the 14th he reached Meridian, the enemy retreating toward Demopolis. At once all public property was destroyed, including the railroads in every direction. At the North this expedition was decried as a failure, it being on the part of newspaper generals insisted that Sherman's intention was to go to Mobile and that he had been beaten off. This is fully disproven by reference to his letter of January 31st to Major General N. P. Banks, in which the following reference to this expedition occurs:

"My inland expedition is now moving, and I will be off for Jackson and Meridian to-morrow. The only fear I have is in the weather. All the other combinations are good. I want to keep up the delusion of an attack on Mobile and the Alabama River, and therefore would be obliged if you would keep up an irritating foraging or other expedition in that direction."

On the 20th of February he began his return march to Vicksburg. From here he went to New Orleans; after conferring with Gen. Banks about the Red River expedition to which he was to contribute some troops, he returned to Vicksburg, and then continued his journey to Memphis. On the way he met Capt. Badeau, of Gen. Grant's staff, with letter to himself from Grant:

NASHVILLE, March 4th, 1864.

DEAR SHERMAN:

The bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant General in the army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place.

I now receive orders to report at Washington immediately, *in person*, which indicates either a confirmation or a likelihood of confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the order, but I shall say very distinctly on my arrival there that I shall accept no appointment which will require me to make that city my headquarters. This, however, is not what I started out to write about.

While I have been eminently successful in this war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the energy, skill and harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me.

There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want, is to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as *the men* to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and suggestions have been of assistance, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I do. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction.

The word *you* I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson also. I should write to him, and will some day, but, starting in the morning, I do not know that I will find time just now.

Your friend, U. S. GRANT,
Major General.

To this letter Gen. Sherman immediately answered as follows:

NEAR MEMPHIS, March 10th, 1864.

GENERAL GRANT:

Dear General—I have your more than kind and characteristic letter of the 4th, and will send a copy of it to General McPherson at once. You do yourself injustice and us too much honor in

assigning to us so large a share of the merits which have led to your high advancement. I know you approve the friendship I have ever professed to you, and will permit me to continue as heretofore to manifest it on all proper occasions.

You are now Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a position of almost dangerous elevation; but if you can continue as heretofore to be yourself, simple, honest and unpretending, you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends and the homage of millions of human beings, who will award to you a large share for securing to them and their descendants a government of law and stability.

I repeat, you do General McPherson and myself too much honor. At Belmont you manifested your traits, neither of us being near; at Donelson also you illustrated your whole character. I was not near, and General McPherson in too subordinate a capacity to influence you. Until you had won Donelson, I confess I was almost cowed by the terrible array of anarchical elements that presented themselves at every point, but that victory admitted the ray of light which I have followed ever since. I believe you are as brave, patriotic and just as the great prototype Washington; as unselfish, kindhearted and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic in your nature is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in his Saviour.

This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your best preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga—no doubts, no reserve, and I tell you that it was this that made us act with confidence. I knew wherever I was that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would come—if alive. My only points of doubt were as to your knowledge of grand strategy, and of books of science and history; but I confess your common-sense seems to have supplied all this.

Now as to the future. Do not stay in Washington. Halleck is better qualified than you are to stand the buffets of intrigue and policy. Come out West; take to yourself the whole Mississippi Valley; let us make it dead-sure, and I tell you the Atlantic slope and Pacific shores will follow its destiny as sure as the limbs of a tree live or die with the main trunk! We have done much; still much remains to be done. Time and time's influences

are all with us; we could almost afford to sit still and let these influences work. Even in the seceded states your word *now* would go further than a President's proclamation, or an act of Congress.

For God's sake and for your country's sake, come out of Washington! I foretold to General Halleck, before he left Corinth, the inevitable result to him, and I now exhort you to come out West. Here lies the seat of the coming empire; and from the West, when our task is done, we will make short work of Charleston and Richmond, and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic.

Your sincere friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

Were ever more sincere thanks and acknowledgment of services rendered, given by one General to another, than are here tendered by Grant to Sherman and McPherson?

Were ever kinder and more whole-souled acknowledgments of ability in a superior officer given, as well as more sincere advice for the future guidance of an esteemed friend, than Sherman gives to his superior officer and friend, Grant?

The mutual esteem and confidence of these three men in one another were grand and sublime, and were the foundations of their success in crushing the rebellion.

Sherman reached Memphis on the 13th of March; on the 14th he received a dispatch from Gen. Grant to hurry to Nashville and to be there if possible by the 17th. He made proper disposition of all pending matters, and reached Nashville on the 17th as requested.

On the 18th of March, 1864, he issued the order assuming command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, which then comprised the Departments of the Tennessee, of the Cumberland, of the Ohio, and of Arkansas.

Thus, in a period of two short years, rose the man who, near the close of November, 1861, was at St. Louis,

compelled to take a leave of absence to permit the newspaper men to lose sight of him.

From this time forward, until the 5th day of May, 1864, General Sherman devoted all his energies to supplying his armies, and getting them into position and ready for the impending campaign to Atlanta. It was an herculean task, when we consider that he had but a single-track railroad at his command.

On the day appointed for the forward movement to begin, the armies stood,—Thomas with the Army of the Cumberland at Ringgold, McPherson with the Army of the Tennessee on his right, and Schofield with the Army of the Ohio on Thomas' left. Now began that series of movements, which to describe correctly can only be called a continuous battle from Ringgold to Atlanta; Johnston being always forced to abandon his positions, either through a fight or a flanking movement.

At the end of May we find Sherman occupying the railroad from Allatoona and Acworth forward to Big Shanty, in sight of Kenesaw Mountain. He had advanced in that time nearly 100 miles over as difficult country as was ever fought over by civilized armies.

The month of June was spent in repairing and strengthening the railroad and closing in upon Johnston, to force him out of position at Kenesaw Mountain and Marietta. McPherson had here the left, Thomas the centre and Schofield the right. The operations here were as much in the nature of a siege as they could be; daily engagements and steady advance on our part, till on the night of July 2d McPherson quietly left his position on the left to assume the offensive on the extreme right. Early on the morning of the 3d Sherman discovered that Johnston had ascertained McPherson's movement, and

had evacuated his position, falling back to the Chattahoochie River.

The month of July was spent in forcing Johnston across the Chattahoochie and into and around Atlanta. The bloodiest battles were fought during that month, in one of which General James B. McPherson, the pride of every soldier of the Army of the Tennessee, was killed. The month of August was spent in the same way. Fighting and flanking the enemy, now commanded by Hood, were daily occurrences. On the 12th of August Sherman was promoted to be a Major General of the Regular Army.

On the 2d of September he was rewarded for all his labors by the evacuation and surrender of Atlanta. He did not enter Atlanta personally till September 8th. He immediately issued orders for all citizens and families to leave the place, as he intended to make it a strictly military post, and did not want any citizens around to influence military measures.

This order brought forth a storm of remonstrances and criticisms from every Southern paper. Sherman by letter informed Hood of his purpose, and requested him to take charge of the people sent out of Atlanta. Hood severely criticised Sherman's course, in a letter addressed to the latter under date of September 9th. The correspondence was quite spirited and very acrimonious in some parts. Sherman however remained firm, and all men, women and children were removed beyond our lines.

From that time forward, until November 15th, Sherman was engaged in chasing Hood, who had started northward in the hope of drawing Sherman out of Georgia. In this Hood failed. Sherman had long before made his plan of marching through the heart of Georgia,

to the sea, and he did not allow himself to be diverted from this purpose.

As soon as he knew that Thomas was able to take care of Hood he returned with his army to Atlanta.

On the 15th of November, 1864, the advance of Sherman's army left Atlanta on the famous march to the sea, a distance of 300 miles. Each man carried forty rounds of ammunition, and enough more was carried in wagons to make it 200 rounds per man. The same quantity of artillery ammunition was carried along.

General Sherman with his staff left Atlanta at 7 A. M. November 16th. Reaching the ground where the bloody battle of July 22d was fought, and the spot where McPherson was killed, they all turned to take a last look at the then burning city of Atlanta. The soldiers were in the best of spirits, and as Sherman was riding on to gain the head of column a soldier called out to him: "Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond."

Sherman says that the impression prevailed throughout the army that Richmond was the objective point of this movement, and he fully realized the responsibility of this undertaking. He says: "Success would be accepted as a matter of course; whereas should we fail, this march would be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool." This march was his own plan, long urged upon the authorities, before permission was granted him to execute it; in fact, a reluctant assent was only given by Gen. Grant under date of November 2d, 1864. It has been insisted by friends of Gen. Grant that he was the originator of this movement, but that is not the fact. Both Grant and Thomas opposed it.

President Lincoln, who ought to be good authority, says in a letter to Sherman, after Savannah was taken, under date of December 26th: "Now the undertaking

being a success, the honor is all yours; for I believe none of us went further than to acquiesce."

The army was divided into two wings; the right, Major General O. O. Howard commanding, composed of the 15th and 17th Corps; the left, Major General H. W. Slocum commanding, composed of the 14th and 20th Corps. The right wing and cavalry started in a southeasterly, while the left wing went in an easterly direction, the one column threatening Macon, the other Augusta, but both heading for Milledgeville, about 100 miles from Atlanta, where they were to meet in about seven days.

Sherman traveled with the 14th Corps. Milledgeville was reached on the morning of November 23d, no incidents of special note having occurred. Howard with the right wing having reached a place called Gordon about the same time, communication was established between the two wings. Here orders were given to march to Millen, about 100 miles distant, the right wing to follow the Savannah railroad by roads south of it, the left wing to move to Sandersville. On the 24th the start was made, Sherman now traveling with the 20th Corps. On December 3d Sherman entered Millen with the 17th Corps, stopping there one day to enable him to communicate with all parts of his army. Howard with the 15th Corps was opposite Scarboro, Slocum with the 20th Corps was at Buckhead Church, four miles north of Millen, and Davis with the 14th Corps was at Lumpkin's Station, on the Augusta road, ten miles north of Millen.

On December 5th Sherman was at Ogeechee Church, fifty miles from Savannah. He reached Pooler's Station, eight miles from Savannah, December 8th. During the 9th and 10th the troops, as they arrived were placed in position for the siege of Savannah. The 14th Corps was on the left, the 20th next, then the 17th, and the 15th

Corps on the extreme right, which line completely invested the city, except its river front. December 13th Gen. Hazen's Division of the 15th Corps carried Fort McAllister by assault, capturing its entire garrison and stores.

In a letter dated December 6th Grant requested Sherman to come with his whole command by water to Virginia, a most unwelcome request. December 16th Sherman in a letter to Grant fully explained the situation and pointed out the necessity of capturing Savannah before leaving with his army for Virginia. On the 17th Gen. Sherman asked for the surrender of Savannah, which was under same date refused by William J. Hardee, of the rebel army. December 18th Sherman informed Grant that he had six thirty-pound Parrott guns in position, and that he would with them demonstrate to Hardee that he had better accede to his request of surrender. Sherman at same time again requested not to be ordered away till Savannah was taken, and urged turning the army loose into South Carolina, instead of taking it to Virginia by water.

On the 18th he started to the fleet in order to communicate with Gen. Foster, with a view to closing up the only avenue of escape for Hardee toward South Carolina. While on his return, on the evening of December 21st, he was informed by special messenger that Savannah had been evacuated, the discovery being made early in the morning of the 21st by our skirmishers.

Sherman rode into Savannah December 22d, and established his headquarters in the house of Mr. Chas. Greene, thus terminating Sherman's famous march to the sea.

While at Savannah, Secretary of War Stanton visited Gen. Sherman, and it is related by an eye witness that during an interview or consultation as to the future

movements of Sherman's army and particularly about his pet plan of marching through South Carolina to North Carolina and eventually to Richmond, Virginia, Stanton expressed astonishment at Sherman's absolute faith in what his army was capable of accomplishing, rather intimating that he might be wrong in placing so much confidence in his men, and asked him what he expected to do if he was forced to fall back. To this Gen. Sherman said: "I don't expect anything of the kind to happen; the entire rebel force in the East, excepting Lee, could not whip me." To this Stanton replied: "I don't know but your men deserve your fullest confidence, still there are chances." To this Sherman replied: "I have the greatest faith in them, for they have never disappointed me, and I believe they have equal faith in me. If I told them that we were going to march to Key West and that they were to lay a pontoon bridge from there across to Cuba, they would believe me," and after a slight reflective pause he added, "If I told them to do it, I will be hanged if I don't believe they would." This was related to my friend Captain Matteson, of Chicago, within three weeks of its occurrence, by Capt. McGowan, of the revenue service, in whose presence and cabin the conversation took place.

To the great satisfaction of Sherman, Grant began to think differently about the plan of bringing this army by boats to Virginia, and in a letter dated December 18th asked Sherman for his future plans.

In response, on December 24th, Sherman gives Grant his ideas of making a feint movement on Augusta and Charleston, while in fact pushing for Columbia and Camden, whence he proposed going to Raleigh or Weldon, expecting to arrive there by the time spring would fairly open. In a letter of same date to Gen. Halleck he says: "I attach more importance to these deep incisions into

the enemy's country. We are not only fighting hostile armies, but a hostile people, and must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war, as well as their organized armies."

December 27th Grant wrote to Sherman: "Your confidence in being able to march up and join this army pleases me, and I believe it can be done. * * * Without waiting further directions, then, you may make your preparations to start on your northern expedition without delay. Break up the railroads in South and North Carolina and join the armies operating against Richmond as soon as you can. I will leave out all suggestions about the route you should take, knowing that your information, gained daily in the course of events, will be better than any that can be obtained now."

Under date of January 2d, 1865, Gen. Sherman forwarded to Grant an outline of his projected campaign. On the 19th the first order for the movement from Savannah to Raleigh was made.

On February 1st began one of the most remarkable and arduous military campaigns in our history, by an army numbering 60,079 men, with sixty-eight field guns, for all of which provisions, forage and ammunition had to be carried along in wagons for a period of at least twenty days.

The right wing was commanded by General Howard, the left by General Slocum, Sherman making his headquarters at times with one and then with the other wing; always alert, always where his subordinates could consult with him, and *he* ever ready to assume the responsibility of the situation.

It is needless to attempt to describe in detail this arduous campaign, nor is there the time to do so. Let it suffice to say that it was not a triumphal march in the

usual acceptation of the term, and in no particular did it resemble the one from Atlanta to Savannah except in its entire success.

Fording rivers, building bridges and corduroying swamps, aside from hard fighting, was what this splendid army did from Savannah to Raleigh, and notwithstanding all this and the inclement weather encountered, it arrived *on time* at all points as laid down in the original plan of campaign.

February 17th Columbia was surrendered to Sherman, where he remained till the 20th, reaching Cheraw March 3d, remaining till the 6th, and reaching Laurel Hill, N. C., the 8th, from whence two messengers, by different routes, were sent to the commanding officer at Wilmington, saying "I expect to reach Goldsboro on the 20th. If possible convey word to Schofield to meet me at Goldsboro." On the 12th, at Fayetteville, a steamboat arrived with a message to Sherman from Gen. Terry then commanding at Wilmington. Sherman ordered the boat to return that same day, sending Captain Byers with dispatches to Gen. Grant at Washington and Gen. Terry at Wilmington. To the latter he said, "I want you to send me all the shoes, stockings, drawers, sugar, coffee and flour you can spare; finish the loads with oats and corn. We must not give time for Joe Johnston to concentrate at Goldsboro. We cannot prevent his concentrating at Raleigh, but he shall have no rest. I can whip Joe Johnston provided he does not catch one of my corps in flank, and I will see that the army marches hence to Goldsboro in compact form. I thank you for the energetic action that has marked your course, and shall be most happy to meet you." To Grant he said, "I will go straight at him (speaking of Joe Johnston) as soon as I get our men reclothed and our wagons reloaded. Keep everybody

busy." Sherman left for Goldsboro on the 15th and reached Averysboro on the 16th, where quite a smart engagement took place resulting in quite heavy losses on both sides. On the 21st Bentonsville was reached, where again heavy fighting occurred, many prisoners being taken by our forces. On the 22d Sherman met Gen. Terry at Cox's Bridge, and on the 23d of March reached Goldsboro where Gen. Schofield awaited him with the 23d Corps.

This concluded one of the longest and most important campaigns, the distance from Savannah to Goldsboro being four hundred and twenty-five miles. The country through which the army had passed was generally in a state of nature, and many miles of swamp and mud roads had to be corduroyed to make them passable for the wagons and the artillery. This journey was accomplished in fifty days, in midwinter, the army being in superb order, and the trains almost as fresh as when they left Atlanta.

On the 25th of March Gen. Sherman went to City Point to meet Gen. Grant, arriving there on the afternoon of the 27th, and here he also met President Lincoln. During this consultation it was arranged that Sherman should start for Raleigh on the 10th of April. On the 28th of March Sherman left City Point, arriving at Goldsboro on the 30th. On the 5th of April he issued all necessary orders to army and corps commanders that were to govern the troops on the march to Raleigh. On the 6th news reached him of the capture of Richmond and Petersburg, also of Lee's retreat toward Danville. On the 8th he received a dispatch from Grant informing him of what course Lee was supposed to be taking, and urging Sherman to prompt and decisive action.

Sherman answered that he would move on the 10th, as agreed upon, toward Raleigh. Promptly on the 10th

his whole army started; on the 11th he reached Smithfield, which he found abandoned by Johnston, who had hastily retreated toward Raleigh, burning all bridges. It took the balance of that day to rebuild bridges, and during that night Gen. Sherman received a message from Gen. Grant, dated Appomattox, stating that Lee had surrendered his whole army, which news Sherman at once announced to his entire command.

On the evening of the 12th Sherman was with Slocum's head of column at Gulley's. Early on the 13th he entered Raleigh, and at once ordered the several heads of columns toward Asheville, in the direction of Salisbury and Charlotte.

On the 14th Kilpatrick reported from Durham's Station that a flag of truce had come in with a letter from Johnston to Gen. Sherman, which proved to be a request to suspend all hostilities till Gen. Grant could be communicated with for terms of surrender.

To this communication Sherman at once replied that he was fully authorized to treat for and accept the surrender of any opposing forces.

On the 16th a reply was received agreeing to meet Gen. Sherman the next day midway between our advance lines and Johnston's rear lines. Just as Sherman was ready to start on the morning of the 17th he received the news of the assassination of President Lincoln. Enjoining secrecy upon the telegraph operator and withholding the news from all, he went to meet Johnston at Bennett's house. The first thing he did when alone with Johnston was to show him the dispatch about Lincoln's assassination. This interview resulted in no agreement. Another meeting for the next day was arranged. Sherman, on his return to his headquarters, announced to the army the assassination of President Lincoln.

The second meeting between Sherman and Johnston took place at Bennett's house in the afternoon of the 18th. Johnston then assured Sherman that he had authority over all rebel armies, and that their several commanders would have to obey his order of surrender if made. Upon the strength of this assurance an agreement was entered into which was intended to comprise therein the surrender of all rebel forces. The 7th paragraph read as follows:

"In general terms the war to cease; a general amnesty, so far as the Executive of the United States can command, on condition of the disbandment of the Confederate armies, the distribution of the arms, and the resumption of peaceful pursuits by the officers and men hitherto comprising said armies.

"Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfill these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves to promptly obtain the necessary authority, and to carry out the above programme."

Sherman at once dispatched Major Hitchcock to Washington, with this agreement and a letter to Gen. Halleck and Gen. Grant, on whom he urged the necessity of prompt and favorable action.

It matters not how greatly men may have differed at that time, or even now, as regards the wisdom or expediency of this agreement; there surely was no occasion for the outrageous treatment that a man of Sherman's achievements and splendid patriotism received at the hands of Halleck and Stanton, as well as from the Northern press. Instead of simply informing Sherman that the agreement could not be ratified, and requesting him to confine himself, in any future negotiations, to purely military matters, the same as Grant had been directed to do, these two men took particular pains to abuse him, and by sending Grant to Raleigh insinuated that Sherman was no longer to be trusted with his command.

Gen. Grant, to his honor be it said, did not, after

arriving at Raleigh, assume any authority, but simply allowed Sherman to carry out, in his own way, the orders he had received from Washington.

Sherman, on the 24th of April, notified Johnston that at the expiration of forty-eight hours after receipt of his notice he would resume active operations along the whole line of his front. Immediately after the receipt of this notice Johnston requested another interview at Bennett's house, which was granted and was arranged to be held on April 26th. At this meeting Johnston surrendered the entire army of 89,270 men under his command on exactly the same terms that were granted to Lee at Appomattox. The work of carrying out the details of this surrender was left to General Schofield. Gen. Grant wrote his approval on these terms and took the original agreement with him to Washington.

On the 28th of April all army and corps commanders were summoned to Raleigh to receive their final instructions. Generals Schofield, Terry and Kilpatrick were to remain in the Department of North Carolina, Schofield commanding, and the balance of the army was to march in easy stages to Richmond, in charge of their respective commanders, and there await Gen. Sherman's return from the South.

On the 29th Sherman with part of his personal staff went to Savannah, and there received dispatches from Gen. Wilson, who had been raiding in North Alabama and Georgia, and who had accomplished good work. He ordered all necessary supplies to be sent to Wilson at Augusta.

On the 2d of May Sherman started on his return, via Charleston, reaching Morehead City May 4th, whence he put himself in communication with Schofield. The latter asked for instructions regarding perplexing questions that

had arisen during the carrying out of the terms of surrender. Sherman being without further instructions from Washington on that subject, and having seen in the newspapers that another bulletin more virulent and detremental to him had been published by Stanton, declined to give any orders or make any suggestions. He also ascertained that Halleck, who had been transferred to the command of the armies of the Potomac and of the James, had assumed to issue orders to Sherman's subordinates, countermanding some of Sherman's orders to them. On the 7th of May he left for Fortress Monroe. Reaching there the 8th, he at once telegraphed to Gen. Grant for orders. He there received a dispatch from Halleck professing great friendship and inviting him to accept his hospitality at Richmond. To this Sherman replied that he had seen the first and second bulletins, which he regarded as insulting in the highest degree, and said that he preferred that they should never meet again. He then proceeded to City Point and thence to Manchester, opposite Richmond, where he found his armies had arrived from Raleigh. On the 9th he again telegraphed to Gen. Grant for orders, and notified Halleck by letter of his arrival with his army. He found that Halleck had assumed to order a review of the 14th, Davis' Corps, which he at once forbade to take place. His whole army knew of the insults that had been heaped upon him, and watched him closely to see if he would tamely submit. During the 9th he wrote out his report of all his operations from the time of leaving Goldsboro, the date of his last report. On the 10th he received orders to continue the march to Alexandria. On the 11th the march began, and ended at Alexandria on the 19th of May. The next day he went, by invitation, to meet Gen. Grant and President Johnson. The President was cordial, and volunteered the information that neither he nor any

member of his cabinet knew anything about the bulletins published by Stanton until they appeared in the newspapers. Stanton made no approaches toward explanations, nor did he make any friendly advances, and Sherman declined Grant's friendly offices toward a reconciliation.

On the 19th Sherman received orders that his army would be reviewed by the President and cabinet in Washington on Wednesday, the 24th of May, and on the 20th he made the necessary orders to his army. During the afternoon and night of the 23d the 15th, 17th and 20th Corps crossed Long Bridge and bivouacked in the streets about the Capitol, the 14th Corps closed up to the bridge and bivouacked there. As Sherman, on the 24th, appeared upon the reviewing stand, he shook hands with the President, General Grant and each member of the cabinet, except Stanton, who offered Sherman his hand, but the latter declined it publicly, and the fact was universally noticed and telegraphed over the entire country. It took six hours for Sherman's army to pass; the 15th Corps in the lead, followed by the 17th, which in turn was followed by the 20th, the 14th Corps closing the column.

Sherman says,—"It was, in my judgment, the most magnificent army in existence—sixty-five thousand men in splendid *physique*, who had just completed a march of nearly two thousand miles through a hostile country, in good drill, and who realized that they were being closely scrutinized by thousands of their fellow countrymen and by foreigners."

Knowing Sherman as I do, I am satisfied that these six hours were the proudest hours of his whole life. It is not over two years ago, that he referred to this scene at a banquet of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, where

he admitted that the Army of the Potomac made a creditable show, but told them that their Army did not compare favorably with his troops, either in *physique* or soldiery bearing on that review.

On the 30th of May, 1865, General Sherman issued his farewell address to his soldiers. It is too long to embody in this paper, and I will only quote the opening and closing paragraphs. He says:

"The general commanding announces to the Armies of the Tennessee and Georgia that the time has come for us to part. Our work is done, and armed enemies no longer defy us. Some of you will go to your homes, and others will be retained in military service till further orders. * * * Your General now bids you farewell, with the full belief that, as in war you have been good soldiers, so in peace you will make good citizens; and if, unfortunately, new war should arise in our country, "Sherman's Army" will be the first to buckle on its old armor, and come forth to defend and maintain the Government of your inheritance."

It is perhaps not out of place to here relate the number of miles traveled by the 14th, 15th, 17th and 20th Corps during the campaigns of Sherman in 1863, 1864 and 1865, including the Meridian campaign. The 14th Corps marched 1586 miles, the 15th Corps made 2289 miles, the 17th Corps marched 2076 miles, and the 20th Corps traveled 1525 miles.

After taking leave of his army at Washington, Sherman visited Chicago till about June 22d, and then went to Lancaster, Ohio. On the 4th of July he went to Louisville, Ky., to visit the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th Army Corps, that were there to be mustered out. He then made a short visit to Gen. George H. Thomas at Nashville, and then returned to Lancaster, where he remained until he went, July 16th, to establish his headquarters at St. Louis on assuming command of the Military Division of the Missouri. This command included all north of the

Ohio River, and the states and territories north of Texas as far west as the Rocky Mountains. As commander of this Military Division he lent all aid possible and proper to the constructors of the Pacific railways, and traveled much of the time in the far west, visiting army posts and frontier points.

July 25th, 1866, he was promoted to be Lieutenant General. On the 30th of October he was, by direction of President Johnson, ordered to accompany to the City of Mexico, Mr. Campbell, our Minister to Mexico. From this journey he returned December 22d. Soon after his return he became, owing to his position, involved in the controversy and trouble between President Johnson, Secretary Stanton and Gen. Grant. But here his great good sense and loyalty to his companion in arms, Grant, helped him out of the difficulties surrounding him. The President for some unknown reason wanted Sherman in Washington, while he most emphatically objected to go there, and even went so far as to write to the President, under date of February 14th, 1868, saying that rather than be compelled to go to Washington and stand in an antagonistic or equivocal position toward his old friend, Gen. Grant, he would resign his commission in the army.

Under date of February 19th, 1868, the President made an order, revoking previous orders, and permitting Sherman to retain the command he had, with headquarters at St. Louis.

When Grant became President, March 4th, 1869, Sherman was made General of the Army. He then moved to Washington and assumed command of the Army of the United States.

In November, 1871, he visited Europe, and did not return to Washington till September 22d, 1872.

The atmosphere in Washington was not congenial to

Gen. Sherman, and on the 3d of September, 1874, an order was, at his request, issued, permitting him to remove Army Headquarters to St. Louis.

When Judge Alphonso Taft became Secretary of War the Headquarters of the Army were, under date of April 6th, 1876, again established in Washington.

October 8th, 1883, Sherman asked to be relieved from duty to permit him to arrange his private affairs preparatory to his retirement from the army, as, on February 8th, 1884, he should arrive at the retiring age of sixty-four years. A movement was made to attempt to influence Congress to change the law of retirement in his particular case, but he at once put a stop to it, claiming that he desired no special legislation in his favor, and because he deemed it unjust to keep others out of promotions earned, by lengthening his tenure on the position of General of the Army. His request to be relieved was granted by President Arthur, and when the 8th of February, 1884, arrived Sherman was by law retired. He removed to St. Louis, where he remained till September, 1886, when he removed to New York.

Since his retirement from active service he has devoted himself to his old comrades in arms, visiting Army Society meetings, encampments of the Grand Army, etc., etc., and assisting, to his utmost, to make these occasions pleasant and interesting to all. On all occasions of this kind, when called on to speak, he was ever ready, and whatever he said breathed sincerity, loyalty and devotion to his country, and he ever admonished all to bring up the growing generation in veneration for our flag and country. He was also ever ready to speak a good and kind word for such of the rebel leaders, who had in good faith laid down their arms, and who, by their acts, showed

that they meant henceforth to be law abiding and loyal citizens.

Though he could have been nominated for the Presidency more than once, he always courteously but firmly declined. The most forcible letter on this subject he wrote to the Hon. James G. Blaine, in which the following passages occur:

"I ought not to submit myself to the cheap ridicule of declining what is not offered, but it is only fair to the many really able men who rightfully aspire to the high honor of being President of the United States, to let them know that I am not and must not be construed as a rival. In every man's life occurs an epoch when he must choose his own career, and when he may *not* throw off the responsibility, or tamely place his destiny in the hands of friends. Mine occurred in Louisiana, when, in 1861, alone in the midst of a people blinded by supposed wrongs, I resolved to stand by the Union as long as a fragment of it survived on which to cling. Since then, through faction, tempest, war and peace, my career has been all my friends and family could ask. * * * I will not, in any event, entertain or accept a nomination as a candidate for President by the Chicago Republican Convention, or any other convention, for reasons personal to myself. I claim that the civil war, in which I simply did a man's fair share of work, so perfectly accomplished peace, that military men have an absolute right to rest, and to demand that the men who have been schooled in the arts and practice of peace shall now do their work equally well. Any senator can step from his chair at the Capitol into the White House and fulfill the office of President with more skill and success than a Grant, Sherman or Sheridan, who were soldiers by education and nature, who filled well their office when the country was in danger, but were not schooled in the practice by which civil communities are and should be governed. I claim that our experience since 1865 demonstrates the truth of this my proposition. Therefore, I say, that patriotism does not demand of me what I construe as a sacrifice of judgment, of inclination, and of self-interest. I have my personal affairs in a state of absolute safety and comfort. I owe no man

a cent, have no expensive habits, envy no man his wealth or power, no complications or indirect liabilities, and would account myself a fool, a mad man, an ass, to embark anew at sixty-five years of age in a career that may become at any moment tempest-tossed by perfidy, the defalcation, the dishonesty or neglect of any single one of a hundred thousand subordinates utterly unknown to the President of the United States; not to say the eternal worriment by a vast host of impecunious friends and old military subordinates. Even as it is, I am tortured by the charitable appeals of poor, distressed pensioners, but as President these would be multiplied beyond human endurance.

"I remember well the experiences of Generals Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, Grant, Hayes and Garfield, all elected because of their military services, and am warned, not encouraged, by their sad experiences.

"The civilians of the United States should and must buffet with the thankless office, and leave us old soldiers to enjoy the peace we fought for and think we earned!"

General Sherman was in private life the refined and educated gentleman, and had the most delicate consideration for the rights of others. He possessed a remarkable richness of mind and great fertility of thought, with a fund of incident and anecdote acquired during a most eventful and varied life, which he was ever ready to relate in a genial and happy manner for the entertainment of his friends, thus constituting himself a most charming companion and delightful comrade, without ever appearing to monopolize the attention of his company.

War, always cruel, and so often demoralizing, had no degrading effect upon him, and although his frame had become hardened and his face wore a stern expression, caused no doubt by the fatigue, exposure and hardships incidental to military life, his soul remained gentle, tender and pure, and in all his life his conversation was conspicuous for its purity. He was abundantly endowed with that irrepressible American persistency that will not stop

short of the accomplishment of its object. He was dignified, courteous, sincere and benevolent, and had an almost boyish love of fun, which could be plainly seen in the merry twinkle of his eye. He was generous, grand and good, and his abrupt and brusque manner covered one of the tenderest and truest hearts that ever throbbed.

You, my companions, will all remember him as you saw him, not yet two years ago, at Milwaukee. Later on I had the pleasure of meeting him at Cincinnati at the annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, whose President he had been since the death of Gen. Rawlins, the Society's first President. Last October I called on him at his house in New York and spent one of the most agreeable half hours in his genial company.

On the 8th of February he was suddenly taken ill, his symptoms becoming alarming. He rapidly grew worse, and died on the 14th day of February, 1891, at the age of seventy-one years and six days, beloved and regretted by this entire nation. The funeral took place from his late residence, No. 75 West 71st Street, New York, at 2 o'clock, February 19th, 1891. From Jersey City the funeral train started over the Pennsylvania railroad system to St. Louis.

It is literally true, when I say that the line of the railroad, from Jersey City to St. Louis, was lined with mourners. Not only were the depots at every station crowded with men, women and children, but every country road, crossed by the railroad, was filled either by comrades or citizens, who had assembled to pay this last tribute of respect to one of the greatest and best men this country ever produced.

The final interment took place at St. Louis, February 21st, 1891, which I attended, attaching myself to the delegation representing the Society of the Army of the

Tennessee, represented by three hundred members. I saw him laid to rest, heard the volleys fired, and heard the bugle call of taps sounded over his earthly remains. Thus fittingly closed the earthly career of a son of America, than whom greater America never produced. Let your children and children's children revere the memory of this great man, who when surrounded by treason on all sides said to the Governor of Louisiana:

"Recent events foreshadow a great change, and it becomes all men to choose. If Louisiana withdraw from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives, and my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense of the word. I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as Superintendent, the moment the State determines to secede, FOR ON NO EARTHLY ACCOUNT WILL I DO ANY ACT OR THINK ANY THOUGHT HOSTILE TO OR IN DEFIANCE OF THE OLD GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

THE FIRST VICKSBURG EXPEDITION, AND THE BATTLE OF BATON ROUGE, 1862.

By Companion Rt. Rev. G. Mott Williams, Bishop of Marquette, Mich.

[Read November 4, 1891.]

THIS descriptive essay deals with the last services of the writer's father, Gen. Thomas Williams of "the old army." He was a son of Gen. John R. Williams of Detroit, Mich., whose military title of Major General in the territorial militia is interesting and unique because it was conferred by the President of the United States and confirmed by the Senate. He had previously, in 1800, held a line commission in the Second Regiment serving on the Indian frontier. He volunteered when Detroit was threatened by the British in 1812, and was made prisoner of war. Retiring to Albany N. Y., his birth place and his wife's early home, their son, the hero of the events to be described, was born there January 15th, 1815.

He was appointed Cadet at West Point in 1833, graduating No. 12 in his class in 1837, with men who were afterward famous on both sides of the great conflict. He was commissioned 2d Lieut. 4th Artillery and served immediately in the Florida campaign. Afterward he did duty as instructor at West Point and on desultory garrison duty until, shortly before the Mexican war, he was appointed aide de camp to Gen. Winfield Scott. He accompanied him on the campaign from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and was very highly distinguished for gallantry at Contreras, Churubusco and Chapultepec,

receiving two brevets for his services. At the time of the outbreak of the civil war he was stationed with his battery (L) of the 4th Artillery at Fortress Monroe, Va., and had been there since his command returned from Laramie. They had been part of Col. A. S. Johnston's Utah expedition. Gen. Williams was then Captain and Brevet Major, and the writer remembers the garrison life there very well indeed. My father was a very rigid disciplinarian, and his battery had been the school whence a number of afterwards distinguished officers graduated from the ranks into the officers' mess. Col. Richard Jackson of the 5th U. S. Artillery had been one of his privates. Among his subalterns in 1860-61 were Willie Abert, who afterwards distinguished himself as a Colonel of cavalry on the Red River expedition, and Gen. R. C. Drum, afterward Adj. Gen. of the Army. I remember, for instance, that two of the sergeants were Schoonberger and Holcroft, and one of the corporals was named Peoples. Peoples brought off Greble's body from the rout at Big Bethel, and afterward became an officer.

On May 5th, 1861, Maj. Williams was promoted to the Senior Majority of the new 5th Artillery. His station was made Harrisburg, Pa. The Colonel was Harvey Brown, then in Pickens, and the Lieut. Col. was T. W. Sherman, well known later as Timber Tom, who lost his leg at Port Hudson. Father recruited the regiment and remained on duty at Harrisburg until September. He was then visited in camp by Secretary of War Cameron, who apparently liked the look of things very much, for father was immediately appointed Brigadier General of Volunteers, retaining, of course, his regular commission, and sent to Ft. Monroe. He had been Butler's Inspector General there in April and May, and had won his great regard, a matter afterward very important in his career.

From Ft. Monroe he was sent down to Hatteras, relieving Col. Rush Hawkins in command there, and acting in co-operation with Burnside's Roanoke Island expedition. The most thrilling experience of this service was the storm of Nov. 3, 1861, when the sea made so clean a breach through the island that a gun boat went right through next day between his camps, which had been knee deep in water and in the most imminent danger throughout. Then came Butler's Ship Island expedition, and father's brigade went along. The First Brigade was commanded by General Phelps, an old 4th Artillery Captain, who had resigned a little before the war. The land troops lay off the Passes and in the lower river until Farragut had captured the Forts, when the Second Brigade was pushed up to New Orleans, and after a very brief delay part were pushed on up the river with a flying squadron of the navy to try to reach Vicksburg before the works were completed and strongly garrisoned. They were, as you know, too late and too few to do anything, for M. L. Smith already had 10,000 men there. Retiring from Vicksburg, Gen. Williams took post at Baton Rouge, the State capital, where there was an old U. S. arsenal with large enough quarters for a goodly number of men. Baton Rouge is on the first high ground north of New Orleans, beautifully situated, and there were a large number of people there who claimed to be Union in sentiment. There my father found part of the family of his old First Lieut. Drum.

I quote from two letters of my father just here. One is from New Orleans and conjures up a vision of war prices:

"May 6th, 1862.—You can hardly guess how expensive the most ordinary board is now here. Provisions are enormously high. Mutton 65 cents a pound, flour $50.00 a bbl.—not to be had indeed. The poor, as you may imagine, greatly distressed. Yesterday my dinner and a cup of coffee at night cost $6.00."

"MISSISSIPPI RIVER, 3 MILES BELOW VICKSBURG, STEAM TRANSPORT, 'LAUREL HILL,' May 22d, 1862.

"Here we are, some half-dozen gun boats and Flag Officer Farragut, and two of my regiments and a battery of artillery, contemplating this focus of secession, Vicksburg, with its high bluffs crowned with batteries and its show of rebel troops. * * * * Instead of 2,000, I ought to have at least 10,000, but I have all Gen. Butler could afford. * * * The Flag Officer may damage the rebel batteries and demolish the town with his big guns, but our forces combined can neither capture nor hold it if captured. For with 8 to 10 thousand, and Jackson an hour by rail away with forces in reserve, our 2,000 have to consider discretion the better part of valor. It's provoking, isn't it?

"So, I think, operations here, until a competent land force can be brought forward and until the river between this and Memphis is cleared out by Foote's gun boats and Halleck's and Buell's forces, must be limited to a diversion and blockade;—a diversion, by compelling Beauregard to keep a large force here, and thus relieve our army near Corinth of so much rebel force, and a blockade of the river from Vicksburg down to New Orleans, cutting off supplies of food from west of the Mississippi."

Withdrawing from the reconnoissance of Vicksburg, there was a skirmish resulting in the occupation for a while of Grand Gulf, where Lieut. Chas. De Kay, Aide de camp, was killed, much to the General's grief.

On June 27th, the General arrived below Vicksburg again, and began cutting a canal through the long tongue of land opposite the city, so that vessels could pass through the bend out of range. This is a thing very often done on the winding river, and had been projected years before on account of a boundary dispute between Louisiana and Mississippi. No new survey seems to have been made, but as the river was falling rapidly, work was at once pushed on what appears to have been a bad plan. They dug, with the assistance of hundreds of contrabands, in that hot and sickly swamp, until only 800 men were left who were not sick. The upper fleet had mean-

while come down, and there was much pleasant intercourse with the navy. The ram Arkansas began making things pleasant at that time, and father notes,—"I wish the ram was a sheep."

On July 21 he writes:

"Still at our usual avocations of entrenching and canalling. The sick report receives its customary addition, and I'm preparing to send all the sick down to Baton Rouge, some 1100! But I'm not discouraged; I know these things to be the accustomed accompaniment of war. The troops do not, and therefore despond more or less. But I feel that in this crisis of our country's fortunes, our country's success or failure, desponding is not the cure—desponding is neither safety nor success."

Under the same date appears somthing which shows that my father's attitude towards slavery was very much misunderstood. He was attacked as a pro-slavery man, because he held that personally, as a soldier and in the absence of orders to receive them, he had no business with slaves in his camp. He could not preserve discipline with them there. The policy of the government at that time had not fully ripened, and if the government policy was obscure it was small wonder that the General refused to have runaways in his camp. It was controversy over matters like this which made him relieve some of his Colonels, thus depriving himself of gallant assistance on the day of his last battle. He writes: "The doom of slavery is already written, unless the South stop the rebellion." And again, in a letter of May 22d: "The blackies, they swarm wherever there's a dry spot to stand on, and wave their hats and grin with delight at the hope we've come to free them." "These fanatic slaveholders, the counterparts of our abolition fanatics, have thrown overboard, in throwing off their allegiance to the government of the United States, their only protection to their slave property. A party of these slaveholding gentlemen called

on me the other day to ask if we would not assist them to recover their slaves, I answered, it was a singular request to ask for assistance from an authority they had repudiated." He had not been certain at any time of his cut off.

Under date of July 26th he writes: "I am not mistaken in the assertion that we ought to adopt the conscription, and then we may *count* on beating down rebellion and restoring the union. Our volunteer system is radically bad and must be set aside, and the sooner set aside the better."

The return to Baton Rouge had been partly because of ill success with the canal, but more because it was discovered that part of Van Dorn's army, two divisions under Gen. John C. Breckenridge, were preparing to interrupt Gen. Williams' communications there and capture the town, which with the small force there they could easily do. But the river was the easier road, and the whole brigade was massed there July 26th.

It had been a very large brigade, numbering when first assembled about seven thousand men; but sickness had done its work, and there were only 2,500 men fit for duty on the day of the action. By August 4th the enemy were close at hand, and a council of war was held, General Williams going over the field with his commanders of regiments and batteries, and pointing out his dispositions. I have a note from Judge Carruth of Boston, who commanded Everett's Massachusetts battery on that day. He says, after describing his reverence for my father's character, which has even grown with years, "I was of the mature age of 22 years, and not at all backward in asking questions. On a certain matter where things seemed to be rather indefinite, I pressed for further instructions. I remember your father's answer

as of yesterday: 'The artillery, sir, must act intelligently, and in the absence of further instructions, go where the firing is the heaviest.'"

My father was an original tactician. He had invented an "order of combat," as he called it, which I have often heard his officers speak of, but have never seen myself nor heard it very accurately described. He believed thoroughly in drill of all kinds. His battery, on the assembly of the Florida expedition to catch Billy Bowlegs in 1857, delighted old Gen. Harney by their dexterity in battery drill, and were the only company in the mixed command that were familiar with the new bayonet exercise. The brigade at Baton Rouge had had an enormous amount of field and skirmish drill in heavy marching order. Carruth's memorandum mentions that he unlimbered his battery and opened fire on the enemy's advance in a field "where he had been accustomed to drill his battery."

The following troops were engaged: The 14th Maine, Col. Nickerson; the 30th Massachusetts, Col. N. A. M. Dudley (Capt. 10th U. S. Inf.); the 9th Connecticut, Col. T. Cahill; the 7th Vermont, Col. Roberts; the 6th Michigan, Col. Curtenius; the 21st Indiana, Col. McMillan; the 4th Wisconsin, Col. Halbert E. Paine. The batteries were Nimms', Manning's and Everett's Massachusetts batteries, and a section of make-shift artillery improvised by Lieut. Brown, 21st Indiana. Colonels Paine and Curtenius were not with their regiments at the time of the action, owing to a disagreement with the General, and Col. McMillan had been wounded in a skirmish, and was not in command of his regiment. The 6th Michigan therefore fought in two company detachments, with Capt. Clark as ranking officer, and Lieut. Col. Sidney Bean, afterwards killed at Port Hudson, commanded the 4th Wisconsin. Nimms' battery was under Lieut. Trull,

and Everett's under Lieut. Carruth. General Williams had had a full staff, consisting of Capt. Wickham Hoffman, Lieut. J. C. Biddle, Lieut. Chas. DeKay and Dr. Bache. DeKay had just been killed, and Biddle and Hoffman were invalided when the action was fought, and therefore the General had only one volunteer aide, in the person of Lieut. H. H. Elliot, of the 9th N. Y., afterward Lieut. Col. 1st Louisiana. There was a small flotilla of gun boats in front of the city, the Essex, Cayuga, Sumter, Kineo and Katahdin. Two of these, the Kineo and the Katahdin were actually engaged. Breckenridge's force was also to have gunboat co-operation. The ram Arkansas, a much stronger vessel than any of the Union boats, was to make a water attack, but failed to arrive on the scene. She was destroyed while partially disabled, on August 6th, by the Essex, Capt. D. Porter.

I visited Baton Rouge in February, 1885, and was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Hospital Steward C. E. Dean, then a physician-planter residing near Baton Rouge. He took me over the entire field, on the battle day all out of town, but now cut with several streets and well in toward the city. His descriptions and criticisms were invaluable. I have often seen it stated that no attempt had been made to entrench. It has never been put as a criticism but merely as a fact of interest, to show, I suppose, that it was a fair, open field fight. But I have always wanted to know why they were not entrenched. Some have told me that entrenching was not common in the early days of the war. But one of my father's letters shows that they were constantly entrenching before Vicksburg. My reasons which I have been able to assign are that the men were so low in strength that they were not equal to the physical task; that the river attack which was probable, would be better escaped if

the lines were well back of the town; that my father's tactical arrangements made him prefer to fight without being held to one position.

Breckenridge's force consisted of nineteen named regimental organizations, and a partisan body not carefully enumerated. It was divided into two divisions and four brigades. He reports that he had about 2800 men, but as one of his division commanders says he himself had 2300, and the partisan force was not strictly counted but assumed to be about 400 strong, it is difficult to see how he could have had less than 5000 men, which is the Federal estimate placed upon his army.

Gen. Williams passed through his camps at 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon, and personally told the men of the action to come in the morning. He had ordered drafts to two skeleton batteries, and Trull receiving his 30 men from the 9th Connecticut, immediately began drill, and by night had turned his infantry men into good field artillery. Carruth's draft did not report, but he did nobly just the same.

Baton Rouge is now much more populous than it was then, but presents in special features much the same appearance. It lies on the west bank of the Mississippi on a bluff about 30 ft. high. This bluff is broken into just north of the city by the Bayou Gross, and just below the town begins to retreat from the river bank. The city lies, as to its main portion, between the old U. S. arsenal on the north and the State capitol on the south. Two roads run directly east out of the town, and are now connected about three-fourths of a mile back by a cross road along which the Federal line of battle lay. That cross road will be called the cemetery road. It was then only partly opened. A high board fence separated it from the cemetery and the road makers had heaped earth on the street side

against that fence, so that the level of the street was two feet higher than that of the cemetery. The south of the two country roads was cut down considerably, and was hence called the clay cut road. It came in between the arsenal and the town. Once on top of the bluff the ground was nearly level, but there were wet places which appear to have accounted for the position of some of the camps, which, when the line was fully formed, were in front of the position and were lost to us in the rebel onset. The whole front was about a half mile long and the troops were disposed as follows: The left flank rested on Bayou Gross, well in front of the arsenal, and the line stretched along south until the right touched the line of the retreating bluffs about a half mile in rear of the State capitol. The left was held by the 14th Maine, Col. Nickerson, with Carruth's battery, and lay north of and across the north or Greenville road. Then came the 21st Indiana, Lieut. Col. Keith, with Brown's and part of Manning's batteries, then the 6th Michigan, Capt. Clark; 30th Mass., Major Whittemore, with Trull's battery. Near the slopes of the arsenal grounds where the Bayou bends in behind, lay the 9th Connecticut, Col. Cahill, and the 4th Wisconsin, Lieut. Col. Bean, with part of Manning's battery placed so as to fire over them. These reserves were directly in rear of the left, while in the rear of the right was the 7th Vermont, Col. Roberts. This whole Federal force numbered 2500, but there were not 1200 who could have marched five miles, so desperately had they suffered from malaria and chronic diarrhea. But many men rose from their sick beds to take part in the action.

Two companies each of the 21st Indiana and 6th Michigan were on picket, and the action was brought on about 3:30 A. M. on Tuesday, Aug. 5th, between them and some guerrillas who had "leaked through" the rebel line

contrary to orders. There was a good deal of confusion at first among the Confederates, who were getting into position in the woods, and they managed to fire on their own men, unhorsing and badly injuring Brig. Gen. Helm, whose command devolved upon Col. Allen. Gen. Breckenridge had assigned one division to Brig. Gen. Chas. Clark, and the other to Gen. Daniel Ruggles. The four brigades were commanded by Gen. Helm, and Col's Hunt, Smith and Thompson. This does not indicate that there were so many men as might appear, as several of the regimental organizations were very much depleted. They were aided by three batteries of artillery.

Our pickets were reinforced by the whole 21st Indiana, and Carruth's battery "going where the firing was the heaviest," went also to the front, until the pressure became too great and there was danger of being surrounded on the left, when they retired to their place in line. The morning was very hot, muggy and thick. As soon as the firing became heavy the smoke lay close along the ground so that little could be seen. The main attack then developed on the left against Nickerson and thence rolled along the whole line. When the 7th Vermont was being led into action on the extreme right, Col. Roberts was immediately killed, and the Lieut. Colonel being absent on other duty, the regiment fell into confusion. It was rallied in the rear, but hurt our own men by mistaking those in their front for rebels. There does not appear to have been any panic among the Vermonters; the men were good soldiers, but were not commanded. They lost their colors for their conduct in this battle, and were reprimanded in orders, but afterward redeemed their regimental character on other fields. They would have proved valuable had the General lived to make use of their full ranks later in the day.

Our line slowly gave ground, preserving the allignment, and the three camps on the right were lost for a time and destroyed. As the line gave, however, it became narrower, and the heavy columns of the Confederates were forced to operate on such a narrow space that there was dreadful slaughter among them. Capt. Soule's company of the 6th Michigan was posted immediately behind that cemetery fence and received three attacks, the Confederates actually bumping into the fence before they saw it, when our men rising, bayoneted them over the top of the fence. Soule held his ground until badly wounded, and until 28 of his 56 men were disabled or killed. Capt. Corden with two companies of the same regiment repulsed the 4th Louisiana and captured their flag. But the heaviest assaults were toward the left and left center, where the 14th Maine and 21st Indiana joined forces, with Carruth between them. These regiments hence lost most heavily. The artillery was nobly served. When the horses were killed the guns were drawn back by hand. Two of Manning's were lost for a few moments, but regained by his own men charging with pistols and sabres. The order was to fire, limber up and to the rear, then into battery again. Carruth did fearful execution, firing out the Greenville road where a rebel battery opposed him at short range. Trull's final station was on the right of the 6th Michigan, where, dividing his sections, one repulsed a battery on the right, and the other sent a cross fire through three attacks on the left of the line, driving the enemy back. The 21st Indiana were, as the General said, "the right men in the right place." They seemed to give blows everywhere. Noticing an assault about to be made down the clay-cut road, they wheeled to the left and gave a volley that caught the flank of the charging column, completely demoralizing them, then regaining

their place in line. Much of the enemy's fire passed over. Our men fought lying down and fired at visions of legs. The whole action was at very close quarters, much of the time at only forty and fifty paces. The action continued for more than six hours, and left the Federal line about half a mile in rear of where the first attack had developed, but just about where they seem to have been intended, judging from the topographical map, to make their final stand. The Confederates were nearly exhausted, while two fresh regiments were waiting orders on the arsenal slopes on our side, and the 7th Vermont could have been brought up under good command anew. Just there my father's lack of staff officers became fatal to him. He had been obliged to expose himself freely and had lost two horses killed under him. He was a very cool man, and his battle conversation does not sound much like a good deal that I have read, because he was never violent nor profane. Just before the end Carruth saw him coming from the left on a big gray horse. He drew up where the battery was in full action and said, "Can you hold this road?" "I think so, General," was the response, "but I am losing men all the time, and I have none to spare." "Well," he said, "do the best you can." A few paces further on he came to Lieut. Col. Keith, wounded but trying to keep the field. Col. McMillan's wound had left this magnificent regiment without a full complement of officers, and Adjt. Latham, a much lamented officer, had just been killed. My father told Keith to give a little ground. But he begged not to do it, saying with much force and some profanity that they could lick the whole rebel army just where they stood. This regiment had been a sore trial to my father from their eccentric ideas of discipline. They said, "He's made of iron himself, and he thinks we are." They had

not appreciated his rigid sanitary regulations. They liked lambs and chickens too well. They did not know why they, as free born Americans, should be so oppressed with regulations. But this moment they knew why. He had made them soldiers, and they recognized that they were safe in his hands. When Keith was carried from the field, the General stepped to the front of the regiment. The firing had become very slack and the attack had evidently spent itself from sheer exhaustion. There was a moment of mutual recognition. The General took off his cap and thanked the regiment, saying, "Brave men, I salute you. Your field officers are all gone, I will lead you. Fix bayonets." My father appears to have been on foot, though his saddle is marked by a glancing bullet mark, whick makes me uncertain on that point. He had just begun the charge that was to sweep the field, when he was struck in the right breast by a musket ball, and died without speaking again. The charge stopped at his dead body. Dr. Dean says, "There came very near being a panic," but there was none. Both sides were badly hurt, but we had held the town, and the dinner which was waiting ready cooked for Breckenridge in the city was otherwise disposed of. Our loss was 84 killed, 266 wounded, 33 missing, total 383. The loss of the 21st Indiana was 126 men. Among the officers killed were Col. Roberts, 7th Vt., Capt. Kelly, 30th Mass, and Lieut's. Seely and Latham, 21st Ind.

I have seen the Confederate reports which are dated Sept. 30th, over a month after the battle. I think Breckenridge was slightly wounded, which accounts for this delay. They claimed a victory, and asserted that they had driven the troops into the river, and would have held the town, *but the gun boats would not let them.* They fell back a few miles, and under flag of truce asked for per-

mission to bury their dead, which was courteously refused. Their reports show also 84 killed, and 477 casualties complete. But this is simply no proper estimate. Dr. Dean asked me on the field if I had ever seen their report, and on giving it to him he said, "I had charge of the lists of the burial parties, and we buried 393 dead Confederates." This points to a loss of 1600 men, and I have no doubt that it is correct.

It has often seemed to me that it dims the lustre which undoubtedly belongs to the Southern arms, to concede that with such confessedly good troops and so much at stake, the rebels should have been kept out of Baton Rouge by any such loss as 477 men. They must have exposed themselves recklessly, for they lost so many field officers. Among the wounded were Brigadiers Clark, Helm, Acting Brigadiers Thompson and Allen, and Breckenridge himself. Breckenridge's sword was captured, and Gen. Clark and his Aide were also made prisoners, Clark being supposed to be fatally hurt. From Southern sources I have later heard that this action carried mourning to the entire South.

An armed reconnoissance, at the command of Col. Cahill brought in considerable abandoned property next day. But the sick who rallied for the action could make no pursuit. We held the town only about ten days longer, Col. Paine coming up from New Orleans. But rumors of another attack there forced Butler to draw in his command and the brigade passed under the command of Godfrey Weitzel as the new Brigadier. The Confederates had secured Port Hudson for fortifying, and did not need Baton Rouge after all.

My father's fame was not a wide one, but he was well understood and appreciated by men of his own profession from the commanding General down. I have heard

Tecumseh Sherman speak of his "magnificent fight." Cullom's Register of the graduates of the U. S. Military Academy, which has no room for extended panegyric, speaks of his death, "in a desperate defense of the place, and when victory was crowning his undaunted gallantry." Irwin, in one of the Century War papers, the accomplished author of the History of the 19th Army Corps, speaks of him as "a thoroughly accomplished officer, an extremely rigid disciplinarian, and a man of the highest courage and honor." But nothing more could have been said than was published in the General Order issued upon the occasion of his death to the soldiers of the Department of the Gulf:

"We, his companions in arms, who had learned to love him, weep the true friend, the brave soldier, the gallant gentleman, the accomplished officer, the pure patriot and victorious hero, and the devoted Christian.

"All and more went out when Williams died.

"By a singular felicity the manner of his death illustrates each of these generous qualities:

"The chivalric American gentleman—he gave up the vantage of the cover of the houses of the city, forming his lines in the open field, lest the women and children of his enemies should be hurt in the fight.

"A good general, he had made his dispositions and prepared for battle at the break of day, when he met his foe.

"A brave soldier, he received the death shot leading his men.

"A patriot hero, he was fighting the battle of his country, and died as went up the cheer of victory.

"A Christian, he sleeps in the hope of the blessed Redeemer. His virtues we cannot exceed. His example we may emulate, and mourning his death we pray, 'May our last end be like his.'"

You, my companions, may find this rather more of a son's panegyric than a battle story, but I have made up nothing. The words of good men which have come to me upon his life and death have been eloquent, but not so eloquent as the tears of many after many years. His was a shining, a luminous character. The seriousness and severity of his character blinded some people to his exceeding fatherliness and kindness of heart. I never knew a more earnestly and sincerely religious man. His splendid end was therefore of a piece with a life "without fear and without reproach." What his men won from their brief intercourse with him appears to have been less, even, admiration for his military character, than the sentiment of a peculiar greatness of mind, a patriotism that was supreme.

It is a great pleasure to me that the laws of descent in this order permit me to stand in his place and to tell this story. I hope there is something in blood,—and I have put upon my eldest son his grandfather's name, adding the other name of Victor, which means a hope that he may win over all the foes which fight against us even in days of peace, and never do aught to stain the blood which now through four generations has been at the service and in the service of the Land of Washington.

Truly a man may be a soldier and a Christian. Hear the soldier speak once more: "A word to the volunteers, —a word to my countrymen! Don't waste your time in attempting the elaborate mechanical drill of regulars. Look to the practical,—look to the cadenced double-quick step, look to accuracy of fire;—the musket is the queen of weapons,—look to active daring, look to the rush with the bayonet! So did the levies *en masse* and volunteers in 1792-3 at Valmy and Jemappe, when exalted by the love of country, exalted above themselves by the religion

of the flag, they broke and crushed the compact array of Prussia and Austria. So marched and rushed Zouave and Chasseur at Malakoff! So Magenta and Solferino were won. Let then your tactics be, *the march* and *the attack*—the *advance in double quick*, the *withering volley* and *the bayonet!*" And then hear the religious man:

"The hand of Providence was doubtless in this (a small success locally). * * * I wish that all on our side would acknowledge Him as the Giver of all Victory. Then should we surely win. Then would Union come out of this chaos, having its foundations laid deep so that it could not be shaken. This war is no doubt an infliction of the Almighty for our corruptions in government as well as morals. * * * Is it to be wondered at that calamity should overtake us? The most a man can hope for is that by supplicating the blessings of heaven and its forgiveness, he may be an instrument in bringing back union, peace and prosperity to his country. This work may well satisfy the ambition of the highest patriot, and be his reward for all his trials."

But as religion advances war will depart. It is remembered at Baton Rouge that on account of bush-whacking there was a general order that side arms should always be worn. Hence on the last Sunday of my father's life, he appeared at church wearing his sword and pistols. But it was a Communion of which he designed to partake, and when he went forward to the altar, it was observed that *he took off his sword*.

It seems to me a great price to give up such lives as these, and yet the fact that they were given is what largely makes their value. I feel personally that there is nothing to regret. Our country is worth the best that we can give it. Thank God, when we have such lives to offer up! Their deaths are like an Ascension to God's home, as the powder clouds "receive them out of our sight."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR ARMIES—1861-5.

By Captain G. W. Burnell, U. S. V.

[Read December 2d, 1891.]

A DESCRIPTION of all the great battles of our late war, and most of the little ones, has been written and rewritten; all the important things which happened have been told and retold; likewise, I fear, some things which never did happen. Of course this last remark does not apply to our Commandery, or to any member thereof, but refers particularly to more pretentious histories and magazine articles.

The future historian will not be troubled for lack of chronicles. His trouble, on the contrary, will be their superabundance. All the important events of which I know anything, are already a thrice-told tale. The Army of the Potomac gyrated within such narrow boundaries, and was so near the capital, that all its doings were speedily written up. We were not as fortunate as our western comrades in being able to say, as to our field of operations, "The whole boundless continent is ours;" on the contrary, it is certain that for four long and dreary years, a "pent-up Utica" did "confine our powers."

I rashly promised our Commander that I would write a paper, and in fulfillment of that pledge, have been obliged to set about the task, but have been sorely puzzled for a text. Whether I should again go over some portion of the well-gleaned field in the hope of furnishing, perchance, a pebble for the use of some future Allison or Macaulay; and whether, should I produce the pebble, it

would stand any chance of being rescued from the rubbish in which I should have imbedded it, and find its way into that grand mosaic which is to constitute the "History of the Great Rebellion;" or whether, on the other hand, I should indulge in a few generalities upon facts known to all, to while away the few moments I am expected to occupy, has been the vexed question. I have concluded to adopt the latter course and supply the coming chronicler with a little philosophy (in which, perhaps, he may be lacking), and leave him to delve for himself in the already well-filled storehouse for his own facts.

I take for my text, therefore, "The development of our armies from 1861 to 1865," and I include therein all our fighting men, from high private to the commander in chief of all the armies.

It is a trite saying that at the outbreak of the war we had the best raw material for a great army which the world has probably ever seen; but while it is trite it is none the less true. Unlike the conscript troops of Europe, ours were not held in line simply because they had a greater fear of the officers behind them than of the enemy in front. They were not European peasants, without pride, patriotism or lineage, but each had relations at home who were watching anxiously every step in his career; each had father, mother, and sisters, with a "local habitation and a name," who were either to be glorified by his heroism, or utterly abashed by his disgrace. To such men death was far preferable to dishonor. The raw material was perfect, but it must be confessed that it was "*raw*," very raw. They had been reared in a free republic and taught the democratic notion that every man is his own sovereign. It was a hard lesson for them to learn that they must obey implicitly the will of a superior officer; that each individual must sink his identity and become a mere

component part of one huge machine. And yet the lesson was necessary. Each of our democratic sovereigns had to learn to become the pliant tool of the most perfect despotism on earth, before we could fairly say that we had an army. An efficient and well-disciplined army must necessarily be an absolute despotism, and there is no more escape from this rule for the soldiers of a democracy than for those of autocratic Russia.

But our soldier boys were intelligent and reasoning individuals. They themselves soon saw the necessity of military discipline. Whenever a green regiment was put into battle, the heavy disadvantage under which it labored was patent to all, and the boys speedily learned that drill and discipline were indispensable to their own welfare and safety; and so our democratic sovereign wisely concluded to abdicate his sovereignty, for the time being, in favor of his commanding officer.

Another quite essential thing he had to learn was *military etiquette;* and it struck the country-bred boy as very odd that whenever he had occasion to enter the tent of *Tom Brown* he must take off his hat, and stand erect in the position of a soldier, simply because Tom chanced to wear the shoulder straps of a Lieutenant, and particularly so when he remembered that he could "throw" Tom at the old district school, and perchance had given him a good threshing there not many years before. One rather amusing incident of this kind I recall, which was told me at the time by an old friend and comrade, which may be worth recording as an illustration. My friend was Assistant Adjutant General at brigade headquarters, and there was a Lieutenant on the staff by the name of Sessions. One day a private came to see him, who, it seems, belonged to the Lieutenant's regiment. Not being able to find his boyhood friend he concluded to make

inquiries. He rapped upon the tent of the Asst. Adjt. Gen., and on being told to "come in," the flap was pulled aside and this interrogatory fired in: "Is George Hen. Sessions about here?" The person addressed knew very well who was meant; but he thought it a good opportunity for a little instruction, and so he replied, "Who did you say, sir?" "George Hen. Sessions." "No, sir; there is no such man here, sir." "Why, yes there is; I saw him yesterday. He's on the General's staff." "Oh, you mean *Lieutenant* Sessions?" "Yes, of course." And thereupon a lecture was delivered which he probably never forgot. It is safe to assume that after that he always recognized the distinction between "George Hen.," the country school boy, and the General's staff officer.

There was one more important thing than etiquette, however, which he did not have to learn; and that was marksmanship. No time or ammunition had to be wasted in teaching him this art. He had acquired it in his boyhood, upon his native hillsides, by practice upon birds, squirrels and targets. This raw, yet plastic, material, had to be moulded into armies, and these armies must be organized, equipped, drilled and disciplined. This was the first step in the process of development.

In whatever else he may have failed, it is agreed on all hands that McClellan was a good organizer. He took the troops in front of Washington in hand, and in a few months made of these verdant volunteers that ponderous machine, destined in the hands of a competent commander to become a resistless engine of destruction—The Army of the Potomac. Others performed the same service in the West, and gave to the country the conquering legions which made up the Armies of the Tennessee and Cumberland.

We had at length good troops; the first stage was reached. But good troops in order to be efficient must have good officers. The supplying of this need was a slower process. At the outset we did not have them. We had been too long out of the soldiering business to have many journeymen at this trade; we had to try apprentices. We had to create them; we had to educate them; they had to grow to the full measure of their duties and responsibilities, and we had to wait for that growth.

We all know how for the first year or two the various grades were filled. In some states it was by election by the companies, and in others by selection by the Governor; and about as many mistakes were made by one mode as by the other. It was soon discovered that because a man had been a good schoolmaster at home, or could deliver a tolerable Fourth of July oration, it did not necessarily follow that he would make a good Captain or Major; and that a man might be a hustler at the polls and still make a very indifferent Lieutenant; or a fair member of the Legislature, and yet be an execrable Colonel. We had too many political Generals and Colonels, too many officers that were somebody's brothers-in-law, sons or nephews; too many men misplaced, where those wearing the chevrons and corporal's stripes should have changed places with those wearing the shoulder straps.

And right here, in this connection, I wish to mention another kind, one with which you are all familiar; each and every one of you know him, for his name was legion. I refer to the genus "whelp." The species differed, but the type was always the same. He thought an enlisted man had no rights which he was bound to respect, no feelings or sensibilities to be recognized. He was arrogant, insolent and domineering to his subordi-

nates, and a servile, cringing, fawning sycophant to his superiors; a petty tyrant in camp, and a coward in battle; a poltroon everywhere, and a gentleman nowhere. I have several of them in mind just now, and so have you, companions, and I think you will pardon me if my language seems a little strong.

I know the maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," but unfortunately most of them are still alive. They were not the kind of fellows who got killed. They took precious good care not to get where there was much danger, and thus were enabled to slink home with sound bodies and whole carcasses,—but let them pass.

As the months went by most of the incompetents were weeded out by the operation of the law of the "survival of the fittest." In the seething crucible of war the baser metal was detected, and the pure gold was separated from the counterfeit. Men from the ranks who had learned step by step the art of war, and who were heroes born, took the places of those unworthy; and at length our gallant troops were fitly officered.

The most striking instance of these rapid and deserved promotions, based on merit only, which came under my notice may be worth mentioning here. When I left my old regiment I had for some time been in command of our company as 2d Lieutenant. The Orderly Sergeant had in the meantime, with my consent, detailed a certain Sam (no matter what his other name was) as company cook; I knew Sam was a good fellow, and he made a good cook. He made a good soup for the boys and boiled their beef on time when in camp; and when I left, Sam was still presiding over the camp kettles. Before I saw them again they had passed through the battles in front of Petersburg, the battle of Monocacy, and all of Sheridan's fights in the Valley. I visited them on their return to Petersburg, and

was not a little surprised to find my old comrade Sam, the "cook," wearing the straps of a 1st Lieutenant and in command of my old company; and there were plenty of good men in that company, too. Sam's opportunity had simply come, and he had shown the mettle there was in him; it was discovered he was fit for something more than boiling beef and cabbage. They saw that he was cast in heroic mould, and his worth was quickly and freely recognized.

Our armies had now very nearly reached perfection. Only one thing was lacking, and this was Generals. By this I do not mean that there was any lack of gentlemen who wore the single and the double star; but I do mean great Captains who were capable of handling the splendid armies which they had behind them. Trial after trial of commanders was made only to result in miserable failures. Time and again the nation bowed in joyful adoration to some rising military sun, only to discover a little later on that the object of their worship was simply a spluttering tallow candle. This was specially true of the Army of the Potomac. A loyal, suffering and praying people had so often been disappointed; so often had their illusions been rudely dispelled amid blood and tears, that "hope deferred had made the heart sick," and with one accord they exclaimed, "How long, Oh Lord, how long?"

It is an old maxim that "a cat may look upon the king;" and we "cats" of those old days may not only look upon, but now freely criticise the kings who reigned over us; and who one by one, in rapid succession, were obliged to lay aside the crown which proved too heavy for them to wear.

We all remember how, at the outset, when the best of the officers of the old army, one after another, went over to the Confederacy, we still consoled ourselves for all

these losses by the reflection that the chief of all, Gen. Scott, remained upon our side. But the fact was soon demonstrated that his days of prowess were over; the weight of years sat too heavily upon him to permit him to grapple with so vast a problem. Then McClellan was hailed as the coming savior. He failed ingloriously on the Peninsula; but he did win the battle of Antietam and drove Lee across the river. He was unable, however, to make him budge a single foot from his intrenchments, or to force back a single gun, which was almost literally trained upon the Capitol. Then Burnside was tried, with the result of another bloody failure at Fredericksburg.

Then came Hooker with the sore disaster at Chancellorsville; and then Meade had greatness thrust upon him on the eve of a gigantic struggle. While it is true that he came out victorious from the great and decisive battle of the war, it is still a mooted question whether he or his corps commanders are entitled to the credit. But let us grant him all that is his due, and still I think no one will claim that he was a great General. His campaign of "Mine Run" was as great a fiasco as that of his predecessors; with this difference, however, in his favor, that while he accomplished nothing, he lost but few men. He did enable most of us to "run away" in order that we "might live to fight another day."

Few would assert that he could have led the Army of the Potomac down through the Wilderness, and across our "Red Sea," known as James River, and placed it triumphantly in front of Petersburg. He was a good soldier, faithful at all times, and always doing his very best; but our Moses was yet to come.

The experience in the West was not so bitter; yet substantially the same course had to be run. Halleck, Buell and Rosecrans were weighed in the balance and each

was found wanting. While they cannot fairly be said to have been absolute failures, yet they fell short of the requirements and the necessities of the hour.

But let us be just to all three Generals, and say that the fault was not so much theirs as it was that of the country in demanding too much from them. Nature never endowed them with the qualities of great leaders, and, for the most part, they never claimed it for themselves. They did the best they could with the abilities which they possessed; and Burnside and Hooker dropping back into their appropriate spheres rendered splendid service to the country, with distinguished honor to themselves, as corps commanders, while Meade, accepting gracefully the nominal command of the Army of the Potomac, made an ideal Adjutant General for the great chieftain who was to guide its destinies thereafter. In the meantime, while the nation travailed in woe, there had been some glorious births, and in the far off West giants were growing to colossal stature. In that boundless field for unfettered action, in a congenial atmosphere, their thews were hardening for the task to be set before them. For a moment now and then, amid the fitful glare of battle, the people had caught a glimpse of the visage of the coming man. The lightning flashes of Fort Donelson for an instant played upon his features, and then, for a season, they passed behind a cloud. When the smoke lifted from beleagured Vicksburg they got a clearer and a longer view; and finally, upon the heights of Chattanooga, surrounded by a flaming circle, his form stood forth, the wonder and the admiration of the World.

The man had come!

The recognition was instantaneous. The Leader, so long, so vainly sought, was there, bearing the name of "GRANT."

It would seem to have been a remarkable instance, where "coming events cast their shadows before"—a genuine prophecy, when this boy was christened "Ulysses." Certain it is that he was destined to shed greater lustre upon the name than any borne in the records of Greek mythology.

Henceforth our armies were to march with no uncertain, faltering step; no more reeling and staggering like drunken men, knowing neither how or whither they were going. Guided by one clear brain, one indomitable will, one supreme intelligence, they were to move with one common purpose, towards one common centre. Like Jove launching his thunderbolts, he was to hurl them with resistless energy, whensoever and wheresoever he listed. Lee, the Lucifer of Rebellion, the boasted "Invincible," not only learned that at last he had met his match, but soon discovered he had found his master.

Side by side with Grant, nurtured by the same air, trained in the same school, and moulded by the same events, there had been growing up his scarcely less great Lieutenants, Sherman and Sheridan; men who were to execute his will and stay his arm in every hour of need. Sprung from the same rich soil, and watered by the same streams, other tall cedars had also grown in Lebanon; and Thomas, and Schofield, and Logan had proved equal to every emergency which confronted them.

It was no longer necessary that an army of lions should be led by lambs; there were fit captains to command fit troops. It is related of Xenophon, how ,when the principal officers of the Greek "Ten Thousand" were slain by the treachery of the Persians, that he, a mere volunteer, was elected a general, and conducted them, through that consummate retreat, back to their native country. At the close of our war, doubtless there were

scores—perhaps hundreds—who would have proved equal to as great an emergency. The courage, training and skill were there—the opportunity alone was lacking. The process of development was complete; and the finest army that man ever organized, and God ever blessed, shook the very country beneath their measured tread.

We began with a handful of ninety day militia; we ended with half a million of trained and disciplined veterans. We began with no Generals at all. We ended with the greatest commander who has trodden the earth since the days of Napoleon the matchless. We began with Bull Run, we ended with APPOMATTOX.

THE LOYAL LEGION — ITS MEMBERS — FIRST CLASS, ORIGINAL; IN SUCCESSION; BY INHERITANCE; SECOND CLASS; THIRD CLASS.

By Captain A. Ross Houston, U. S. V.

[Read December 3d, 1891.]

THE Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States originated at Philadelphia, April 15th, 1865, less than a week after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, in the meeting of officers of the army assembled to take action upon the death of President Lincoln, which had just occurred in Washington. A number of officers soon enrolled themselves, and adopted a Constitution, which they and all others since becoming members of the Order have subscribed to.

PREAMBLE OF CONSTITUTION.

"We, Officers and honorably discharged Officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps of the United States, whose names are hereunto annexed, having aided in maintaining the honor, integrity and supremacy of the National Government at a critical period of its history, and holding in remembrance the sacrifices in common made and the triumphs together shared in discharge of this sacred duty, unite to ordain and establish a permanent association for the purposes and objects hereinafter set forth, and to this end pledge our honor, as officers and gentlemen, to be governed by the following Constitution and By-Laws."

PRINCIPLES.

"This Order acknowledges as its fundamental principles:—

"FIRST.—A firm belief and trust in Almighty God, extolling Him under whose beneficent guidance the sovereignty and integrity of the Union have been maintained, the honor of the Flag vindicated, and the blessings of civil liberty secured, established and enlarged.

"SECOND.—True allegiance to the United States of America, based upon paramount respect for the fidelity to the National Constitution and Laws, manifested by discountenancing whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, incite to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or impair in any manner the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions."

OBJECTS.

"The objects of this Order shall be to cherish the memories and associations of the war waged in defence of the unity and indivisibility of the Republic; strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship and sympathy formed by companionship-in-arms; advance the best interests of the soldiers and sailors of the United States, especially of those associated as Companions of this Order, and extend all possible relief to their widows and children; foster the cultivation of military and naval science; enforce unqualified allegiance to the General Government; protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship, and maintain National Honor, Union and Independence."

The Order is one as a whole, but consists of different State Commanderies and one in the District of Columbia.

The Commandery-in-Chief is the governing body, composed of the Commanders, Senior Vice Commanders, Junior Vice Commanders and Recorders and Ex-Officers of same grades of the different Commanderies.

There are now twenty Commanderies, ranking by the

date of their organization, Wisconsin being sixth on the list; those preceding her being Pennsylvania, New York, Maine, Massachusetts and California—Wisconsin being the first organized west of Pennsylvania, next to California. The last roster of the Order shows:

Companions of the First Class.....	6,910
Companions of the Second Class.....	437
Companions of the Third Class.....	83
Total.....	7,430

This Military Order stands among the first in the world, composed of Army and Navy officers, and their descendants. The officers come from all the different departments and armies that served the Union in the War of the Rebellion, and in every case the most careful examination being made as to the military record and personal standing of each member before admission. Its membership includes, and has included, the greater number of the officers of high rank during the war. To-day nearly every general officer and most of the field officers of the regular army are members, and it is fair to say that a majority of all officers of the regular army who had war service are on our rolls.

In the registers of the different State Commanderies will be found men prominent in all positions in life, besides having the distinction as soldiers and officers that entitles them to membership in the Order.

The foundation of the Order is honorable service as a commissioned officer, and the transmittal of privilege of membership by inheritance.

The order was patterned much after the Society of the Cincinnati, organized at the close of the Revolutionary War at the camp of the army, at Newburg, on the Hudson, in May, 1783.

The Cincinnati announced its objects and privileges:

"An incessant attention to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature for which they have fought and bled, and without which the high rank of a national being is a curse instead of a blessing.

"An unalterable determination to promote and cherish between the respective States that union and national honor so essentially necessary to their happiness and the future dignity of the American Empire.

"To render permanent the cordial affection subsisting among the officers. This spirit will extend to the most substantial acts of beneficence towards those officers and their families who unfortunately may be under the necessity of receiving it."

There was much criticism of the Cincinnati at the time of its organization, as attempting to form a privileged and exclusive class upon military service and rank. The criticism then, as it sometimes is now of the Loyal Legion, was principally from those not possessing the requirements of membership. Surely there is nothing among the rights of men in a free government more evident than that a number of them shall join together for purpose of good report, and shall, in inviting others to join in company with them, specify the terms and qualifications of such membership. Specially should this be so of men who organize to perpetuate honorable military service rendered in war for their country, and announce their principles as patriotic and loyal adherence to their government.

Officers founding the Cincinnati claimed that in their long service in the army they had been prevented from gaining means to leave their descendants, as those had who had not served in the army and remained at home, and they desired to preserve and transmit to those who bear their names and come after them, the record of their military service.

The Cincinnati flourished,—General Washington was President General, General Yates Vice President, and General Knox Secretary. Generals, Admirals and officers in French army and navy who had served with the Continental Army became members. At the French Court no foreign decorations were allowed to be worn except the Golden Fleece, but Lafayette obtained from the King, Louis Sixteenth, the special privilege of wearing at Court the badge of the Cincinnati, and the Society gained great distinction abroad.

The Eagle of the Cincinnati was one of the most distinguished decorations a French officer could wear.

The division of membership in the Loyal Legion is:

Companions of First Class, Original. Those who had war service themselves.

First Class in Succession. Companions of the Second Class who succeed upon the death of their fathers to the First Class.

First Class, by Inheritance. The eldest male lineal descendants of deceased Companions of the First Class, and of officers, not members of the Order, but who were eligible as such, who shall have died; and if there are no such descendants, then the male heirs in the collateral branches of their families in the order of genealogical succession according to the rules of primogeniture.

Companions of the Second Class. Eldest Sons of living Companions of the First Class, who shall have attained the age of twenty-one years.

Companions of the Third Class. Gentlemen who in civil life during the Rebellion were specially distinguished for conspicuous and consistent loyalty to the National Government, and were active and eminent in maintaining the supremacy of the same. This class contains many distinguished men holding high place in their country's history. The Commandery of Wisconsin has two Com-

panions of the Third Class, Hon. John F. Potter and General Augustus Gaylord. The right of election to the Third Class expired April 15, 1890.

The Constitution of the Order also recognizes another class, Companions-at-Large. Gentlemen who served in the army for the suppression of the Rebellion upon staff duty without commission. In this way is provided a most worthy recognition of patriotic gentlemen who gave their services and risked their lives in warfare for their country, or in behalf of a country whose cause they defended, without rank or emoluments. Truly it is one of the first duties of an Order like the Loyal Legion to make distinction of such service and heroism, and in searching the records of the Order I find that Companionship has been extended under the Constitution in all cases where the record of the applicant was worthy.

In the membership by succession and inheritance the Order hopes to perpetuate itself. A privilege of membership in the Order, starting in all instances from honorable service in war for the preservation of this Union of States, is believed to be something to be prized. It is offered gladly and freely to all who are eligible and will make their applications, and show before the society that they are worthy representatives of their sires.

These meetings of Eldest Sons and ladies invited to meet with us, are, it is hoped, by pleasant intercourse, to increase the interest in the membership by inheritance, and to know if the sons are desirous of wearing the Insignia of the Loyal Legion that their fathers prize as one of the most glorious bequests they can bestow upon them; and to have the encouragement of the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts in the growth of the Order, as they have always been found amongst the supporters of what was of true and loyal worth in the development of patriotic endeavor for our Country, and our Country's soldiers.

IN THE IMMEDIATE REAR.

EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATIONS OF A FIELD SURGEON.

By Surgeon Almon Clarke, U. S. V.

[Read February 3d, 1892.]

THE story of the battle, the march, the camp and the prison has been told and re-told by many able writers on both sides of the great struggle in which we all participated a quarter of a century ago, and it may be fairly presumed that the interest of the subject has become well-nigh exhausted. But, so far as I am aware, the literature relating to the experience and observations of the field surgeon is sparse indeed.

A few months ago a distinguished surgeon and author of New York, Dr. John A. Weyeth, published an article in the Century entitled, "Hard Times in Camp Morton"—a misjudged effort to balance the account between the Northern and Southern military prisons. Had this writer been fortunate enough to have had the experience of an assistant surgeon in the field, instead of that of a much-imprisoned soldier in the ranks, no doubt with his splendid ability he could have written an article on the subject which I have chosen as the title of this paper, which would have been both interesting and valuable, and far more to his credit than his Century paper.

It was customary in our army for the Medical Director of Corps or the Surgeon-in-Chief of Divisions to detail an Assistant Surgeon to follow each brigade into battle, under orders to keep as near the line of battle as reason-

able safety would permit, for the purpose of rendering such immediate aid to the wounded as their safety and comfort might require until they could reach the main hospital, usually a mile or more to the rear.

In addition to this duty he was to decide whether men apparently hurt, or ill, should go to the rear for repairs or return to the front to duty. Usually the musicians of the brigade were temporarily under his command to assist the stretcher bearers, and it was a part of his duty to see that the wounded were promptly removed from the field.

Being the youngest medical officer of the brigade to which my regiment was attached—only 22 years of age when commissioned—this detail often fell to my lot.

Although affording no great surgical experience except in the line of minor operations, it gave me rare opportunities to watch the movements of troops, to note the varying fortune of the battle, and often brought me face to face with the commanding generals and their staffs.

In this way I sometimes learned of projected movements hours before officers of much higher rank at the front heard of them. Sometimes by watching carefully what was going on I could get a pretty good idea of the plan of the battle. After some experience in observing grand tactics, I began to have ideas of my own as to how a battle should be fought or a campaign conducted, and was occasionally gratified to observe that the Commanding General agreed with me!

My first experience was in the battle of Mine Run, or Locust Grove, as it was officially named. It will be remembered that in the last days of November, 1863, the Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan and marched towards the field that a few months later became famous for all time as the Wilderness. The Third Corps, under

Maj. Gen. French, had the right, and being misdirected by his guide, he led his advance into the flank of a moving column of the enemy.

A sharp, though useless fight, and a delay of a day and a night, resulted from this blunder. The troops were then drawn off several miles to the left to join the main army. There were many wounded, and an insufficiency of ambulances to transport them. The result of this was that eight men of our brigade, all seriously wounded, were placed in a log house with but a single room, which was inhabited by an old man and woman, and was situated in the center of a twenty-acre field entirely surrounded by dense forest.

The writer, no doubt because he was the youngest surgeon in the command, was ordered to stay with them, while the army marched away—opening up before this young man and his eight wounded companions an almost certain prospect of a winter in rebel prisons.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings as the last blue overcoat of our troops disappeared in the enveloping woods; nor can I tell with what emotions I watched, for an endless hour, the edge of the woods, for the expected approach of the rebel cavalry.

At length I discovered a horseman making his way through the thicket, and with a sinking heart I entered the cabin to prepare my poor comrades for the enemy's approach. When, a few moments later, I again went outside the hut, imagine my wild delight to find that the approaching horseman was none other than the ambulance officer of our brigade, Lieut. Tabor, who, at great risk of capture, had come back with three ambulances to relieve our despairing hearts.

During the battle of the Wilderness in the following month of May, I again had the field detail for the day

time, and worked all night at the Sixth Corps hospital. For the greater part of the battle my position, selected by myself, was in the bend of the horseshoe, just north of the pike, and about sixty rods to the rear of the line of the First and Third Divisions Sixth Corps, and but a few rods in front of Grant's and Meade's headquarters.

It will be remembered that just at nightfall of the second day's fight the enemy got around the flank of our extreme right, and with great noise and hurry drove in a brigade of the Third Division, capturing Generals Seymour and Shaler. Ascending a little elevation I saw the troops breaking wildly to the rear. Back beyond the hospital where our trains were parked, I saw the teamsters in the greatest haste rushing the transportation in the direction of the Fredricksburg pike. It was a moment of panic. Horsemen flew to Grant's headquarters, and back again to the front. Then, O, a sight ever to be remembered! Gen. Sedgwick came swiftly riding out of the woods and among the masses of fleeing troops, waving his hat and sword, and quickly restoring order. He seemed so powerful, and was so much loved, how little I thought then that in three days more his great career would be forever closed! Then I saw several regiments from the left start double-quick toward the imperilled right, and soon a loud cheer announced that the line was restored.

During the forenoon of May 6th, Hancock, who commanded the left wing of the army and had more than half of all the forces under his direct command, advanced through the woods by a series of desperate charges, driving the enemy about a mile and a half. Scarcely one cannon a minute was heard during all this battle. The fight was in thick woods, and over nearly level ground, making it impossible to use artillery to any extent, for fear of hitting our own men.

I watched, or rather listened to, the battle on the left from near Grant's headquarters, which were at the Lacey House, on somewhat elevated ground. Although I could see nothing of the hostile lines, I could easily tell whether our troops or the enemy were making a charge by the peculiar character of their outcry. When a charge was ordered the men advanced with a yell. On our side it was a resounding, continuous hurrah, while the famous, dread-inspiring "rebel yell" was a succession of yelps, staccato and shrill. These battle cries were as different and characteristic as the discordant civilizations that resulted in the great, irrepressible conflict.

After a long silence a few pattering skirmish shots would follow, and then would come up out of the woods a mile away the long, ominous battle cry of the Northern army. A minute more of this, then, mingled with the multitude of voices, would come the lively rattle of thousands of smaller arms, ocasionally deepening into an almost continuous roll. It was not a battle of terrific noise like Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Antietam or Chickamauga; but that rapid discharge of rifles, with the lines so near together that they could not be distinguished by their sounds, apprised me that terrible work was going on there behind the curtain of forest—men mangled and dying by hundreds every minute. As the lines drew together the outcry gradually died out, but the firing became more rapid, lasting ten, fifteen minutes, perhaps half an hour, when, greatly to my satisfaction, I could see that it had drifted a considerable distance towards the enemy's rear. Above the tops of trees could now be seen a considerable cloud of powder smoke.

Out of the woods and across the fields to the rear, hundreds, nay, thousands of men, were straggling. To an unaccustomed observer it gave the impression that the

army was broken to pieces. Horsemen were speeding in different directions along the edge of the forest. Now and then a column of troops would hurry double-quick across the fields from the woods and re-enter the forest to re-enforce some imperilled position, the men panting and sweating, but, no doubt, thanking God that for the moment they were out of danger.

Unlike some other battles, it did not so much suggest the tempest, or a dreadful cataclysm of the insensate elements, yet it was hard for the beholder to realize that all that hurry and smoke and swaying tide of fearful sounds yonder in the woods was directed by a man's cool brain and wrought alone by human energy.

But that crowd of stragglers! Who could see it and believe there was still a steady line of battle at work in the woods? Some, about one-half, probably, were men more or less badly wounded; the balance, comrades who were helping them off the field, others who were after ammunition, and a comparatively small number of cowards who had escaped the provost guard.

In the afternoon, the enemy, re-enforced by Longstreet's Corps, advanced with equal success against Hancock, and drove him back the whole distance over the field of his morning's success.

To those of us who, with eyes strained towards the southern woods, heard with dismay the sounds denoting that our troops were being driven, the situation foreboded irreparable disaster.

I stood where I could watch Gen. Grant in the yard in front of the Lacey House. Could he not see that the whole left wing of his army was being driven? Why did he not do something—send staff officers to order in troops from other portions of the line? He stood very quiet, did not fume and lament as Burnside did at Fredericksburg,

whittled a stick and occasionally walked about, carefully read the dispatches that came to him, and aside from a very thoughtful, earnest look no one could see anything in his manner to denote either his great responsibility or concern for the apparent failure of his mighty plan. To use an expressive colloquialism, "he kept his shirt on." And so, on many subsequent occasions I saw this silent, masterful man quietly wait the result, while his armies, like ships at sea, were tossed hither and yon by the convulsive throes of battle.

Late in the afternoon of our last day in the Wilderness I chanced to pass the hospital of the Second Division, Sixth Army Corps, which was simply an operating table in the open air with a "fly" for shelter, and there I saw my friend Dr. Phillips, Surgeon of the 6th Vermont Regiment—now a resident of Minneapolis—his sleeves rolled up, face spattered with blood, his eyes swollen and bloodshot from long, exhausting labor. His back had become so stiffened that he could not straighten up, and he had not stopped to eat for twenty-four hours, yet he was still operating, with plenty more to do, for near by was at least a half acre of ground thickly covered with severely wounded men awaiting their turn. Near the table was a large heap containing scores of amputated arms and legs, and I was told that a cartload of them had already been buried.

A large number of dead men, for whom a trench was being dug, were lying there in a row, their faces and hands black from rapid decomposition, and their bodies so swollen that their clothes were distended almost to bursting. Among them I recognized a captain who, but a few years before, had been a classmate and friend of mine at Barre Academy.

While the long, fierce struggle was going on at Spott-

sylvania, I was twice detailed to accompany long trainloads of wounded men from the front to Fredericksburg—a distance of about fifteen miles. Both journeys were made in the night, and darker nights were never experienced. The weather was rainy, and the roads—part of the way an old plank road with some of the bed pieces yet remaining in the mud—were simply execrable. Each of my trains was over three miles long, consisting of ambulances and six-mule wagons, each carrying all it could hold of severely wounded men. It was my duty to ride back and forth from one end to the other of the train, and administer to the necessities of the poor suffering passengers—in one place to readjust a bandage or a splint, and in another to check hemorrhage, or administer morphine or brandy. Groans rent the air all night long, and I learned the full meaning of the phrase—"the anguish-laden ambulance."

Companions will remember that when the order was issued for the commencement of the Wilderness campaign our army bands, to which we had all become so attached, were forbidden to play, for fear, no doubt, of apprising the enemy of our position.

On one of those terrible night rides with the wounded, when the train, at about eight o'clock in the evening, had reached the camp of the reserve artillery about three miles to the rear of the main army, and groans and piercing screams came out of almost every wagon, suddenly a band attached to the artillery struck up "When the swallows homeward fly." If every man in the train had instantly been struck dead the silence could not have been more complete. As long as I live the sweet strains of that German song will, to my ears, have a meaning and a pathos to others unknown.

When the Sixth Corps arrived at Cold Harbor on the

morning of June 1st, 1864, after nearly an all-night's march, it found Gen. Custer's cavalry holding that important position, with a portion of his cavalry fighting dismounted, and, as was customary with this daring rider, with his brass band on the front line playing the national airs for the benefit both of his own troops and the enemy. Soon after our arrival the 18th Corps from the Army of the James marched on the field, and about 4 o'clock P. M. the battle opened. As the line advanced toward the enemy I took my position with my corps of nurses and musicians in a wooded ravine eighty rods south of the old Cold Harbor Tavern, and directly behind one of our batteries. The country was flat, and the Surgeon-in-Chief of our Division thought this ravine the nearest protected point to the troops engaged. I found it anything but protected, for as soon as the enemy began to reply to the battery in our front most of their shells went beyond their mark and burst in the tree tops directly over our heads.

The battle in our front having raged for some time and no wounded men had yet come back to us, I concluded they were not able to find us, so I called out to the hundred or more musicians with me, for a volunteer to hold a yellow flag on the higher ground near the battery in our front.

My men were scattered, and each had got himself into as small a compass as possible between the roots of a tree on its hither side from the front. After calling several times for the man I wanted, at last a handsome, auburn-haired drummer boy of Co. B., my own regiment, came forward and said, "I'll hold it, sir, if you think I am big enough." Big enough! I thought him the only one there who had reached the stature of manhood. I started to show him where to hold the flag. The battery in front was enshrouded in smoke and was working lively. The

battle growled like a nearing tempest. As we stepped across a little creek a shell burst just before us. Perhaps it is needless to say that the "recoil"—my own recoil—threw me into the ditch.

Soon after stationing the little drummer, an order came for me to return with my force to the Cold Harbor Tavern. Twenty-five years later, at the Boston encampment, a handsomely dressed gentleman greeted me, and, as he raised his beaver, displayed a very bald head, but with a fringe of auburn locks above his ears. It was my Cold Harbor drummer boy. He had struck it rich, and lived on Commonwealth Avenue over near the Vendome.

On the third of June the battle of Cold Harbor was renewed. Several successive charges were made by our entire army, the only results of which were disastrous repulse and fruitless slaughter. This was the one battle of the war that Gen. Grant would have been glad to forget.

My field hospital was among the trees in the yard of the old Cold Harbor Tavern, while the main hospital was about a mile farther to the rear. About fifty men of my own regiment were lying about, variously wounded, and among them three captains, one of whom was dying.

The wounded of other commands were there also, and several surgeons were at work upon their injuries. As I was cutting a bullet from a man's shoulder, I heard a person in a loud, excited voice, enquire if there were any surgeons there, and on the question being repeated I felt a sharp cut with a riding whip across my back. Much surprised, I looked up from my work and confronted a man named Holman, the Medical Director of the Sixth Corps. In a loud and irritating manner he demanded to know what I was there for, and denied that I had been ordered there by any one, saying that my place was nearer the

troops, and ordering me to go at once with my force to a clump of pine trees a quarter of a mile nearer the front. As soon as I could recover voice I urged the immediate need of my service where so many of my own men were hurt and some of them dying, but to no purpose; so, controlling myself the best I could I started with my orderly for the place indicated, and did not dress another wound that day, as the injured were all back at the tavern. We remained there several days, shells bursting over us and bullets hitting the trees, but we did very little work, for men once hurt can scarcely be induced to stop for repairs where the spiteful hissing of bullets warns them that they are not out of danger.

Subsequently an Ohio surgeon of equal rank with the Medical Director, who saw the blow fall upon my shoulders, preferred charges for the offense, and they went through the regular channel up to Corps headquarters, approved at every headquarters, but after they reached the top they were never heard from. The Medical Director was, no doubt, a prominent member of the genus "whelp," so graphically described by Judge Burnell; and here let me remark that some of the meanest as well as some of the best men in the army were the surgeons, for there, even more than in civil life, they showed sharp contrasts.

One day, by the corner of the Cold Harbor Tavern, I was putting a bandage on the ankle of a rebel soldier, and, half-seeing some one out of the side of my eyes to the right, and supposing it was my orderly, I reached up my hand and said "Give me a pin." The request not being complied with, I looked up and saw that I had spoken to Gen. Grant. He quietly moved off without saying anything; but I shall always feel that the rebellion might

have been put down a little easier if he had turned down the lapel of his coat and hunted for that pin!

After the battle of June 3d the two armies entrenched heavily, and lay closely confronting each other until the 12th. Owing to the heat and the stench from half-buried bodies of men and horses, numbers of soldiers became sick, and a freshly-appointed Major of my regiment, believing the army could spare some of its surgeons, ordered that a medical man be sent to his line every day to examine the men. Again my youth threw me into the path of greatness and the choice detail fell to me. Rebel sharpshooters in trees commanded nearly every yard of the path leading up to the front, and I never went over it without seeing the sand thrown into the air near me by dozens of their bullets. Why I did not run, or crawl over the ground like a snake, I have never since been able to understand.

The troops had made high breastworks, with short ones at right angles, every 20 feet or so.

Capt. Davis, up at the right of the regiment, sent word that he was ill and wished me to visit him. Obeying his call I found him in a sort of dug-out, a hole cut in the ground, one yard by two, and perhaps two feet deep, the bottom spread with cedar boughs, and the roof made of his shelter tent held up by slender posts at the corners. A comfortable and safe place from everything but bursting shells. As I approached I did not stop to notice that his hole was in ground nearly as high as the line of works in front. The instant he saw me he said, quite sharply for him, "Step down in here," and I obeyed at once.

A fraction of a second later a rifle ball crashed into a dead tree at my right, and a second earlier would have passed through my head, at which it was, no doubt, skillfully aimed. How easily a lot of trouble, even the infliction of this tedious story, might then have been saved!

Now, companions, I am not so stupid as to be unable to see the egregious ridiculousness of relating to you such little events as that, when undoubtedly you experienced a hundred equally narrow escapes in every battle you took part in. But it was not my business to catch lumps of lead flying through the air, until after they had landed, and I fancy that if any one of you had performed a surgical operation you would relate it to the exclusion of many harrowing tales of "the imminent, deadly breach."

The campaign in the Shenandoah Valley under Gen. Sheridan, on account of the pleasant country and the creature comforts it afforded, despite the hardship and danger, had a charm of gala-day soldiering hitherto quite unknown to the veterans of the older corps, that did much to smooth war's "wrinkled front." Of experiences pertinent to my theme the limits of this paper forbid the mention of any except those connected with the battle of Cedar Creek.

When surprised in our camps by the enemy in the early morning our troops speedily found their places in a new line of defense, and I, in obedience to previous orders, sought the ambulances at the rear.

I had not ridden more than a quarter of a mile, probably, when I found the ambulances belonging to our division. Soon I saw handsome Capt. George Welch, of my own regiment, staggering towards me. He was without a hat, his face very white, and two great streams of blood had run across it from a wound in the crown of his head. As the troops retired through Middletown, the ambulances also retired, keeping nearly half a mile from the battle. They soon became filled with wounded men. Frequent halts were made to attend to the wants of the most severely injured. During one of these halts, by the side of tht great Valley pike, about ten o'clock in the forenoon,

word coming from the front that our troops had a good line, and there was not much fighting, while we surgeons were engaged dressing wounds, there came suddenly from the direction of Winchester the rapid click-e-ty-click of flying hoofs. We instantly recognized the idol of the army, Sheridan. He wore a full, dark beard then, and his short legs stuck out from the sides of his big horse like those of a boy. His staff and escort were scattered for a mile to rear. He had a very anxious look as he passed us, but did not speak, simply bowing in response to our cheer. We soon heard a resounding cheer from the front as he reached the line of the Vermont Brigade. The fields in every direction were thickly dotted with the blue uniforms of stragglers, who, when they heard those cheers, for the most part, turned and rejoined the line of battle.

A little later the entire hospital force was ordered three or four miles farther to the rear, to the village of Newtown, where a great hospital was at once established, and work was plentiful for us all the rest of the day. Late in the evening the other surgeons sought sleep, while I was detailed as medical officer of the night.

At midnight as I was going the rounds an ambulance officer found me and said he had a long train of ambulances filled with wounded men, whom he desired to turn over to me. "What?" said I, "I thought we got in all our wounded before dark?" "So you did," said he, "but these are wounded rebels," and then I heard from his lips the story of the repossession of our camps, and the glorious victory that crowned the morning's disaster. We had already filled every building in Newtown with our wounded, and all our tents were full.

I soon rallied a force of men, procured fuel and built a long row of fires, by the side of which straw was placed for beds, on which, with the few blankets the men had,

over three hundred badly wounded soldiers of the Confederacy were made as comfortable as possible. The night was cold and all of the poor fellows were shivering. I had camp kettles of hot beef tea prepared for them, and kept the fires blazing. I recollect a fine, delicate looking young major, with one arm off, who asked very politely, if money would buy for him a drink of brandy. It was pleasant to observe his gratitude, evidently seasoned with surprise, when I gave him some brandy with the assurance that he could have all he needed without money and without price. I think he and I could have settled the war question right then and there, had it been left to us.

EXPERIENCES WITH THE NINTH BRIGADE, ROUSSEAU'S DIVISION, ARMY OF OHIO.

By Surgeon Solon Marks, U. S. V.

[Read March 2d, 1892.]

AS MOST of you are aware, in August, 1862, the greater part of what was known as the Army of the Ohio, under the command of Gen. Buell, was massed near the Tennessee River, at Bridgeport, Battle Creek, Stevenson, and other places in close proximity, while the Confederate army, under the command of Gen. Bragg, was encamped upon the opposite side of the river, but hidden from view by heavy forests. Owing to the topography of the country, that portion of the army at Battle Creek was compelled to camp within a short distance of the river, in plain sight of the enemy's pickets. The pickets of the two armies occupied rifle pits, on opposite banks of the river, but by common consent no picket firing was allowed. Gen. Buell soon learned through his scouts and spies that the Confederate army was preparing for a move, but what that move was to be was all conjecture, some officers believing that Gen. Bragg would make an effort to capture Nashville. The majority, however, thought that he was about to invade Kentucky, and threaten Louisville and Cincinnati. The latter course was the one pursued.

Orders were issued to have the Army of the Ohio in readiness to move at a moment's warning. Orders were also issued to construct an earthwork near the mouth of Battle Creek, about 1,000 or 1,100 yards from the enemy's pickets, extending up the creek to the base of a

mountain, on grounds sloping towards the river, and known as Fort McCook. That portion of the fort nearest the enemy was very heavy, while that portion abutting against the base of the mountain was a stockade. The length of the fort being about twice that of its width, traverses were thrown across at different points.

Near the base of the mountain a small cemetery was enclosed, where there had been ten or twelve burials. There was also a two-story wooden house about the center of the works, occupied by Col. Harris as headquarters. Col. Harris at this time commanded what was known as the Ninth Brigade of Gen. Rousseau's Division, Army of the Ohio. On the completion of the works the Ninth Brigade was ordered to occupy the works, while the main army was ordered to move on over the mountain in pursuit of a portion of the Confederate army. The position was a dangerous one, and both officers and men gave it as their opinion that if the Ninth Brigade was left alone it would either be slaughtered or captured. I was assigned to duty with that brigade. The second morning after orders were issued assigning the Ninth Brigade to Fort McCook, we woke up to find that we were entirely alone, without a single piece of artillery. Every glass in the brigade was turned towards the opposite side of the river, but no change in the number or position of the enemy was discovered. Both officers and men fully appreciated their exposed and dangerous position, and were constantly on the alert. But everything remained quiet during the day.

Four days passed without any change in the position of the two forces. The morning of the fifth day found no change in the enemy's position, so far as could be discovered, although as usual the opposite side of the river was thoroughly scanned, as all the time we were expecting the rebels to bring artillery to bear on the works. As

usual, Col. Harris, with a small escort, rode out of the fort between 10 and 11 o'clock for the purpose of reconnoitering the country in our immediate vicinity, and we began to hope that if we remained on our side of the river we might not be molested.

When the attack was made it was an unexpected one. The commander was absent from the fort at the time, and there was great consternation for a few moments among the staff officers. All were anxious to leave headquarters, as it was thought it would be the first thing riddled by shot and shell. We paired off like politicians, although we did not discuss politics to any great extent the remainder of the day. The men skulked under the traverses and parapets for protection. The enemy kept up an incessant bombardment from 11 o'clock until sun-down, but only one man was killed and seven besides myself injured. I had been struck in the leg by a piece of a shell and slightly wounded.

When darkness was such as to obscure our movements, preparations were made to vacate the works, and as all roads except one rough mountain road were occupied by the enemy, there was no choice of routes. There was a ford across Battle Creek, some two or three miles above our position, and as it was feared that the rebels might cross the Tennessee River some miles above, and by a circuitous route cross over the ford and cut off the only chance of our escape, the commander was anxious to reach that point at the earliest possible moment.

The trains moved out with as little noise as possible, as they were obliged to cross some eighty rods of road, running nearly parallel with the Tennessee, and within range of the enemy's guns, before reaching the road over the mountains. As the transportation was not sufficient to move all government stores, men were detailed under

staff officers to remain behind to destroy tents and all other property that could not be moved. One company was ordered into the rifle pits on the bank of the river opposite the enemy's battery. The main portion of the brigade moved out at the rear of the fort, along the base of the mountain through a woods, beyond the range of the enemy's guns, to the road leading to the above named ford, over which they moved with celerity. The company in the rifle pits was ordered to open fire on the rebel battery the moment our trains reached a place of safety, and to continue firing until all had left the works, after which they were to follow the main brigade as rear guard.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock, the destruction of property being completed, all were ready to abandon the earthworks that had protected them so many hours. By this time my leg was not only very much swollen but exceedingly painful, and it was impossible for me to mount a horse. My companions kindly placed me upon my horse, and ten or twelve horsemen rode out of the fort.

When the company in the rifle pits opened fire upon the battery across the river it drew a terrific musketry fire from the enemy, which raked the road over which our trains had passed and over which all horsemen must pass to escape. After consultation it was decided to pass over one at a time at the utmost speed of our horses. All passed to a place of safety without injury, only one horse being slightly wounded. We soon came up with the main part of the brigade guarding the ford. As soon as the rear guard reached us we commenced our march, which was continued all night.

Soon after daylight the advance guard sent word that a heavy cavalry force was in line of battle in our immediate front. The command was halted and it was feared that we were caught in a trap, and every one prepared

himself for the coming struggle, as those acquainted with our commander well knew there would be no surrender, no matter what force might be in our front, without a terrific fight. In a short time, however, every one rejoiced in the knowledge that the dreaded troops were sent by Gen. Buell to learn, if possible, what had been the fate of the brigade. At last safety had been reached, and myself and comrades were thankful that we had escaped death, or, what we considered worse, a rebel prison. The next day we commenced our long, weary march to Louisville, which, if my memory serves me right, was reached September 28th, 1862.

The army, having been reinforced by a number of new regiments, marched out of Louisville, October 1st, in pursuit of the Confederate army, then in Central Kentucky, under the command of Gen. Bragg. October 7th Gen. Rousseau's Division reached Mackville and bivouacked for the night. The morning of the 8th we heard the guns of the advance division (Genls. Sheridan and Mitchell) in the direction of Perryville, as I remember some eight or ten miles distant from that point. All believed that the enemy, followed so many days and nights, had been brought to bay, and both old and new regiments vied with each other in their efforts to reach the front, there being very little straggling.

While on the march and within three or four miles of Chaplin Hills, I received orders assigning me to duty as chief surgeon of Gen. Rousseau's division. I pressed forward as rapidly as possible, reaching that point some time ahead of the main body of troops.

After selecting a location for hospital purposes, I rode on to a high hill, a little to the rear and to the left of Gen. Sheridan's division, where I could overlook most of what proved to be the battlefield, and where I had an oppor-

tunity of seeing the regiments, brigades and divisions go into line of battle, their flags unfurled to the breeze, their arms glittering in the sunlight of that bright October day, and here and there artillery horses under whip and spur, straining every nerve to place their batteries in position, making a picture grand beyond description.

There was more or less cannonading and picket firing from early morning until some time past 12 o'clock, but nothing arising to the magnitude of a battle. As I remember, between 2 and 3 P. M. there was a deathlike stillness pervading the field, which continued for some time, when all of a sudden those heights rocked and quivered beneath the discharge of twenty or thirty pieces of artillery, followed by the roar of musketry, the shrieking and explosion of shells and hissing of solid shot. It seemed to me that the very elements were in line of battle, and that old Lucifer and all his imps were dancing to the music of battle and carnage.

It was found that the enemy had massed on our extreme left, and were preparing to charge on Bush's and Stone's batteries, but fortunately the First and Twenty-first Wisconsin and Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania Regiments were supporting those batteries, and poured such volleys into the advancing foe that they soon retreated with thinned ranks. Again and again they charged on those guns to meet the same fate. The First Wisconsin lost in this battle 73 killed and 140 wounded, and the Twenty-first Wisconsin lost 65 killed and 80 wounded.

Further to the right a rebel command charged upon Simmons' battery with great fury, apparently determined to capture it at all hazards. A body of 376 officers and men belonging to the Tenth Wisconsin, all that happened to be on the field, supported those guns, and met the

advancing ranks with such determination that they were hurled back in confusion. The second charge was made by the rebels, meeting with the same result. The ammunition of the Tenth was becoming exhausted. The cartridge boxes of the dead and wounded were robbed and for the third time the enemy was repulsed; at last every cartridge was exhausted, and with fixed bayonets they stood there a wall of steel for twenty minutes until relieved by the Thirty-eighth Indiana. Then the Tenth Regiment was ordered back for ammunition. I said regiment; I mean, all that was left of those 376 brave men; 48 lay dead and 97 disabled by wounds. Wisconsin may well be proud of all the men she had on that field.

Jackson's division was hard pressed. The General was riding along his lines, steadying and encouraging his men to stand firm, when he fell from his saddle and died in the arms of a staff officer. Gen. Terrill was with his division while it was struggling against overwhelming numbers, encouraging his men to hold their ground, when he, too, fell from his saddle and was numbered with the dead. Lytle was wounded and captured. New officers sprang to the command, and, if possible, the battle raged with renewed fury. Our men were pushed back by force and numbers, but contested every inch of ground.

At that time the smoke of battle partially obscured the setting sun, giving the field a weird and indescribable appearance. The sun set, and one by one the guns ceased their thunderings, and all was still except the rumbling of ambulances as they moved over the field collecting the dead and wounded.

I believe those men upon the left of that field could have appreciated the feelings of Wellington when his troops were hard pressed at Waterloo, when he said, "Would to God, the sun would set or Blucher come."

Our men could have said, "Would to God the sun would set or Buell move the right."

When we remember that 30,000 troops stood to arms on our right, ready, willing and anxious to aid their comrades from the left, only waiting for orders, and as it is believed by many capable of judging that had those men been put into the field the enemy would have been captured or destroyed, I feel that we may say that some one blundered.

Companions! It was the surgeons of the army in these field hospitals that had to see and do with the very hell of battle. I will not attempt a description of the scenes through which they passed, as it would make those unaccustomed to them heartsick and faint. Let us turn this tragic and bloody picture to the wall and resume our weary march.

During the night of the 8th, the enemy retired from the field in the direction of Harrodsburg. Late in the day on the 9th our troops marched in pursuit, following as far as Crab Orchard, reaching that point on the 11th or 12th, in time to see the rebel army retire with all its plunder in the direction of Tennessee.

Saddened and with thinned ranks we right-about-faced and again marched over those long miles of road back to Nashville, where we were placed under a new commander. The Army of the Ohio went out of existence, the Army of the Cumberland was organized, and on the 26th day of December we again marched to meet the same determined foe.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND JEFFERSON DAVIS, AS COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF.

By Captain George E. Sutherland, U. S. V.

[Read April 6th, 1892.]

THE character and record of every army is largely determined by the character and ability of its leader. Abraham Lincoln was not only the constitutional Commander-in Chief, but the actual leader of the Union forces. It is also true that Jefferson Davis was the constitutional commander of the Confederate troops, and, in a much larger sense than Lincoln, the real directing power behind his army, and the outcome of the late war is to a great degree traceable to these two men. Therefore a brief study of their relation to the armies they commanded will be of interest.

Davis was a trained soldier; he had graduated at West Point; had then served in the United States army for seven years; had been Secretary of War under President Pierce, and had fought with distinction in the Mexican war, even receiving the title of the "Hero of Buena Vista." Lincoln was absolutely without military education, and without military experience, except that in the Black Hawk war he served a few days as captain of a volunteer company. In connection with this service it is worth mentioning that in the same field of operations were Gen. Zachary Taylor, Lieut. Jefferson Davis and Lieut. Robert Anderson. Nevertheless, Lincoln was the greater soldier, because he possessed the true military instinct. Davis was well-informed in the details of the military art, and had great confidence in his own

military ability, while Lincoln knew nothing of military details, and did not claim skill in the art of war. The result, however, shows that Davis' self-confidence was simply foolish conceit, while Lincoln's judgment, as to measures and campaigns, was sound wisdom.

In the conduct of the war, the first mistake of Davis was in adopting the plan of dispersing his troops. He had a sentimental idea that he must religiously guard every inch of the sacred soil of the Confederacy, and not permit it to be any where profaned by the tread of a Northern soldier. So he overruled his generals, who advocated the plan of concentration, and scattered his forces along the entire border. The logic of events, however, soon showed that Davis was wrong and his generals right.

Then his next great mistake was in insisting that the Confederate troops should advance into the Northern states. His idea was to carry on an aggressive, and not a defensive war. He was so confident that he could carry the conflict onto Northern soil that he said in a speech at La Grange, Mississippi, before hostilities commenced, that if war ensued, he would drink all the blood that should be spilled south of Mason and Dixon's line. During the whole war, his favorite and oft-repeated speech to the soldiers was, that soon they would invade the Northern states, where brilliant conquests and abundant plunder awaited them. This not only produced the bloody battle of Gettysburg, but was a blunder of serious magnitude. Had Davis simply concentrated the Confederate forces in a few Southern strong-holds, and there held the Union troops in check and waited for the copperheads to work up political sentiment in Congress and throughout the North, in a few years, under our system of popular elections and popular government, the Vallandighams and Seymours would

have forced us into some sort of concession and compromise. But Davis partook of the Southern hot-headedness, and of the Southern idea that one son of chivalry would be able to overcome a dozen Northern men. He forgot that by an invasion of Pennsylvania, or Ohio, or Indiana, those states were made solid for the Union cause and turned every man into a soldier, and that men will fight for their firesides, who would never move an inch from patriotic motives.

On the other hand, Lincoln recognized this weak policy on the part of Davis, and was not slow to take advantage from it. He wrote McClellan, urging activity, and said to him: "If, when the rebels come to us, weakened as they necessarily are by their marches and exposure, we are not able then to overcome them, we never can beat them anywhere. We must beat the enemy somewhere, or fail finally. We can do it, if at all, easier near to us than far away."

The attitude of the two men in the struggle is also noticeable. Davis never made a movement except with an eye upon Europe. His first and last thought was to secure European recognition and approval. He thought that "cotton was king," and that the European governments would be compelled to admit it. So everything which Davis said or did was primarily shaped with reference to its effect in Europe, while Lincoln went his own way and simply said to the European powers, our cause is just and righteous and we shall prevail, and, if you interfere, you will be sorry for it.

Davis had a burning desire to impress his military genius upon the entire management of the war. He not only fulfilled the legitimate functions of a Commander-in-Chief in planning campaigns and general movements, but he took into his own hands the control of operations with

universally bad results. At the first battle of Bull Run Davis was present on the field while the battle was going on. As we too well know, the Northern troops were disastrously routed, and it seemed as if the entire army had started on a race to see who could get to Canada first. Davis himself wrote an order for the Confederate forces to pursue our flying columns. Pursuit was exactly the thing that ought to have taken place, but it occurred to Davis that perhaps it was better not to have the order executed that night, but to wait till morning, and of course when morning came it was too late. From that day to this there has been a literary war going on down South, to determine whether Davis or somebody else was responsible for the dismal failure to follow up that victory. In the western army Davis ordered Longstreet, with a detachment twenty thousand strong, to go to Knoxville on a useless errand, and this in a great measure gave us the victory at Lookout Mountain. Just before the battle of Stone River he ordered ten thousand men away from the Army of the Tennessee into the state of Mississippi. Then he ordered the battle of Stone River to take place, and added to the order a provision, that in case of defeat the Confederate army should fall back at once to the line of the Tennessee. The result was the practical loss of the state of Tennessee to the Confederate cause. After Atlanta had fallen, he ordered the defeated Confederate army to go north to Nashville, where it met its fate. What his object was it is difficult to say, unless it was to carry out his scheme of transferring the war to Northern soil, for this movement left Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina unprotected, and Georgia had been called the foundry, workshop, storehouse and granary of the Confederacy. This movement was so foolish that when Sherman heard of it, he said, "If Hood will go there, I

will give him rations to go with." Grant says that on more than one occasion Davis' blunders gave us the victory, and a prominent member of the Confederate congress for four years said, in 1865, "Twenty years hence no one will be heard to deny that to the direct and unwise interference in great military movements on the part of Mr. Davis, is to be attributed nearly all the principal disasters of the war." This is exaggeration, but with truth back of it.

On the other hand, in the movements ordered or inspired by Lincoln, there was displayed genuine military skill, and I think in no instance did our forces suffer defeat because of any blunder on his part. It is said to be a fact of unwritten history that Grant was at first opposed to that brilliant and masterly movement, "Sherman's march to the sea," while Lincoln at once saw the military possibilities in the plan, and warmly espoused it from the beginning.

Davis, like Frederick the Great, was constantly meddling with military details, while Lincoln went to the other extreme. Lincoln chose his generals and gave directions for the general features of campaigns, but left details entirely to his subordinates. Davis attempted to control the daily movements of each branch of his army, and scolded furiously if some general marched ten miles one way or the other which he had not directed, and if any defeat occurred, he was ready to criticise and lay the blame upon a failure to follow out his ideas, and if any victory was secured, of course it was the result of his military skill.

Lincoln never found fault with detail movements, but was always ready to assume responsibility for defeat, and would give to others the praise for victories. Thus, after Vicksburg, he frankly wrote to General Grant, telling him

that he had not approved of Grant's ideas before Vicksburg, but the result showed that Grant was right, and he was wrong. This is a thing that would have been impossible for Jefferson Davis to do.

It was characteristic of Davis to treat his generals as though they were corporals, and to direct in everything, from a battle down to the blacking of shoes, just as he did when he was Secretary of War under President Pierce. This meddling disposition of his, however, in times of peace, was more apt to produce sarcasm than any more serious results. At one time Davis, as Secretary of War, ordered an insignificant change in the pattern or make of uniforms. This provoked the usual criticism, and a lieutenant somewhat noted in literary circles, wrote Davis a letter suggesting that there should be provided for each private in the army something further, and this was a set iron hook projecting from a round plate, to be strongly sewed on the rear of his trousers. The lieutenant furnished illustrations to the Secretary of War, showing the different uses to which this hook could be applied. In one, it was shown that on a march the soldier could carry his effects suspended from this hook; in another, a row of men were hung up on the fence by their hooks, fast asleep; and in a third, a company was shown advancing in line of battle, each man having a rope attached to his hook, the other end of which was held by an officer in the rear, who could hold him back if he advanced too rapidly, or pull him back if he was wounded. This made Davis very angry, and at a meeting of the cabinet, he announced that he should have the lieutenant tried by a court-martial "organized to convict," and dismissed in disgrace from the service. It was well, however, that the other members of the cabinet were cooler-headed, and persuaded him to

drop the matter. But this spirit of meddling never left him till the day of his death.

On the other hand, Lincoln would not interfere even in matters of such moment as the organization of army corps, until he was advised by a council of the best military men. He once wrote McClellan, upon the matter of organizing the Army of the Potomac into divisions and corps, that he did not of his own judgment pretend to understand the subject.

Davis was a man who had his favorites. He insisted upon advancing his personal friends at any cost, while Lincoln had no personal friends to advance at the expense of the public service. Lincoln was ready to accept anybody that would help the Union cause. Although he was a politician of the ultra republican sort, still he gave three prominent commands at the outset to Butler, McClellan and Patterson, who were decidedly opposed to him in politics. When Lincoln offered a command to Butler, Butler said, "I do not know, Mr. President, that I can support the measures of your administration." Lincoln quickly replied, "I do not care whether you do or not, if you will fight for the country."

This was not the way Davis did things. Thus, when Roanoke Island fell into the hands of the Union forces, the responsibility was traced directly to the Confederate Secretary of War, Mr. Benjamin. The Confederate congress investigated, and found that the Secretary was seriously at fault and sharply censured him. The Southern people lost confidence in Benjamin, but Davis came to the rescue and promoted Benjamin to be Secretary of State, because Benjamin was one of his pets, and in many respects little more than a clerk under him, and that was the kind of a man he wanted.

Another favorite was the incompetent General Pem-

berton, and another was General Sidney Johnston, whom Davis called the "Great pillar of the Southern Confederacy," and at his death said that the Southern cause could better spare a whole state than this great soldier. This was simply foolish favoritism.

Davis had great facility in antagonizing his generals. Thus, for instance, Joe Johnston and Beauregard were two of his ablest commanders, yet he had a quarrel going on with each of them most of the time. At a dinner party in Richmond, Joe Johnston had been indiscreet enough to express the opinion that the Confederate cause would never succeed under Mr. Benjamin as Secretary of War, and as is said in the children's rhyme, "then the trouble began." Johnston could never please Davis after that. He would order Johnston to do a thing, and then criticise him for doing it, and their correspondence was of the volcanic order all the while. At Atlanta Davis unreasonably and suddenly removed Johnston from his command, and then made a public speech in which he openly assailed Johnston, even going to the extent of questioning his loyalty, which was simple, downright meanness. I do not know where the trouble with Beauregard began, but one Southern writer says that it came about in this way: Certain public men on both sides, notably Horace Greeley in the North, had said that one sharp, decisive conflict between the Northern and Southern troops would end the war. Davis had become filled with this idea, and he calculated to be the Wellington of this modern Waterloo. He confidently expected victory, and in imagination he heard his name thundering down the ages alongside that of Napoleon and Alexander. He accordingly planned for the battle of Bull Run and left Richmond to take command. Beauregard, however, was not anxious to foster Davis' ambition, and so forced the fighting and won the

victory before Davis arrived on the field. This so stung the pride and vanity of Davis that he never forgave Beauregard. Soon after that Beauregard divided his forces into army corps as he wanted them, and Davis at once proceeded to do it right over again in a different way, in effect telling Beauregard that he knew better how it should be done than Beauregard did. He took advantage of Beauregard's sick furlough to deprive him of his command in the West, and gave it to that inferior soldier General Bragg. He ordered Beauregard to fight the battle of Drury's Bluff directly against the protest of that able general, and went so far as to carry his quarrel with him into the Confederate congress.

When Floyd and Pillow escaped from Fort Donelson, Davis promptly removed them from their commands, although the Southern people saw nothing to criticise in them, and Sidney Johnston, the commanding general over Floyd and Pillow, in his report exonerated them and gave them important work to do. Still they had displeased Davis, and that was enough. He treated Price with coldness and insolent neglect; he caused General Gustavus Smith to resign; he destroyed discipline by wholesale furloughs to privates and non-commissioned officers sent direct from Richmond. He degraded commanding officers by sending orders direct to subordinates, wholly ignoring the regular military channels. He set bounds to Jackson's famous Winchester expedition, and interfered with Lee's movements around Washington. He childishly prattled about the necessity of perfect confidence between himself and his generals, and then made confidence as possible as is summer heat to an ice house.

On the other hand, Lincoln had a wonderfully successful and easy way of dealing with his officers to accomplish ends. He had what he called a campaign with Chase,

Stanton and General Wool, which illustrates the subject, He says, "We went down to Fortress Monroe in Chase's revenue cutter, and consulted with Admiral Goldsborough about the possibility of taking Norfolk by landing on the north shore and making a march of eight miles. The Admiral said there was no landing on that shore, and we should have to double the cape and approach the place from the south side, which would be a long journey and a difficult one. I asked him if he had ever tried to find a landing, and he replied that he had not. I then told him the story of a fellow in Illinois, who had studied law, but had never tried a case. He was sued, and not having sufficient confidence in his ability to manage his own case, employed a lawyer to manage it for him. He had only a confused idea of law terms, but was anxious to make a display of learning, and on the trial constantly made suggestions to his lawyer, who paid but little attention to him. At last fearing that his lawyer was not handling the opposing counsel very well, he lost all patience, and springing to his feet, cried out, 'Why don't you go at him with a *capias* or a *surrebutter* or something, and not stand there like a confounded old *nudumpactum?*' Now Admiral, said I, if you don't know that there is no landing on the north shore, I want you to find out. The Admiral took the hint, and taking Chase and Wool along, with a company or two of marines, he went on a voyage of discovery, and Stanton and I remained at Fortress Monroe. That night we went to bed, but not to sleep, for we were very anxious for the fate of the expedition. About two o'clock the next morning, I heard the heavy tread of Wool ascending the stairs. I went out into the parlor and found Stanton hugging Wool in the most enthusiastic manner, as the latter announced that he had found a landing and had captured Norfolk."

Now it is doubtful whether any Commander-in-Chief ever displayed more certain generalship than Lincoln did in this way of handling a commanding officer, and securing just what he wanted to accomplish.

Then take the Burnside episode. General Burnside was undoubtedly a courageous, high-minded soldier. He did not want the command of the Army of the Potomac, but having been ordered to take it, he did so. He was a failure, and probably he ought to have resigned immediately after Fredericksburg. Doubtless some of the officers under Burnside had been to Washington with criticisms of Burnside, and Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts introduced a resolution in the Senate to inquire about this criticism. Burnside thought that General Hooker was one of the unjust critics, and he wrote an order peremptorily "dismissing, subject to the approval of the President, Major General Joseph E. Hooker from the Army of the United States for having been guilty of unjust and unnecessary criticisms of his superior officers, and for having, by the general tone of his conversation, endeavored to create distrust in the minds of officers who have associated with him, and for having habitually spoken in disparaging terms of other officers." The order further declared that Hooker was dismissed, "as a man unfit to hold an important commission during a crisis like the present, when so much patience, charity, confidence, consideration and patriotism is due from every person in the field." This same order also dismissed General Newton and General Cochrane, for going to the President with criticisms on the plans of General Burnside, and also relieved General Franklin, General W. F. Smith and General Sturgis, and several others from further service in the Army of the Potomac. Burnside took the order before publication to Lincoln. Lincoln with abundant good nature, took it,

quietly put it in his pocket, and found an appropriate command for Burnside in the West. So that on the very day the Senate resolution for inquiry came up, two orders were read at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac; one from General Burnside announcing that General Hooker was assigned to the command of that army, and asking the army "to give to the brave and skillful General, who is now to command you, your full and cordial support and co-operation," and the other order from Hooker, assuming the command, and conveying to Burnside "the most cordial good wishes of the whole army." At this time Lincoln wrote to Hooker a letter which well illustrates his peculiar genius as Commander-in-Chief. He said—"I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appeared to me sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up as dictators. What I now ask of you is military success,

and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you, nor Napoleon, were he alive again, could get any good out of any army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now, beware of rashness! Beware of rashness! But with energy and sleepless vigilance, go forward and give us victories."

After Hooker had failed at Chancellorville, Lincoln wrote him in his characteristic vein, "If you find Lee coming to the north of the Rapahannock, I would by no means cross to the south of it. * * * * In one word, I would not take any risk of being tangled up on the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence, liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other."

Davis would not listen kindly to any criticism or any complaint from his generals. He gave them to understand that they were subordinates, and were to obey as implicity and uncomplainingly as private soldiers were expected to do. But not so with Lincoln. While McClellan was accomplishing his masterly inactivity, he was constantly finding fault and calling for more troops. At one time he used this petulant language to Stanton: "If I save this army now, I tell you plainly, that I owe no thanks to you or to any person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." This might very appropriately have been termed insubordination, but Lincoln replied at great length explaining the situation, telling how it was impossible to furnish him the number

of men he called for, and assuring him that he did not blame him for the disasters that had overtaken the army, and asking him that he would be equally generous towards the government. McClellan was also full of advice to Mr. Lincoln, telling him that he thought the war should not look to the subjugation of the people of any state in any event, and that a declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, would rapidly disintegrate our armies. All this Lincoln bore with great patience, giving McClellan every possible opportunity to accomplish something, and win a success for himself and his gallant soldiers.

Davis would have endured such insolent conduct for about a minute, when he would have promptly removed a General, who should thus interfere with what was none of his business and criticise the conduct of the Commander-in-Chief. But patience was one of the distinguished characteristics of Lincoln. He could wait for the judgment of posterity; he could endure insolence in silence; he could let the newspapers talk; he had no desire to see his name in the military gazettes as a great military leader, while Davis was posing before the world. Davis wanted the newspapers to crown him as the military genius of the century, and any criticism or interference was sharply and promptly rebuked.

No man possessed a more consummate skill in getting over the hard places than did Lincoln. In 1862 the people of New York City felt great apprehension that the Confederate cruisers might come into New York harbor and set the city on fire. Public meetings were held, and the serious character of the situation fully discussed. A committee of fifty gentlemen, representing in their own right a hundred millions of property, were selected to go to Washington and induce Mr. Lincoln to send a gun boat

to protect New York. When they came, Lincoln was keenly aware of the fact that he had no gunboat or ship of war that could be spared from active service, still he cheerfully granted the gentlemen an interview. They were introduced to Lincoln as gentlemen "representing one hundred millions in their own right." The chairman of the committee made a very urgent appeal to the President for protection, and dwelt upon the fact that they represented one hundred millions of property in their own right. Lincoln heard them and was impressed with the wealth represented before him. He said, "Gentlemen, I am, by the Constitution, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and, as a matter of law, I can order anything done that is practicable to be done, but as a matter of fact, I am not in command of the gunboats or ships of war; as a matter of fact, I do not know exactly where they are, but presume they are actively engaged. It is impossible for me in the condition of things to furnish you a gunboat. The credit of the government is at a very low ebb. Greenbacks are not worth more than forty or fifty cents on the dollar, and in this condition of things, if I was worth half as much as you gentlemen are represented to be, and as badly frightened as you seem to be, I would build a gunboat and give it to the government. I would certainly find some means to prevent any rebel gunboat ever reaching my property." Those who were present say that the magnitude of the hundred millions disappeared with this little speech, and that the New York gentlemen went home, sadder but wiser men.

Davis was sure that he was divinely appointed to lead the children of the South out into a great and promised land, and he thought he was to do it, too, as a military man, rather than as a civil magistrate. At the very out-

set, when he was tendered the office of President of the Confederacy, he replied that he was better adapted to command in the field. And at the end even, when Richmond had fallen, he thought he could still take one wing of the army, and Lee the other, and fight one great battle which should wrest victory out of defeat. During all of the adverse criticism he never for a moment conceded that, under any circumstances, any one else could take his place as military commander. But Lincoln said—"If there is a man who can push our armies forward one mile further, or one hour faster than I can, he is the man that ought to be in my place." He insisted that he possessed no military skill. He would call a council of officers and be governed by their decision. Thus, when patience had had her perfect work and it was time for McClellan to do something, Lincoln had a plan of his own, and McClellan had a plan. Twelve distinguished military officers were called in and they decided in favor of McClellan and contrary to Lincoln's wishes. Lincoln, however, cheerfully accepted the situation, and gave orders for the carrying out of the plan as proposed by McClellan, although both plans were rendered useless by the withdrawal of the Confederate forces.

Davis did this differently. Thus, on one occasion he had a council, at which were present his Secretary of War, Gen. Lee, Joe Johnston, Gen. Longstreet, and others. They were each called upon for an expression of views on the subject under consideration, but after they had stated their views, Davis decided the matter without reference to whether he was in a numerical majority or minority.

It must not, however, be supposed that Lincoln was in any sense a weak man. It is true that sometimes he said, with quiet reference to Stanton, that he had not much influence with the administration, but at many important

epochs during the war, Stanton's iron will was compelled to give way to the determination of Lincoln. Thus, at one time, an agent who had been appointed to get recruits to fill the quota of a certain county in one of the Northern states, learned that certain Confederate prisoners at Chicago were to be released and enlisted in service against the Indians in the Northwest. The agent thought that he could pay a small bounty to these Confederate prisoners and have them credited as recruits from his county. He went to Lincoln to see about it, and Lincoln gave him an order to have the men credited as desired. Stanton refused to have the credits allowed. The agent returned to Lincoln, who repeated the order, but without effect. Lincoln went to Stanton's office. Stanton claimed that the Confederate prisoners had no relation whatever to the county to which it was proposed that they should be credited, and that they would serve against the Indians upon a simple release from prison without bounty; that to give them bounty and credit them to a county, which owed some of its own men for service, would waste money and deprive the army of that number of men. Stanton said, "Now, Mr. President, those are the facts, and you must see that your order cannot be executed." Lincoln sat on a sofa with crossed legs and waited patiently till Stanton finished, then he said,—"Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order." Stanton replied sharply, "Mr. President, I cannot do it; the order is an improper one, and I cannot execute it." Lincoln then in a very firm and positive voice, replied, "*Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done*," and it was immediately done.

Grant was a pretty determined man, yet at times he was compelled to yield to the decision of Lincoln. It was, however, Lincoln's policy to convince and persuade rather than command, and he was generally able to satisfy

Grant, as he did just after Grant had received his commission as Lieutenant General. Lincoln wanted Grant to go on and fight, and not do as most of the Generals had done, keep impatiently calling for more troops when more troops were not to be had. Lincoln said to Grant, "I can illustrate the situation by a story. At one time there was a great war among the animals, and one side had great difficulty in getting a commander who had sufficient confidence in himself. Finally they found a monkey by the name of Jocko, who said that he thought he could command their army if his tail could be made a little longer, so they cut more tail and spliced it on to his caudal appendage. He looked at it admiringly, and then he thought he ought to have a little more still. This was added, and again he called for more. The splicing process was repeated many times, until they had coiled Jocko's tail around the room, filling all the space. Still he called for more tail, and there being no other place to coil it, they began wrapping it around his shoulders until its weight broke him down." Grant was sharp enough to see the force of this story, and he told Lincoln that he would not call for more troops until he had demonstrated the impossibility of succeeding with what he had. This was precisely what Lincoln wanted.

Davis' confidence in his own judgment and military genius prevented him from accepting any new measure coming from any other source than his own wisdom. On the other hand Lincoln was ready to adopt any new method that seemed feasible. Thus, after the affair of the Merrimac and the Monitor, Lincoln favored an immediate and large appropriation for iron clads, and in fact, within five days, an appropriation of fifteen millions was made by Congress and approved by Lincoln.

Lincoln's insight into men was exceedingly keen and

correct. His sagacity was wonderful! He saw results from causes. He saw the weak points in Generals and strengthened them; saw the strong points in subordinate officers and promoted them; he saw the places where campaigns would fail and corrected them. Above all, he penned with his own hand, and by his own will consummated the greatest stroke of generalship that history has disclosed. The humane side of the Emancipation Proclamation has caused us to forget that it was strictly a military measure. It was justified upon military grounds, and as the decision of a Commander-in-Chief, as a war measure in times of war, it has nothing in military annals to equal it. It was not merely what Lincoln called it, the Central Fact of his Administration, and the crowning event of the nineteenth century, but it was the crowning event of all the centuries. Lincoln consulted with his cabinet about the form of the proclamation, but distinctly told them that he wanted no advice from them as to its feasibility, propriety or necessity. He, as Commander-in-Chief, had determined that for himself, and when a military commander has the wisdom and the courage to free three millions of people in slavery, and to array them as an ally against a public enemy, the military world may well look on with reverence and awe.

In one respect Davis was hampered as Lincoln was not. The corner stone of the Confederacy was State Rights, and it was attempted to keep up State Rights distinctions in the army. That is, it was attempted to keep the troops from each state by themselves under command of their own officers. Thus for instance, Alabama troops were put in divisions and corps by themselves and commanded only by Alabama officers. No matter how brilliant a general there might be, he could be given no command unless his state had troops in the field without a commander. This was

an absurd condition of things, but Davis could find no fault with it because it was the legitimate outcome of his own pet doctrine of State Rights. On the other hand, Lincoln found the greatest harmony existing between the troops from different states. Massachusetts men would fight just as well side by side with Wisconsin men, as they would side by side with other Massachusetts men, and it made not a particle of difference where commanding generals came from, if they only knew enough to actually command.

Davis was always on the off side. "Quite the contrary, sir," was his favorite expression, universally applied to any suggestion of opinion or advice. He was egotistical and stubborn, as is well illustrated by the fact that, as President of the Confederacy, he vetoed more bills than all the Union Presidents from Washington to Lincoln vetoed.

He was haughty and proud, and if you addressed him he gave the impression that it was a condescension to notice you. He was imperious in manner and had a magisterial look.

In reading Davis' account of himself in his Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy, and his biography written by his wife, I have found only two incidents tending to show that Davis ever dismounted from his high horse, and these are related as follows:

"On Monday, July 22d, 1861, the day after the first battle of Manassas, it was raining very hard; President Davis, Beauregard and Johnston were holding a council of war in a tent. A young Mr. Fauntleroy, of my company, asked me to go with him on a little matter of business, not telling me what it was. He took me in the direction of the Moss mansion, and upon reaching the arched gateway we were confronted by a sentinel who

promptly halted us. Fauntleroy remonstrated, telling the sentinel that he must see President Davis; the sentinel refused, as President Davis was holding a council of war. Directly President Davis came out of the tent, Fauntleroy and myself were then allowed to pass. We reached there almost simultaneously with the President—he was half-way up the steps. Fauntleroy hailed him with, 'Is that President Davis?' and he, in his inimitably bland way replied, 'Yes, sir,' and added 'Walk up, gentlemen, out of the rain.' We declined with thanks, and Fauntleroy then told him that he was T. K. Fauntleroy, of Clark County, Virginia, and wanted a commission in the regular Confederate army. President Davis asked him if he was any relation to Colonel Fauntleroy of the United States army; he replied that the Colonel was his uncle. The President told him that he was really glad to meet him, and that if he lived to go back to Richmond, he would send a commission; to which Fauntleroy replied: 'Can I rely upon you, Mr. President?' I was dumbfounded, but the President was equal to the occasion, and in a manner that no man on earth could imitate or use, quietly and gently said, 'You can.' I can never forget it." The Confederate who wrote this account added: "A month afterward, when we were in camp near Fairfax Court House, one morning a courier came up to where we were, bearing a commission to T. Kinlock Fauntleroy, as Lieutenant in the regular Confederate army; and I need not add that he was the happiest man I ever saw."

One other incident somewhat similar fills the list. This was a case of a letter received by Davis worded as follows:

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I want you to let Jeems C., of Company oneth, 5th South Carolina Regiment, come

home and get married. Jeems is willin', I is willin', his mammy says she is willin', but Jeems' Capt'in, he ain't willin'. Now when we are all willin' 'ceptin' Jeems' Captain, I think you might let up and let Jeems come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done got married, and fight just as hard as ever.

"Your affectionate friend, etc."

Mrs. Davis says that Mr. Davis wrote on this letter "Let Jeems go," and these two incidents seem to be about the only breaks in the colossal dignity of the chief of the Southern Confederacy, while stories which tell precisely the opposite characteristics of Lincoln fill volumes.

I think there is no doubt that both Davis and Lincoln were personally brave. It is true that Lincoln made his trip to Washington for his first inauguration somewhat in disguise, and it is also true that Davis was finally captured wrapped to a certain extent in female apparel; but, notwithstanding these facts, I am fully satisfied that both men were personally brave. Davis was repeatedly present upon the field of battle, taking more or less of an active part, and Greeley says in his history, that Davis actually led in person one rebel charge at Fair Oaks. I have doubts whether he actually led a charge, but undoubtedly he did to a certain extent personally direct the movements of the Confederate forces at that engagement. In the fighting from June 25th to July 1st, 1862, he was present every day and a good many of the nights slept upon the field of battle, and never manifested any tendency to fear, and when Lee was hard pressed in 1864, Davis visited him on the field every day. On one occasion Davis was riding through a retreating Confederate force. His companion said, "The day is lost; let us go no further." Davis replied, "No, if the army is defeated so much the greater reason that I should be with my brave men and

share their fate." It is also true that Lincoln was present upon more than one battle field, when shot and shell were flying, and was as indifferent to danger as any sensible man can be. When he was urged to get out of the way of bullets, he replied that it would not do for the Commander-in-Chief to show symptoms of fear in the presence of his soldiers.

Both Lincoln and Davis were devoutly religious men, but they had vastly different ways of showing it. When the Confederates won a victory, Davis would have a prayer meeting in his parlors, in which he would take an active part, earnestly thanking the Lord for what he deemed a divine favor. On the other hand, no soldier, not even Cromwell, whose army was inspired and controlled by religious enthusiasm, has been so trustingly devout as was Lincoln. His proclamations and general orders were full of trust in Divine Providence and a reliance upon the Divine Being for help. Lincoln insisted upon the sacred character of the Sabbath, and that it should be observed as a day of rest by soldiers and sailors. He said that a due regard to the best sentiment of a Christian people as well as to the Divine Will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy should be reduced to the measure of strict necessity, and added—"The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperilled by the profanation of the day or the name of the Most High." After the fall of Vicksburg, Lincoln in a public proclamation gave devout thanks to the Almighty for the event, and he appointed a day of national thanksgiving, praise and prayer, inviting the people to "render homage to the Divine Majesty for the wonderful things He has done in the nation's behalf."

It is a sublime fact, that throughout the whole war

Lincoln constantly directed the attention of the people to dependence on Almighty God. Blaine says that "It may indeed be doubted whether he omitted this in a single state paper. In every message to Congress, in every proclamation to the people, he made it prominent. * * * Throughout his entire official career he never forgot his own dependence, or the dependence of the people, upon a higher power." In his last public address to a great assembly which gathered to congratulate him on the final victories, he reverently said, "In the midst of your joyous expression, One from whom all blessings flow must first be remembered."

Davis had more stage religion, a sort of pyrotechnic affair. He was a devout church member, but Lincoln was the actual Christian.

There is one chapter in Lincoln's military history that is wholly lacking in that of Davis, and possibly this chapter is that which made Lincoln a little nearer and a little dearer to the Union soldiers than any other Commander-in-Chief ever was to the men under him. I refer to the matter of personal kindness to individual soldiers, untiring efforts for the weal of the army, kindness manifested to those sick and in prison, and clemency in cases of the violation of military law. Of course, I know this is a twice-told tale, but some features will bear repeating. During the first years of the war, as Commander-in-Chief, he was compelled to pass upon all cases of death sentence for desertion, sleeping upon duty and other capital offenses, and it was a notorious fact that he would take the record in these cases and stuff them away in a pigeon hole, and there let them rest. He called them his "Leg cases." He said to Judge Holt, "They are the cases which you call by that long title, 'Cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them for short, my 'Leg cases.' I put

it to you, and I leave it for you to decide for yourself, if Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs, how can he help their running away with him?"

On one occasion an old man succeeded in getting into Mr. Lincoln's presence. He told him that his boy was a soldier in the Army of the James, Gen. Butler's army, and that he had been convicted by a court-martial and sentenced to be shot next week. Lincoln said, "I am sorry to say I can do nothing for you. Listen to this telegram received from Gen. Butler yesterday: 'President Lincoln—I pray you not to interfere with the courts-martial of the army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers. B. F. Butler.'" This fairly crushed the old man. Lincoln watched his grief for a minute and then exclaimed—"By Jingo, Butler or no Butler, here goes," writing a few words and handing them to the old man. When the old man read the words, "Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me. A. Lincoln;" the old man said, "I thought it was to be a pardon, but you say not to be shot until further orders, and you may order him to be shot next week." Lincoln smiled at the old man and said, "Well, my friend, you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death till further orders comes from me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah."

Judge Holt, Advocate General of the army, and others, would urge Lincoln to make an example of some deserters. He would reply, "You may be right, probably are; but, God help me, I will not make a butcher's day every Friday in the army." It is no wonder that the old lady from Pennsylvania, as she passed out of the White House with a pardon for her soldier boy, excitedly burst out: "I knew it was a lie, I knew it was a lie," and when asked what she meant, replied, "Why, when I left home in old

Lancaster, the neighbors told me that I would find that Mr. Lincoln was an ugly man, when he is really the handsomest man I ever saw in my life." Undoubtedly he was handsome to the old lady. Like instances could be multiplied many times over, but it is well at the same time to remember that his clemency was exercised towards soldiers who wore their country's uniform, but he was stern as justice itself to defaulters to the government, and copperheads at the North who were stabbing the government behind its back.

Lincoln was as tender toward all soldiers as a mother to her child. His kindly face was one of the most common sights in the hospital wards around Washington. His hand was always extended to grasp that of any man wearing his country's uniform, and his heart always open to do everything possible to lighten the soldier's burdens and alleviate his distress, while if Davis had any such side to his nature, nobody ever found it out.

But, in fact, these two men were simply representatives of the two sections of our country. Davis was the narrow exponent of a bombastic, self-conceited, self-styled chivalry; Lincoln was broad as the prairies upon which he lived. Davis' vision reached no further than state lines; Lincoln took in the whole country. Davis was a born aristocrat; Lincoln was a great commoner. Davis was vain, pompous and self-satisfied; Lincoln was modest, simple-hearted as a child, and tender as a woman. After Calhoun, Davis became the prophet of sectionalism and secession; Lincoln was the apostle of the new dispensation, the government of the people by the people. Davis' heart was cold as a stone; Lincoln's was warm and loving. Davis could not get near to men; Lincoln was every man's friend. Davis, clothed with almost absolute power, wielded it for his own glory; Lincoln, clothed with like

power, used it tenderly for the good of the people. Davis believed in the freedom of the few and the slavery of the many; Lincoln believed in absolute freedom for everybody. Davis looked upon men as his inferiors; Lincoln regarded men as his equals. Davis did not believe in the people; Lincoln believed the people supreme. Davis saw in the black man a chattel; property to be bought and sold. In the same man Lincoln saw God's image. Davis was the exponent of slavery; Lincoln was the exponent of freedom. Davis' face was toward the earth; Lincoln's toward the stars. These men, thus endued, each led his army in his own way, and, from the beginning, the result was just as certain as that, in God's plan, the morning sunshine shall always overcome the midnight darkness.

A REMINISCENCE.

By Captain H. B. Jackson, U. S. V.

[Read May 4th, 1892.]

CAN you give us a short paper for the May meeting? Such was the message from this Commandery, which required an immediate reply. An affirmative answer was soon returned and a paper promised. Rash and impulsive act! To read a paper in these days before the Loyal Legion implies more courage in a man than was required to stand before the cannon's mouth in the days that tried men's souls.

The most material consideration concerning a paper is what to put in it. I soon decided to fill this with reminiscences. A reminiscence is not a back number in any alarming sense of the word. The writer, however, deems it proper to invoke one promise, viz.: that while the paper is being read, companions will be discriminating, and when a healthy reminiscence appears, to regard it as such, and not to think it a chestnut. What is a reminiscence? It may be termed a statement of what one recalls of things that have been forgotten. This will do for a general definition; but I am aware that when applied to the case of old soldiers assembled for the purpose of commercing yarns not made of wool, the definition needs to be broadened so as to include recollections of things which one never knew. For it is quite as unpardonable to question the recollection of an old soldier concerning things he never knew as about those which he has forgotten. If, at the first blush, the above definition and

last proposition are not wholly satisfactory, they are subject to amendment, and I hope will seem more appropriate as we advance together in mental touch of elbows.

Some days ago, the public press chronicled a neat little speech which good Queen Victoria made to some French soldiers who had served with the English troops in the Crimean war, and had called to pay their respects to the Queen. In her speech the Queen thanked the soldiers, because she said they had recalled to her mind memories which were ineffaceable. It would seem to some that an ineffaceable memory would scarcely need to be recalled; that it would always be on hand, like a sore thumb. But, as you have seen, the recalling thereof in that case was to "the Queen's taste." The writer would fain perform a similar service to this Commandery, especially if by so doing he could have their thanks as the soldiers had those of the Queen.

The refrain of this paper is—"Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight, and make us boys again, just for to-night." Nothing is more keenly interesting than those matters which involve the human memory, and nothing more mysterious or more wonderful than the power we have to translate ourselves from now into days past and gone. It is curious that every one complains of his memory, sometimes, but never of his judgment. It is no disgrace to have a poor memory, but it is exceedingly bad form to have poor judgment. The exercise of memory, moreover, is grateful, while the exercise of judgment is a burden,—at least to some.

Many a graybeard who seems to be lost in vacancy, as he sits silently twiddling his thumbs, is only enjoying the exercise of memory, and engaged in chewing the mental cud of past happiness. It is the purpose of the writer for a few moments, with your permission, to unroll the

scroll of memory on which have been written some things which have been forgotten. Do you recollect, O companion, where the young man whose identity you still claim was, and how engaged, on the 15th day of April, 1861? This was the day on which the lamented Lincoln called for 75,000 troops for three months' service to put down a rebellion then just begun; and on the 3d day of May of the same year, when the President issued his startling call for "500,000 more"? What scenes arise before your mental vision concerning those days! To what extent do you remember the particular incidents attending the whirlwind of patriotism which took you from peaceful avocations and home, and whirled you into the storm of battles? What of the mass-meetings held in your city or village, where earnest speeches were made which stirred the hearts of the people? What of the high resolves? which took form somewhat as follows:

1. That we will support the government of the United States in the performance of its constitutional duties in this great crisis.

2. That we recommend the immediate formation of military companies to meet the President's call.

3. That having lived under the stars and stripes, by the blessing of God, we propose to die under them.

Do you remember subscribing to sentiments such as these in the days long ago? Did the young man whose name you bear, himself address such meeting, and finally sign the roll? Do you remember well the *tableau vivant* on that occasion; also the motive which stirred his thought and moved his hand as he signed his name—your name—to the Company roll? Some may be inclined to tarry and chew a while upon this memory, as one of the most pleasant recollections; but we cannot dwell upon this single revery, for other ghosts may walk, and

events in those days crowded thickly on. There was the first rendezvous of your Company. Perhaps in school house or city hall; every member was present; all had enlisted on terms of absolute equality, all privates, no officers—the latter were to be made. If you can recall to mind the generous spirit of self-sacrifice which then possessed your soul and led you each to prefer in honor one the other, and induced you to cast your vote for your comrade and your peer to become your officer for weal or for woe, I am certain that this memory will have peculiar potency now to delight the heart and stir the emotions, even as few, if any other, recollections can. Perhaps you can recall, also, that notwithstanding your purpose and wish to choose another, the honor and the office which would as well have fitted that other, were nevertheless bestowed upon you. In that case I think no other recollection will have power to so warm the heart with excusable pride. Again, there was the first calling of the Company roll, and the sturdy responses of young volunteers as they stood in line on the village green to receive marching orders. Do you remember how, at an early hour on that day, multitudes of people began to assemble, and added to the numbers, until thousands were there to witness your departure, and to see the Company flag presented, one that the ladies had prepared, made by their own hands, of the finest silk, for their own volunteers? There was the music of the band, the parading of the fire companies, as they escorted you to the railroad station. The band played "Hail Columbia," and "Red, White and Blue," for then the musicians had not learned "Marching Through Georgia" or "The Battle Cry of Freedom." After the music had ceased and the multitude were hushed in silence, the ladies advanced, bearing proudly aloft the banner, the ever-loved stars and stripes,

as much revered then as now, although not then christened as "Old Glory," as the flag is now affectionately called, and ever will be, no doubt, so long as grass grows and water runs. And the speech the lady spokesman spake as she presented the flag; can you remember? I will give it to you here, and read it with the same emphasis as though it were my own composition:

"It is with mingled feelings of sadness and joy that we meet you to-day; sadness that our beloved country should be so rent by treason as to make our parting with friends necessary; joy that at the first call so many bravely volunteer to defend what is dear to us all, our Constitution and Union. Our hopes and prayers go with you, and may you be incited to go forth earnestly and with dependence upon Him who only can reward your efforts and save your country. We now, on behalf of the ladies of this city, present to you the flag of our Union, firmly believing that it will never be disgraced by you, and fervently hoping that it may ever remain the proud emblem of an undivided, free and happy people."

And the Captain's gallant reply: "On behalf of these volunteers, I receive, with many thanks, this beautiful flag," etc., etc.; you remember the rest.

And then, "Attention, Company! Left dress! Right face!" and you march away with a song in your heart and a tear in your eye.

But sighs and tears soon depart "when the heart is young." This was the case with you then. The multitude followed the band, and the Company, and you to the station. Even here the ladies would not let you go until each had been supplied with a keepsake;—a Testament or a needle-case, a photograph or a pin-cushion, a blessing and a bouquet; and then with a hearty good-bye and fervent "God speed" from all, the train rolled away bearing

you whither no one knew. Nevertheless, on the evening of the same day, with a merry tread to the sound of martial music, you entered the State military encampment and became a part of the Grand Army of the United States. Do you pride yourself upon your memory? Can you recollect the first organized attack your regiment ever made? It was one of the most vigorous attacks of the war. Have you forgotten? It was the attack you made upon your rations the first night in camp. Now, since it has been mentioned, no doubt you can hear the din and the clatter of tin cup and of platter, as though it were only yesterday. Then the first long, long night in barracks. The weather was not warm, for the spring was young; you enlisted early. Neither Uncle Sam nor Uncle Jerry had then learned to foretell the weather, and the cold, damp rain came down upon you unawares. The board roof leaked, and the straw upon which you lay was wetted; likewise, yourself. But there is an end to all things earthly, and this night, also, ended.

The first morning was ushered in, not so much by the rising of the sun as by the booming of the cannon, which startled you from a troubled sleep all too soon, announcing that the time had come to beat the reveille. Yes, methinks, you do remember the reveille. And perhaps you can also remember that this most interesting feature of military service was quite well attended to for your benefit until you ceased to be a soldier. You tarried at this camp long enough to drill a little, learn the manual of arms, how to "load in nine times," to write a letter to the home paper containing a rhapsody to the flag, and another to the girl you left behind you, containing some other rhapsody, and still another to dear old father and mother in a sadder strain, and yet containing words of cheer to comfort their old hearts for that which to them seemed a

great sorrow, that you should risk a life so dear to them, even at your country's call. This sentiment we can better appreciate to-day than then, for since then our children have been born and reared to man's estate.

In the flight of memory which is now on the wing, you have no doubt broken anchorage from this dull paper, and flown away from the State Camp to the Nation's Capital, or to some other heart and center of war's domain, and are now engaged in ruminations and reminiscences of your own concerning battles and sieges, advances and retreats, of victories won, and hard-fought battles lost. Go on with your reveries to your heart's content; but this paper has no further time at command and is intent upon some way to wind up and quit.

If, the flood gates of memory being open, recollections, nameless and numberless, still come trooping on, laden with untold stories of the great war, which waxed and waned for four mortal years, and in which you so wrought with others that at last, thank God, it had a happy and fruitful termination, I must leave it for each companion to tell his own stories, in his own good and proper time, as no doubt he will. It was the intention of the writer to have given here some personal memories of the first great battle of the war, in which victory, fairly won, for some wise purpose, no doubt, was turned to black defeat. But to tell of such things, as Rudyard Kipling has taught us to say, "is another story," and cannot be told now. The time has come for this revery to cease, and for us to enjoy a pleasant hour in the sunshine of the present, to drink in the happiness of the fleeting moments we call now, amidst an abundance of good cheer, not the least of which is friendship's smile, which greets us on every hand. The fairest flower that ever bloomed in human heart is friend-

ship. May our convivialities and courtesies here, and our deportment everywhere, be always such that the choicest specimens of such flowers will continue to grow in the garden of the Loyal Legion, so that when the time shall come, if it ever come, when we, too, are old and shall be engaged in chewing the mental cud of past happiness, we can truly say that among the sweetest recollections of life, sweet enough to be taken with us from earth to heaven, are the memories of friendships formed here in the best of comradeship, after the cruel war had ceased.

EARLY WAR DAYS IN MISSOURI.

By Captain Charles Morton, U. S. Army.

[Read October 5th, 1892.]

I HAVE resisted in vain the persistent importunities of our otherwise worthy Commander to prepare a paper to read to you, and I have made the venture with many misgivings. I am a soldier, and soldiers are presumably men of acts rather than of words. At all events I have never had opportunity or occasion to cultivate a, to me unnatural, faculty of addressing an audience even upon paper, and I trust that none will disappoint themselves by anticipating anything from me to-night either instructive, amusing or entertaining. I am discouraged at the outset by the high merits of the papers that have been read here by companions—papers that aside from their great historical value will compare favorably, I believe, with the very best literature in our language.

Without disparagement of the nativity of any man, I have many times thanked God that I was born an American citizen; I have thanked God that I was born at a time when I could take an active part, humble and insignificant though it was, in the great struggle for the preservation and perpetuity of this government—I may say the life of self-government, the hope for a more advanced civilization. And I have often thanked God that my life was spared me in that strife, that I have been permitted to witness our country once more united and happy, see its unexampled growth and development, and in a

measure the effect it has upon the political world and the future happiness of mankind.

It seems a waste of time and energy for me, a mere lad at the time, to say anything to you who were then mature in years and judgment, about events in which you all took so much more important parts. The personal experiences of all who participated in the war have many things in common, but a history of it will never be complete until the dissimilar incidents of each are recorded. This, of course, is impossible, but the personal recollections contributed by companions have added much, and possibly some from one in a different sphere may add a little more. I have found it no pleasing task to write about one's self. While I have endeavored to touch briefly upon some events in my personal experience, or that have come under my observation, I find my story is too long. Some of these events have not been referred to at all by other writers, or have been but briefly noticed. Of some, there are such contradictory accounts as to mislead the reader and leave him uncertain as to the real facts.

Those who lived in one of the Northern states at the commencement of the great war, surrounded by all the influences of an ardent patriotism that was developed by passing events and fired by the first shot upon our flag, our fort and our soldiers at Fort Sumter, did not realize, and can never conceive the direful situation and condition of those who loved the Union, of the price and peril of loyalty to our flag in the Southern and border states.

My father located in northwestern Missouri a few years before the war. He was a native of Massachusetts, lived many years in Ohio, and had followed the "Star of Empire." He had been reared and rocked in the cradle of Jeffersonian democracy, as were his sons, and pro-slavery surroundings were not so uncongenial as to

mar his happiness at first, though he ever viewed slavery as a monstrous moral wrong that stamped as a lie our national boast of the "land of the free and a home of the brave."

Kansas to become a free state meant far more to Missouri than one more free state in the Union. It meant Missouri surrounded on three sides by free states; it meant the practical death knell of slavery within her borders. Her population was a frontier people little accustomed to the restraints of law; most differences were settled with bowie knife or gun, and human life was held at little value. The danger seemed imminent, and the people were harangued from the political stump and pulpit; and hence the determined efforts of the Missouri "border ruffians" to make Kansas a slave state at any sacrifice. And the desire for balance of power in the political struggle made the pro-slavery party a powerful ally in sympathy and support, and the more important feature, the sinews of war.

We lived in the very caldron of the seething desperation, and as a boy I saw these border ruffians and heard them recount their adventures in Kansas. Politicians, clergymen, postmasters, in fact all professional men and civil officials were rampant advocates of slavery and its aggressive extension at any cost, and any one who differed from them in this regard was denounced as a "blue-bellied abolitionist," a public enemy and a scourge to society. The newspapers a man read, even the food he ate, made him an object of suspicion and surveillance, and in many cases the victim of persecution, unprovoked assault and even assassination.

It is not within the limits of this paper to give even a meager outline, much less sufficient details to convey to your minds a clear conception of the progress of events or

degree of personal hatred, ostracism and political proscription up to and following the election of Mr. Lincoln. My father was mobbed at the polls for casting a vote according to his political convictions and the dictates of his conscience, for that great martyr who is, and ever will be, the idol of all worshipers and lovers of human liberty.

Immediately after the result of the election of 1860 became known, steps were taken by our Governor, "Claib." Jackson, to defeat it. Though the move was made with great cunning and secrecy, its purpose did not escape detection by the keen-eyed proscribed whose wits had been whetted by persecution. Notwithstanding the semi-official existence of the "border ruffian" companies, the militia was proclaimed defective, and required re-organization. Early in December a company was organized at our county seat, Gallatin. The real object could only be conjectured, but to circumvent it my brothers and other young Union men joined the company. It drilled several times when another company was organized and the first disbanded—presumably not having the kind of material desired.

Then followed the long, weary suspense of the winter and spring of 1861. How slow was our government to act! How puerile and cowardly seemed our weak President while political excitement was so intense, and things were transpiring that wrung blood from the heart of every man who loved his country! With what eagerness did we watch for the coming of each mail, and with what breathless anxiety did we open each paper and search for some item that promised decisive action, or gave hope of relief to our wretched country. Yet we laughed and sneered at secession. The unendurable suspense was finally broken by the thundering peal of cannon at Fort Sumter that stirred the heart of every man who had a

heart—and, I should not neglect to say, woman. The question was to be settled by an appeal to arms. The Goddess of Liberty, with the eyes of the world upon her, was to be thrown from or sustained upon her pedestal. Social lines snapped; it was neighbor against neighbor, wife against husband, parent against offspring, brother against brother. This is literally true.

The recent construction of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad had brought many mechanics and much enterprise into the country, but the persecution by the rabid, vindictive majority was driving away all self-respecting men who could leave—continually weakening the loyal minority. My father gave bed and board to all he could induce to remain.

The Saturday following the fall of Fort Sumter, a "Home Guard" company, about twenty-five strong, was formed for self-protection from outrages. The lukewarm, intimidated Union men deprecated the move as tending to further infuriate the secessionists, already flying to arms, and precipitate bloodshed and perhaps a massacre. But, be it said to their credit, they promised active support when the time should come for united action—and they kept their word.

Every secessionist prepared for war. Young men who could do so, equipped themselves; those who could not, were furnished by those who could not go, with horses, saddles, arms, ammunition and money, and were promised support of dependents during their absence. Horses and property of Union men were deliberately appropriated in their zeal. For months my father's best riding horses were put in a barn at night, and my brothers and I would sleep in the hay to guard them, and watch the man-traps we made of heavy timbers to catch the night prowlers. In day time we would practice assiduously with rifle and

shotgun at targets, to improve our marksmanship and proclaim that we would not be robbed or driven from the country without a struggle.

The State convention at St. Louis would not pass an ordinance of secession, but our Governor refused to furnish the quota of troops allotted Missouri by President Lincoln. The news of the Baltimore riot created intense excitement, but the capture of Camp Jackson and the Union troops firing on the mob in St. Louis, lashed the secession element into a frenzy that made the sight of a Union man intolerable. The humiliation we underwent during these rapidly succeeding events, aroused in us a feeling not unmixed of vengeance and a firm determination to remain, and, if necessary, to defend ourselves with arms. We drilled regularly, and always separated with a well-understood countersign for recognition, and preconcerted signals to spread alarm and warning to rally.

Union soldiers came to some railroad stations east of us and had some skirmishes. This added to the fury and raised the cry, "*Invasion!*" "*Invasion!*" Finally word came one night that there had been in the afternoon a skirmish at Chillicothe, about twenty-five miles east. It was war at last. The alarm spread in the night, and by 9 A. M. we had rallied, and our number was swollen to about 165. There was no more luke-warmness. War was in our midst. It was something terrible; something new; and an ominous determination marked every countenance. It was Union or disunion, and the line drawn sharp. Members of rebel companies who had been in the habit of witnessing our drills were this day ordered from the drill ground. And then a national flag that had been made by the ladies was presented to the company. Our captain, George K. Donnelly, with pallor on his lips, flame in his eyes and fierce determination in every feature, made

a brief reply on behalf of the company, opened its ranks, faced one about, and all, joining hands, called on God to witness our solemn oaths to defend our homes and our country's flag with our lives. The solemnity of that hour, the terrible earnestness of the participants, made such an impression on my youthful mind that to this day I can hardly think or speak of it and restrain my tears.

In that little loyal band were slave-owners by purchase and inheritance, who had been reared to believe that negro slavery was right, and sanctioned by Holy Writ. They knew they were cutting away from the past, they knew they were severing social and family ties for the future; but they loved the Union more than all else. Persecution for loving one's country had gone too far. The American spirit cannot be crushed. The manhood of the "northern mudsill" was thoroughly aroused. Henceforth it was to be peace or war, at secession option. Such patriotism, such heroism, saved Missouri to the Union.

The uprising was almost unanimous, as statistics will show; and the cradle and the grave were encroached upon by the zeal and ardor of both sides. The Missouri quota of the 75,000 volunteers called by President Lincoln was for 3,125. In the face of Governor Jackson's refusal to furnish them, against his active opposition and that of the great majority, the loyal Union men of Missouri responded with 10,135. They were accepted from their colonels and captains—and most of them were for three years instead of three months. And I will say right here that they did not think of pensions, and cared very little for pay.

Set aside the females, or one-half of an average community, deduct one-half of the remainder to cover those under and over age, and from that subtract one-half for the civil officials, cripples and invalids, and but one-eighth

of the whole remains capable of bearing arms. One-half of this number are ministers, physicians, teachers and other professional men, trades-people, et cetera, necessary for those who remain at home; and the available fighting force becomes one-sixteenth. From this number might be deducted another half for those unwilling and unfit to go from various causes and lack of sympathy. So one-thirty-second part of a nation's population represents its strictly reliable, zealous, physical fighting force.

A prominent English writer, placing the population of the United States in 1861 at 32,000,000 and the total number of men in the Federal and Confederate armies and navies at 4,000,000, pronounces our great war the most unanimous uprising of a people in history. That was one in eight; but he put the strength of the forces too high. The population of Missouri in 1860, according to the census, was 1,182,347, of which 114,915 were slaves; and she furnished 109,111 Union soldiers, not including many "Home Guards" and independent companies, enrolled militia and unorganized volunteers, all of which rendered much active service in fighting guerrillas and resisting invasion. It is no extravagant estimate to place the number that took up arms against the Union at double these figures; or that 327,333 men flew to arms in Missouri, or that the uprising was about one in three and one-third. Of my own family five out of the ten went into the Union army, not including my father who was in the enrolled militia, nor hired men. And every one would have gone had they been boys and a little older. A by-no-means complete list from the War Department shows that 232 engagements were fought on Missouri soil during the war.

In the light of the foregoing facts and knowing, as we all do, that soldiers value their lives as highly as any other people, it tires me to hear men who were young,

healthy and single during the war, and did no more than send out substitutes, talk now about "a higher, nobler and purer patriotism." I have more respect for those who took arms through an erroneous conviction. Indeed I have met and been treated cordially by hundreds who bore arms against the Union, and usually find that those who are now fighting over again the issues of the war with their mouths, did little or no fighting in battle with arms.

To resume my story. About the time of the Chillicothe skirmish, the flag episode and our acceptance of war, rebel companies, battalions and regiments were flocking to Price's army, concentrating south of the Missouri River. As a few squads of Union troops had passed over the railroad, the rebel organizations north of it were afraid of being intercepted or seen crossing the track. At a safe distance from it they would scatter in small parties to steal across in the night and assemble at designated points south of it. This was nuts for us. Armed with shotguns, squirrel rifles, corn-knives and even clubs, we would ambush the highways and paths and waylay fords in the dark and capture the rebel squads. Success soon developed daring and a thirst for enterprise. General Curtis, then colonel of an Iowa regiment, was stationed at St. Joseph, and to him we sent our captives, and he gave us their arms in return. In this way the company became armed with guns; and in this manner the railroad was protected and war was waged for the Union until after the battle of Bull Run, the enemy becoming more and more formidable. Though the result of that battle lent great encouragement to the secessionists, it shook not our determination; but we found that, without better organization and arms or reinforcements, it was but a question of time when we must succumb.

Learning that a regiment of loyal troops was organizing at Cameron, believing we might get arms and supplies and serve near our homes where troops were needed, the company went to that town July 24th. There we found Colonel Everett Peabody organizing a regiment for the three years' service, and not for special duty in the state. It was a sad disappointment, but the ardor was no way abated. After much consultation many concluded to go in, and the others agreed to return and reorganize for home protection. Personally, a brother and I returned to get the consent of our parents; and we were afraid of being shot as we approached our home in the night. Our patriotic mother and sisters, whose abiding faith in the ultimate result of the war never faltered in the darkest hour of those long years of danger, anxiety and prayer, bade us go; and the 27th we were back duly sworn in as soldiers in the nucleus of Company "I," 13th Missouri Infantry. I had never been away from home before, and I did not get a furlough during the war.

Of that company nearly every one of the original members who did not fall in battle, leave with disabling wounds, or succumb to disease, won a commission when officers were being selected for merit alone. I was one of the exceptions—coming back not even a—colonel. Promotion has always been slow my way. Their success I attribute to their loyalty and zeal, but in great part to our soldierly and efficient captain, George K. Donnelly. He had served many years in the 4th U. S. Artillery, including the Mexican war; and had passed through every non-commissioned grade, including hospital steward. He was energetic and zealous, and probably did more than any other officer to organize the regiment properly, teach it the details of the service and instill into it thorough soldierly qualities. Had his advice and

example been followed at Shiloh, the story of that great battle would be a far different tale. Mexican war wounds took him from the field in July, 1862. He was succeeded by First Lieutenant O. P. Newberry, who in turn was promoted a Major, and was succeeded by Joseph Thompson, who had been editor of "The Free Democrat," published in St. Joseph, and about the only loyal newspaper in Missouri out of St. Louis. His printing press was pitched into the Missouri River by a rebel mob for opposing secession, and he shouldered a musket to continue the battle. I saw another young comrade, Robert C. Bradshaw, start out with a gun on one shoulder and return with stars on both.

The regiment guarded railroad bridges and Union interests a few weeks, was mustered into the service at Kansas City by Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Offley of the regular army, and went to Lexington. Through the loyalty and cleverness of the wife of our Major, Horace M. Thatcher, the great seal of the state, carried away by Missouri's nomadic Governor for use of his perambulating seat of government, was located in Lexington and captured by the regiment. It then made a forced march to Warrensburg and secured in the very face of the enemy the funds in the bank, and had to cover its return by raising obstructions and burning bridges to impede the hot pursuit by Price's army. None of our officers held commissions as yet, for Claib. Jackson was in the brush, and no military governor had been appointed. Colonel Mulligan held one, and fell in command, from which fact Mulligan's "Irish Brigade," as they called themselves, though only a regiment, got most of the newspaper glory of that memorable eleven days siege of about 2,700 badly armed, poorly equipped, raw recruits, by Price's army

40,000 strong—the number rationed the last day of the siege.

I am attempting no history of the regiment or of that siege, but I want to touch upon a few points not generally understood, and concerning which written history is in error. My own regiment was as yet un-uniformed. Colonel Marshall's cavalry regiment was armed only with sabres and the old-style, single-barrel dragoon pistol, weapons of no defensive use dismounted, except at very close quarters. The regiment was practically a disadvantage, for the entrenchments had to be made so extensive as to include the horses that there were not sufficient men to man, and the troops had to make constantly rapid changes of position to repel the persistent, fierce assaults at different points, necessitating double duty day and night. Then the suffering of the live horses and the stench from the dead ones were unendurable. The enemy rolled wet bales of hemp for cover in their assaults; and they fired all kind of missiles from their cannons, even toy china dolls. They got possession of our hospital filled with our sick and wounded, and which commanded our lines. Our regiment had a brass 6-pounder gun from the Mexican war, worked by details, but to use this or musketry upon the hospital was to destroy our brave and helpless comrades. It must be taken by assault. Not "by the Irish brigade," as some histories say, but by Company "B," Captain Joseph Schmitz, and Company "E," Captain Simon S. Evans, un-uniformed, dirty, ragged, half-starved, worn-out Missourians of my regiment. This violation of the laws of war was to be punished by showing no quarter. With bayonets fixed, the companies charged under a terrific fire, with horrible loss, and gained the building. While Company "E" surrounded it, "B" burst open the doors,

rushed up the stairs, bayoneting all opposition; and it is said that many of the enemy jumping from the windows were impaled upon the bayonets below, and that Captain Schmitz, a powerful man, armed with a sabre, leading the way, laid many low with his mighty stroke.

Captain Donnelly took a short leave before the siege. Returning he was on the fatal train that at full speed, in the night, without warning, plunged into the chasm of the Platte River where the rebels had burned the bridge. He and several of his family were horribly mangled, and report came that he was killed. "Donnelly" was the watchword at Lexington.

Early in the siege the enemy succeeded in getting command of the garrison's water supply, and every drop had to be procured under fire. This was published as the final cause of surrender; but Company "I" had nearly a barrel on hand when the word came, and its officers and men thought the besiegers had surrendered, and there was considerable amazement and rejoicing. How bitter the disappointment and deep the chagrin when the truth was learned.

Captain Thomas, of my regiment, surrendered his sabre to his brother in the rebel ranks; and there was general inquiry on each side as to whom on the other of old-time friends, school-fellows and relatives had been killed or wounded. The rebel army had bitten off more than it could chew, and at once swore all prisoners never to bear arms against the Southern Confederacy, and turned them loose without arms or rations in a hostile community. As a matter of fact, General Price had no authority from the Confederacy at that time. He was simply a General of Missouri militia, and as yet Missouri had not been even proclaimed out of the Union. Most of the men did not regard the oath as legally binding, and

while some drifted home, many enlisted at once in other regiments.

General Fremont as Department Commander ordered the regiment mustered out, and it was. But the War Department rescinded the order, and that winter it reassembled in part and reorganized as the 25th Infantry, Missouri Volunteers, going in the spring to Pittsburg Landing. Meanwhile troops had been poured into Missouri and Price's army driven from the state; and the paroled members of the regiment exchanged for the prisoners taken at Camp Jackson.

An explanation, and I am done. Personally I did not take an active part in the siege. In the absence of any food I could eat, boy-like I gorged myself with unripe fruit from the orchard in which the regiment was camped, and a severe attack of *cholera morbus* placed me ingloriously *hors du combat* and into the hospital, whence with others I was placed on the small steamer, "Little Blue," with a rebel pilot, to escape. We were run on a sand-bar and captured, and all paroled but me. Seeing a favorable opportunity I evaded the officers administering the oaths and taking the names. But for days under the din and roar of battle I had the monotonous company of the not over-cheerful contemplation of my probable fate. Boys don't like to die. I will add that the captured rolls of the company bore my name, and subsequently I received a certificate of exchange for a "Johnny." I thought I was worth more.

WAR QUESTIONS IN THE SUPREME COURT OF WISCONSIN.

By Bvt. Brig. Gen. F. C. Winkler, U. S. V.

[Read November 2, 1892.]

IT was not to the soldier alone, not to those whom the exigencies of the day transformed into soldiers, alone, that the revolt of 1861 brought new duties. The wrenching of the bonds of long-continued peace invaded every branch and department of government with new problems. It fairly took possession of the legislative as well as the executive, and it rolled ardent contentions over questions of right into the forum of the judiciary. A grouping of the great questions that arose out of the relations of war and came before the courts of the country for determination, with a discussion of the attention they received and the disposition that was made of them, might indeed be the subject of the greatest interest, but it is too broad a theme for me. I propose only, as briefly as I can, to present, to-night, what the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin was called upon to do,—what it did in reference to problems of the war.

1. A special session of the legislature of the State of Wisconsin, called by Governor Randall for the purpose of taking measures for the public defense, convened at the state capitol in May, 1861. Troops were being raised. Troops *had* to be raised. The state was the instrumentality for enlistment and organization. Money was needed.

There was none in the treasury. There was no resource but to borrow. An act was passed. It was approved May 27th, 1861. It provided for an issue of state bonds to the amount of $1,000,000. The legislature adjourned. Could the money be raised?

The public credit in those days, even of the National Government, much more that of the states, especially the new western states, was very far from commanding that unquestioned respect which is accorded to it to-day. It was a question, and a serious one, "Can the money be raised?" Back of that was the question, "Are the bonds valid?"

The constitution of the state prohibits the contracting of a state debt except in cases specifically authorized. It authorized the borrowing of money "to repel invasion, suppress insurrection, or defend the state in time of war." It was claimed that the rebellion which sought a dismemberment of the Union was not a war within the meaning of this provision. At least there was doubt. The timidity of capital is proverbial. A million dollars was an enormous sum of money for the State of Wisconsin to raise in that day. With a substantial doubt as to the constitutionality of their issue, there was no possibility of negotiating the bonds.

The Governor appealed to the judges of the Supreme Court in this extraordinary emergency to aid him by a public expression of their opinion. It was irregular. It is contrary to precedent, contrary to usage, yes, contrary to all propriety I may say, that judges should extra-judicially express their opinion upon a public question which may come before them for adjudication. But in that crisis of 1861 common scruples could not stand. The exigency was peremptory. Immediate action was demanded. The judges then wrote to the Governor the following letter:

State of Wisconsin, Supreme Court,
Clerk's Office, Madison, June 5th, 1861.

His Excellency Alex. W. Randall,
Governor of Wisconsin.

Sir:—We are in receipt of your communication of the 4th inst. asking our opinion as to the constitutionality of Chapter 239 of the General Laws of 1861, entitled "An Act to provide for the defense of the state and to aid in enforcing the laws and maintaining the authority of the Federal Government," and Chapter 13, of the extra session held in May, 1861, entitled "An Act to provide for borrowing money to repel invasion, suppress insurrection and defend the state in time of war," and as to whether bonds, issued under the above acts and in conformity to their provisions, would be valid and binding against the state.

Your Excellency is pleased to intimate that it has become a necessity in the present exigencies of the state and country to appeal to us for an opinion upon the above question. Yielding to this emergency, we have felt it to be our duty to give you our opinion upon the question suggested in your communication, and we would therefore state that we have considered the above mentioned laws, and from the examination we have given them we entertain no doubt as to their constitutionality, and we are of the opinion that the bonds issued in conformity to their provisions will be valid and binding upon the State of Wisconsin.

Respectfully yours,

Luther S. Dixon, *Chief Justice.*
O. Cole, *Associate Justice.*

P. S.—Mr. Justice Paine is at present in Milwaukee and has had no opportunity of acting upon the subject-matter of your communication.

O. Cole.

By the aid of this opinion the bonds were negotiated, and to the credit of the State of Wisconsin be it said that no one within her borders ever raised a question as to their validity; nor did the people ever cease to honor the distinguished judges who in that crucial hour disregarded *punctilio* and obeyed the behests of patriotism.

2. The first case presenting a war issue that came

before our Supreme Court was that of *Gregg*, reported in *15 Wis., 479.* It was the case of a minor who had, without the consent of his parents or guardian, enlisted in the 20th Wisconsin. His father now made application to the court for a writ of *habeas corpus* looking to the discharge of the son from the service. But the court held that under the laws then in force a boy over eighteen could make a valid contract of enlistment without parental consent.

3. Next came the case of *Higgins, 16 Wis., 351.* Here a boy less than seventeen years of age had been enlisted in the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry without the knowledge or consent of his parents. The father brought *habeas corpus*. It was shown that the recruiting officer was informed of the correct age of the boy at the time of enlistment. The act of congress in force declared in terms that "no person under the age of eighteen shall be mustered into the United States service." The court held that he must be discharged.

4. A question of supreme importance came before the court in the case of *Nicholas Kemp, 16 Wis., 359,* in the last days of 1862. It was a question upon the fundamental law, upon the constitution of the United States. It related to the most sacred of subjects, the liberty of the citizen. It was a question of the right of the citizen on the one hand, the power of the government on the other.

From the days of *Magna Charta* the writ of *habeas corpus* has been deemed the most valuable immunity of the citizen, both in Great Britain and in all lands that have borrowed their institutions and laws from that country. It is this writ that establishes right above might. It deprives power of its influence where it is not linked with right. It is simply the means by which a person who is restrained of his liberty can at any time be brought before a judicial magistrate or tribunal in order

that the cause of his imprisonment or restraint may be inquired into, and that it may be judicially determined whether it is warranted by the law of the land. Generally speaking the citizen is entitled to his liberty. He who restrains it must *show* warrant justifying the restraint. The writ of *habeas corpus* is the judicial instrumentality which calls upon him for this showing. Hence, its very great importance. Take it away, and the unfortunate who finds himself in the hands of a superior power has no means of appealing to a court of justice to determine whether his imprisonment is authorized or whether he is held in defiance of the laws and of his right. It is essential to the first principles of freedom that this right should exist.

Yet it is admitted that there may be times of great public danger, when as against arrests made by the government the privilege may not be invoked. The constitution of the United States in Section 9, of Article I, has the following provision: "The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it."

From the outbreak of the rebellion it had been a question whether the President of the United States, as commander-in-chief of its militant forces, had the right to suspend the privilege of the writ and to authorize military officers to refuse it obedience when issued.

By an order dated the 27th of April, 1861, President Lincoln had attempted to do this in the State of Maryland, or along the routes which troops had to take between Philadelphia and Washington. In the month of May one John Merriman, who was enlisting recruits for the rebel army in Baltimore, was arrested by the military authorities and lodged in Fort McHenry. A writ of

habeas corpus was issued to Gen. Cadwallader, then in command, by Chief Justice Taney of the Supreme Court of the United States, calling upon him to justify the arrest of Merriman. Gen. Cadwallader stated the treasonable action of Merriman on account of which he had been arrested and was detained, but declined to produce his person, claiming the suspension of the writ under the order of the President. The Chief Justice issued an ineffectual attachment against Gen. Cadwallader, and wrote an elaborate opinion holding that the President had no authority to suspend the writ, and that in the absence of action by Congress to that effect, disobedience to the writ under any circumstances was an unjustifiable infraction of the constitution and the laws. This led at once to much heated discussion. Mr. Bates, the Attorney General of the United States, in an official letter to the President, took the extremely opposite view, holding that the President had the right to suspend the writ in all cases of arrests made by his authority when in case of rebellion the public safety, in his opinion, required it. The administration acted on the advice of the Attorney General, and the President from time to time made orders for the suspension of the writ, applying to different places or circumstances.

In the case mentioned the question came before the Supreme Court of Wisconsin.

Nicholas Kemp, and a number of others, were arrested by the military authorities on the 12th of November, 1862, for forcible resistance to the draft in Ozaukee County. They were afterwards confined at Camp Randall. A writ of *habeas corpus* having been issued to Brig. Gen. Elliott, commanding the department of the Northwest, by our Supreme Court, requiring him to produce their persons and his warrant for their detention, he

sent to the clerk of the court a return, stating the ground of their arrest, claiming a suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* under General Orders No. 141, issued by the President the 24th of September, 1862, and declining to release them from military custody.

The order of the President referred to contained the following provisions:

"First. That during the existing insurrection, and as a necessary measure for suppressing the same, all rebels and insurgents, their aiders and abettors, within the United States, and all persons discouraging volunteer enlistments, resisting militia drafts, or guilty of any disloyal practice affording aid and comfort to rebels against the authority of the United States, shall be subject to martial law, and liable to trial and punishment by court-martial or military commissions.

"Second. That the writ of *habeas corpus* is suspended in respect to all persons arrested, or who are now, or hereafter during the rebellion shall be imprisoned in any fort, camp, arsenal, military prison, or other place of confinement, by any military authority or by sentence of any court martial or military commission."

The court approached the case with all the care which its great importance demanded. Each of the three judges delivered a separate opinion. The court concluded that upon the facts before it the detention of the prisoner was not justified. It was held that the suspension of the writ under Section 9 of the First Article of the Constitution was a legislative, not an executive act,—that it required an act of Congress to give it effect.

A distinction, which is not alluded to, and does not seem to be recognized, in Chief Justice Taney's decision in Merriman case, was insisted upon with much force and clearness, between a general suspension, a *de jure* suspen-

sion I might say, of the privilege of the writ, and a *de facto* suspension which necessarily takes place on the actual theatre of war and its immediate surroundings, where martial law rules the hour and civil tribunals must be hushed into silence. In the latter case it was admitted that disregard of the writ by a military officer under the authority of the commander-in-chief of the armies would be justified. Time forbids my going more deeply into this very interesting discussion.

Coming from a court of unquestionable loyalty as well as recognized ability, the decision could not fail to produce a great effect upon the country. It contributed largely in inducing Congress at its next session to pass an act for the suspension of the writ.

5. At a special session in 1862 the legislature of the state had passed an act allowing Wisconsin soldiers who were qualified electors to cast their votes in the field. At the January term, 1863, the constitutionality of this enactment was challenged in the Supreme Court in the case of *The State on the relation of Chandler* vs. *Main, 16 Wis., 398.*

The court, in a very elaborate and able opinion by Mr. Justice Paine, sustained the validity of the law, thereby assuring to the citizen, under arms to avert a dire catastrophe to his country, the unimpaired exercise of the dearest right of the American freeman.

6. At the same term a question deeply affecting the reinforcement of the army at the front came before the court. A draft to fill quotas had been made. The drafted men were in camp. Application was made for a *habeas corpus* for their release. It was claimed that the draft was "without color of legal authority under any statute or law of this state or of the United States, and altogether arbitrary and unlawful." *In re Griner, 16 Wis., 423.*

This claim had been very loudly made in the press and by speech among those who, to speak mildly, were lukewarm in support of the war. It now came before the court and was there represented by no less able an advocate than Mr. E. G. Ryan.

The court heard the claim and promptly refuted it. An admirable opinion of Mr. Justice Cole fully vindicates the legislation under which the draft was had, and the rules and regulations adopted by the President which prescribed the details by which it was executed.

7. The next case was *In re Wehlitz, 16 Wis., 448.* Is a resident alien, who has declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States, is a qualified elector in the state and has actually exercised the right of suffrage, liable to draft? Our Supreme Court answered the question in the affirmative, holding him to be a citizen of the State of Wisconsin though not a citizen of the United States. It is with regret that we have to admit that our government was not able consistently to enforce this very just position. It makes us blush for the folly of conferring the right of suffrage where allegiance is not due.

8. It seems almost like a parody of any just system of policy or legislation that in a later case, *In re Conway, 17 Wis., 527,* the court was compelled to decide that while the resident alien who had simply declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States, who was entitled to vote and had voted, was subject to draft, as decided in the Wehlitz case, yet his son who had been brought here in infancy, had lived here ever since and had voted, could not be drafted. He was not entitled to vote. His votes were illegal. He might be punished for illegal voting. But he was an alien. From all duties of citizenship he was exempt. The court had to interpret the law as it found it. Its crudities it could not control.

9. The case of *Richard Oliver, 17 Wis., 681*, brings us back once more to the question of the *habeas corpus*. Young Oliver, in whose behalf a petition had been presented, had been enlisted in the army. He was less than eighteen years of age. The merits of the application therefore came strictly within the case of *Higgins* already referred to. But in the meantime the act of Congress approved March 3d, 1863, authorizing the President of the United States to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, had been passed, and the President, in pursuance of its provisions, had issued his proclamation dated September 15th, 1863, suspending the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* in cases where persons were held under the command of the government as prisoners or as soldiers. It was contended that the act and the proclamation under it were invalid. The argument was that the suspension of the writ could only be accomplished by a direct act of Congress, that the act in question did not of itself suspend it, but sought to delegate the power of suspension to the President. Mr. Justice Paine, in delivering the opinion of the court, admitted that the wording of the act afforded much room for the criticism, but concluded that in substance the act itself suspended the privilege of the writ, leaving it to the President to say in what cases the suspension should be insisted on. With this interpretation the act and the proclamation were sustained and the writ was refused.

10. In the case of *Breitenbach v. Turner, 18 Wis., 140*, the financial legislation to which resort had been had to defray the enormous expenses of the war was brought before the court. The question was whether Congress had the power to make the treasury notes of the United States a legal tender for the payment of pre-existing debts. The case presenting this important question involved the

petty sum of two hundred dollars. Our court held the act valid and that the debt could be discharged by payment in legal tender notes. This question has since then had a somewhat remarkable course in the Supreme Court of the United States, but its final decision was the same as that of our court in 1864.

11. *Brodhead v. The City of Milwaukee, 19 Wis., 624*, brought an important, and from a legal standpoint, a very interesting question before the Supreme Court. It was as to the constitutionality of an act of the legislature of the state authorizing cities, villages and towns to raise money by taxation for the purpose of paying bounties to volunteers, so as to fill the quotas assigned to the respective localities under calls by the President for troops. Does the power of municipal taxation extend to such a purpose? That was the chief question involved, although there were minor ones also upon particular features of the law in question. The court sustained the act and held the taxes which *had been* levied under it valid. Further resort to it was fortunately not needed as the war had come to an end.

12. But I am not at the end of my list of decisions. A most important one remains to claim our attention. The case of Kemp, you will remember, rose out of the riotous resistance to the draft in Ozaukee county in 1862. The court had decided that detention of Kemp as a prisoner in Camp Randall was illegal. The arrests had occurred in November, 1862. The execution of the draft and the measures taken of enforcing it were under the direction of the Governor of the state. The Honorable Edward Salomon was Governor. After his term of office expired John Druecker, one of the prisoners, brought suit against the Governor for damages for an unlawful arrest and false imprisonment.

It was a test case. The arrests had been quite numerous, and if this suit had proved successful many others would have followed in its wake. The case came to trial in October, 1865, in the city of Milwaukee, before the Honorable Arthur McArthur, Circuit Judge, and a jury. The full extent of the riot, or insurrection against the enforcement of the laws for the recruitment of our armies, as it was claimed to be, and the necessity of resorting to military force for its suppression, were here first given in evidence. The trial was attended by a large concourse of people. It appeared that the arrest had been made on the 13th of November, 1862; that after being detained under the Governor for twelve days the plaintiff was delivered to the United States military commander, and that the Governor had no further control over him.

After the end of a long and patient investigation Judge McArthur, in dignified and manly language, taking the form of a charge to the jury, gave his opinion that the plaintiff could not recover. A few extracts from this able opinion, in as much as it is found only in the ephemeral publications of the day, I beg leave to subjoin:

"When riot is to be subdued," says the eloquent judge, "the only means, at once lawful and imperative, "seem in times of quiet unusual and severe. Authority has "but one virtue, and that is the promptness and "decision with which responsibility is assumed. In such "a crisis there is no time to hunt up precedents. Hesita- "tion is synonymous with anarchy. Action is demanded "to prevent threatened ruin and bloodshed. So that the "appropriate remedies for such an evil belong to that "violent class which inflame the system in order to eradi- "cate the disease. Coercion is neither optional nor avoid- "able. It is the only resource of legitimate authority, "and the faithful executive who under such trying and

"overwhelming necessities is influenced only by consider-
"ations of public duty, cannot be followed by vexatious
"litigation for error of judgment. I have listened with
"emotion to the impressive and eloquent observations of
"the distinguished counsel for the plaintiffs" (the Honorable Harlow S. Orton, now one of the judges of the Supreme Court) "on the danger of irresponsible power
"and on the necessity of protecting the citizen from its
"oppressions. These sentiments are part of our educa-
"tion and habits, and as we are almost the only instance
"of a powerful government with a well-defined bill of
"personal liberty, of all others we should be the most
"anxious to preserve it; and it is gratifying that
"animated addresses on this subject are always vin-
"dicated by the most popular favor and affection
"of the people. We should not, however, forget that
"public right and liberty are just as sacred as
"that claimed for the individual, and when these are
"threatened with tumult and violence, the magistrate
"who averts the evil is a public benefactor, and conserves
"all rights, both of the state and of the citizen, and lib-
"erty and law are preserved for the benefit of all alike."
He then points out that in conformity with the act of Congress known as the conscription act of 1862, which, as we have seen, our Supreme Court had held valid in the *Griner* case, the President had conferred the duty of enforcing the conscription under it upon the Governor of the state, that actual and threatened violence and armed resistance had justified a resort to military interference, that the arrests and imprisonments in question were made in overcoming the resistance and enforcing the law by military force, and held that for acts thus done in the discharge of duty without malice to the plaintiff, the Governor could not be held liable in an action for damages.

The case was taken to the Supreme Court by appeal, and is reported in *21 Wis., 621.* The decision of Judge McArthur was there unanimously affirmed in an elaborate opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Downer.

This, so far as my research has extended, is the last of what I should call distinctively "war cases" that came before our Supreme Court, although there were others where property rights more or less affected by questions arising out of the war were passed upon. But of these it is not my purpose to speak.

Companions: Of the distinguished jurists who held seats upon the Supreme Bench during the period in which the decisions alluded to were rendered one only survives. He is our honored guest this evening. In 1855 at the age of 35 he took his place in that tribunal and held it continuously until January, 1892, serving during the last twelve years as its Chief Justice. Of refined culture, of thorough learning, of patient urbanity, of that serene calm of mind and temper which above all things adorns the judge, he has brought to the discharge of his important duties an industry and fidelity that have never been excelled. During all the long years of his service, I doubt whether a single case has come before the court in which he has not taken part, and to which he has not given his personal careful research. The Loyal Legion delights to do honor to faithful public service wherever it is found. Let us then honor the court which in the turmoil of civil war did not swerve from its anchorage, but with steady firmness upheld the freedom of the citizen on the one hand, the right of the government on the other. Let us do honor to Chief Justice Orsamus Cole, who honors us with his presence. May sunshine attend his remaining years, while he enjoys the "*otium cum dignitate*" which he so well deserves.

THE WISCONSIN CAVALRY REGIMENTS.

By Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. Calkins, U. S. V.

[Read February 1st, 1893.]

WISCONSIN had but four cavalry regiments in the war. It was not the policy of the war governors of this State to raise numerous cavalry regiments. The cavalry service had strong fascinations for volunteers, and the infantry regiments were filled but slowly while a cavalry camp invited recruits. A similar policy was pursued until late in the war regarding the volunteer infantry. The first regiments were kept filled well up toward the limit of number. Officers of minor rank were constantly applying for authority to raise cavalry and to raise new infantry regiments. These overtures were repelled to a great extent. Recruits were accepted, not to form new regiments, but to fill the decimated ranks of the veteran regiments. This policy undoubtedly caused the Wisconsin volunteer regiments to render more efficient service in the war. There were not as many wearing shoulder straps as if numerous skeleton regiments had been organized. But the veterans entered into battle with full regiments, to participate in its dangers, to share the ignominy of defeat or the glory of victory.

Having been personally acquainted before and since the war with many of the officers and men composing the Wisconsin cavalry regiments, and having been associated with them during our campaigns, I thought I could not do better at this time than to compile a brief history of their services, to mention the names of some of the living, and pay a tribute to the dead.

The First Wisconsin Cavalry was organized by Edward Daniels. He was a man of brilliant mind, of medium build, with a general appearance of ability, alertness and distinction. He was an expert in some branches of science, especially in geology, and was a popular lecturer on that subject. He was made state geologist by Gov. Farwell in 1852, when that office was established, and held the office two years. At first, in the summer of 1861, he attempted to organize only a battalion of four companies, the men furnishing their own horses, and drawing pay from the government at the rate of forty cents a day for each horse. This was the system on which the Confederate cavalry was maintained throughout the war. It proved disastrous to the Confederate cavalry soldiers, for they were seldom paid; when payment came it was in paper money ruinously depreciated, so that it would take a week's pay for a horse to buy a drink of commissary whiskey for a man, even if the whiskey was obtainable, which was seldom the case. Col. Daniels, as soon as his battalion was recruited, received authority to raise a full regiment, the government furnishing horses and equipments. At first this regiment was engaged in active service west of the Mississippi, mostly in Missouri and northeastern Arkansas, fighting invading rebel forces, greater or smaller gangs of bushwackers and other forms of rebel resistance to the laws. These campaigns lasted until May, 1863. Then the regiment joined the Army of the Cumberland in Tennessee, and was in very active service in that state, in Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi. In October, 1863, in a series of actions at and about Anderson's Gap, the cavalry command of the rebel General Wheeler was defeated and Wheeler (now a member of Congress from Alabama) narrowly escaped capture. They marched, camped and fought over that section of the South

until May, 1865, when a part of the command under Lieutenant Colonel Harnden assisted in the capture of Jefferson Davis, near Irwinville, Georgia. A detachment of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry under the command of Col. Pritchard was also in pursuit of the Confederate ex-president. The Wisconsin men and Michigan men mistook each other for rebels, and several volleys were exchanged between them. Two men of the Michigan regiment were killed and several were wounded on both sides. The members of the First Cavalry detachment shared in the reward of $100,000.00 offered by President Andrew Johnson for the capture of Davis. The regiment was mustered out of the service July 19th, 1865. It had 366 men killed in action, or who died from wounds received in battle, or of disease during the war.

Col. Daniels resigned Feb. 5, 1863. He afterwards resided in Virginia. He was succeeded by Oscar H. La Grange. The two had been friends before the war, and had been the leaders of the small party which liberated Sherman M. Booth, July 4th, 1859, from the Milwaukee custom house, where he was held a prisoner for violating the fugitive slave act in the case of Samuel Glover. General LaGrange received a brevet commission as Brigadier General at the close of the war. He is a man of great energy, of native enthusiasm and of high spirits. He is now a resident of New York City, and prominent in professional and official life.

S. V. Shipman, a company officer and afterwards Adjutant and Colonel of this regiment, was an architect at Madison before the war. He assisted in making the plans of the present capitol building, the hospital for the insane near Madison, and many private residences in that city. He was wounded in the thigh at the battle of Cape Girardeau, Mo. He now resides in Chicago and is a member of

the Illinois Commandery of the Loyal Legion. Major Levi Howland, a member of this Commandery, we all know, and know nothing of him but that which is good. Hiram S. Town, one of the adjutants of this regiment, was promoted to Captain of Co. G., was post-master at Ripon after the war, and is now a resident of Chicago. George O. Clinton was a Captain in the regiment. He is a son of the late Deacon E. D. Clinton, a pioneer of Waukesha and a pioneer also in railroad construction in this state. Captain Clinton was for some years superintendent of the Chicago division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, and is now engaged in railroad construction in Texas. A more picturesque than enjoyable incident of his military career related to the inside of a rebel prison, which he occupied from May till September, 1864. He was exchanged for a rebel prisoner of equal rank in our hands. If they had known him and appreciated him as we do, they would not have swapped him off for less than two brigadier generals. Our companion, Richard L. Gove, of Waukesha, was an officer of this regiment. Edwin F. Brooks, now a resident of Chicago, was also an officer of the regiment. He was mustered out in 1862 and entered the navy. If he were here I should suggest to him that the mixture ought to have developed an admirable specimen of the horse marines. Lieutenant Colonel Harnden was a business man at Ft. Atkinson before the war, was collector of internal revenue at Madison from 1865 till 1884, and now resides in that city.

There are other, many other, names on the muster roll of the First Wisconsin Cavalry which should be mentioned here, but I cannot do it. They are the names of the men who, in the peaceful years since the war, have filled places of usefulness and honor in this state and in other parts of the country where they have made their homes. Some of

the names of those who fill soldiers' graves should have adorned this memorial. I can say only peace, health and happiness to the living. May those having pensions long live to enjoy the beneficence of the government; to the dead a tender and loving word of undying remembrance.

The Second Wisconsin Cavalry Regiment was recruited and organized by Cadwallader C. Washburn. He was a member of congress from this state for several terms. He had been engaged in banking and in mining enterprises in the southwestern part of the state, but he resided at La Crosse when the war began. The Second Regiment was ordered to Missouri, and was in active service in that state and in Arkansas until they were transferred in 1863 to the east of the Mississippi and participated in the cavalry raids, by which the rebel camps were often routed, their communications broken, and their base of supplies cut off from their armies. In 1864 they recrossed the Mississippi, and their last service was performed in Louisiana and Texas. They were mustered out in Texas and proceeded to Madison, where they were paid off and disbanded December 14, 1865.

Colonel Washburn remained but a short time in command of his regiment. Through the powerful political influences of the historical Washburn family he was soon appointed Brigadier General, and was appointed full Major General November 29, 1862. He had various commands, among others that of Memphis when it was captured in 1864 by the rebel General Napoleon Bonaparte Forrest. After the war (in 1871) he was elected Governor of Wisconsin and served two years. He died in 1881.

Thomas Stephens was the first Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Cavalry and succeeded Washburn as Colonel. He had been a soldier in the British army and was an expert broadswordsman. He changed and applied his

science to the cavalry sword exercises of our service and taught schools of officers at Camp Randall, Madison, where the most of our regiments were organized. He had no fault except the lack of ability for discipline and command. He had with him always the pronunciation of Cornwall in his native land. He had every element of good nature, of zeal, of patriotism, of fidelity, and with thorough culture would have filled a conspicuous career of usefulness.

Major Levi Sterling, of this regiment, was a pioneer of southwestern Wisconsin, residing at Mineral Point. He was transferred to be paymaster, serving in that department to the close of the war. He died several years ago. Dr. Moses P. Hanson, our venerable friend of this city, recently deceased, was Surgeon of the Second Wisconsin. George C. Russell, a resident of Madison from pioneer times, was Quartermaster. Thomas La Flesh, now a resident of Eau Claire, was Captain of Co. B. Horatio N. Virgin was battalion Adjutant and afterwards Lieutenant Colonel of the 33d Infantry. The late William H. Morgan, one of the most esteemed of the early teachers in the Milwaukee schools, was Adjutant, and afterwards became Assistant Adjutant General under Major General Washburn. George N. Richmond, of Appleton, a state senator after the war, was one of the best officers in the regiment. James H. Waggoner, a well known newspaper man, was a Second Lieutenant. Captain Charles M. Palmer, of Co. F., Major Nicholas H. Dale, Captain Edward S. Minor and Captain George W. Ring were noted men in the regiment. Major Edward D. Luxton was the founder of the Wisconsin News Co., an enterprising book establishment, which after various changes passed into the hands of George DesForges, and we all know him.

The Third Wisconsin Cavalry was organized under peculiar difficulties. As it was the regiment in which my unimportant military service was performed and as its somewhat picturesque history is of superior interest to me, I am afraid I shall weary you with details. But I cannot help it, if such shall be the case.

Before the war there existed at Madison an independent ornamental cavalry company, of which I was a member. It had a staff like that of a brigade in the service. We were all uniformed with more than the glory of brigadier generals. Harlow S. Orton, long a distinguished member of the circuit and supreme court bench of this state, was captain, and he was a superb captain. It is not impossible that from the example of this organization there grew the spirit and zeal for entering the cavalry service which was prevalent among recruits.

The original authority for raising this regiment proceeded from Gen. John C. Fremont, who was appointed in 1861 to his great command of all the Western and Northwestern states, including Wisconsin, with headquarters at St. Louis. He had the powers of a proconsul under the Roman empire. He raised regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery, right and left, without regard to state authority nor to United States authority. He authorized Ex-Governor William A. Barstow to recruit, organize and equip a cavalry regiment in Wisconsin and to report to him at St. Louis for service. Owing to difficulties which occurred between the War Department and Gen. Fremont, the authority given to Gov. Barstow was revoked, but it was afterwards renewed by Secretary Stanton, with provision that the state of Wisconsin should equip and arm the regiment, which would be mounted by the government when ready to take the field. Owing to the delay from this cause, the regiment lost its

numerical place, and was the third regiment, instead of the first, as it would have been had its organization not been retarded by the untoward events which I have described.

Our staff and field organization was completed, and we left our camp at Janesville, March 26, 1862. Our train was in three sections. Four miles north of Chicago, a broken axletree on the forward car of the first section caused the derailment of half the cars in the section. Two or three of the forward cars were telescoped and overturned, falling into a ditch beside the track. The disaster was equal to that of a battle. Twelve men were killed. More than two hundred were wounded to a greater or less extent. It was a scene of terror. We attended to the dead and wounded. New trains reached us from Chicago, and we went from there to St. Louis, and at that point were shipped to Ft. Leavenworth.

Our first service afterward was along the Missouri and Kansas border where Quantrell's guerrilla bands were ravaging the country on all sides. Quantrell was the most audacious, the ablest and most cunning of all the guerrilla leaders of the war. He had the most numerous, the best organized and the most desperate body of bushwhackers that operated anywhere on the border. We had many skirmishes with him and his men, first and last, in almost every part of the territory between the Missouri and the Arkansas Rivers. In the fall of 1862 we marched to Arkansas. We were present at the battle of Prairie Grove, and the regiment is mentioned in the reports. Nine companies of the regiment under my command constituted the advanced guard of the first division of the Army of the Frontier at this battle. The second division had got into the action first, and had maintained the fight two or three hours before we arrived. They were

near to exhaustion and defeat, but the arrival of our fresh forces made the day our own. One of the incidents of this battle should be mentioned.

Lying at the foot of a tree, on the edge of rising ground, surrounded by a heap of the dying and the dead, was found Col. John C. Black, of the 37th Illinois Infantry, which had been in the fight with our 20th Wisconsin Infantry. Apparently there was hardly enough left of the fallen leader to call for the services of an undertaker, much less those of a surgeon. But the remnants of humanity appeared, after close inspection, to have the spirit of life, and they were picked up and carried away by tender hands to the field hospital. There our good Surgeon Benoni O. Reynolds, of the 3d Wisconsin Cavalry, took charge of the body and entered upon the task of calling the victim back from the verge of an open soldier's grave. He sponged away the blood, he closed and stitched together the gaping flesh wounds. When he came to the splintered bones his task was more difficult. But he took out a section or a joint here and there, carefully set the less serious fractures, and of the wreck reconstructed a man, now of fine personal appearance and without a superior for intellectual and moral worth in the state where he resides. Colonel, afterwards General Black, was commissioner of pensions under Mr. Cleveland's administration, and is now congressman-at-large for Illinois.

In the fall of 1863, Co. I, of the Third Cavalry, which had been detailed as body guard to Major General Blunt, commanding the first division of the Army of the Frontier, was escorting him and his staff officers from Fort Scott, in southeastern Kansas, to Fort Smith, in Arkansas. Baxter's Springs was a military post with several colored companies as a garrison. It was about half

way between the two forts. On the 6th of October, in the early morning, the post was surprised and captured by Quantrell and his band of guerrillas, and nearly every man of the garrison was murdered. Along in the middle of the day General Blunt and his escort were approaching the post, not imagining that an enemy was within fifty miles. At a fringe of woods bordering the open prairie they were met by a force in blue uniforms which they supposed to be a part of the garrison turned out to welcome them. As the approaching line came within a hundred yards of our men, they made a wild charge, driving the astonished and ambushed body guard in all directions, shooting down every man whom they caught. The guerrillas had clothed themselves in the uniforms of the prisoners within the fort whom they already had massacred. Gen. Blunt and a few with him escaped, owing to the fleetness of their horses. Asa W. Farr, formerly a well known lawyer and public man in this state, was quartermaster of the Third Cavalry, and accompanying this detachment, as also was Col. Z. Curtis, Adjutant General on Blunt's staff, a nephew of the famous General Samuel R. Curtis. The two were captured and taken inside the works at Baxter Springs and kept until four o'clock, when they were shot. A brigade band was with the body guard, its members all inside a large band wagon. Every man was killed. The leader of the band was Henry Pellage, a well known musician of Milwaukee and Madison before the war. One man by the name of Ira Smith was shot and fell. A guerrilla walked up to him and seeing that he was not dead fired five pistol shots into his body. Smith was unconscious, or feigned unconsciousness, and the shots did not prove fatal. He crawled away later in the day and his life was saved. After this massacre

Quantrell proceeded south and joined the regular rebel army with his band. Of Co. I, twenty-two members were killed, and four wounded who escaped to tell the tale of this horror. From some distant hills on the prairie, which Gen. Blunt and the surviving members of the retreating cavalry men occupied, they saw the force of Quantrell go southward. They returned to the ground of the disastrous skirmish, and to the works, where they learned all the facts of the massacre. I saw Ira Smith a few years ago at Reedsburg. He had returned there after his recovery from hospital and his discharge. His mind was shattered from the awful experiences which he had endured. He was receiving a pension of $8 a month.

There was neither amusement nor an opportunity to acquire fame in fighting bushwhackers. The soldiers who served in the Eastern armies knew nothing about this species of warfare, and those who served in the armies of the Cumberland and Tennessee knew but little of it. West of the Mississippi was the bushwhackers' paradise, and there they were active, vigilant, audacious and bloodthirsty. Their operations were suspended during the months when the leaves were off the trees, and the brush afforded them less secret and secure hiding places. During this season they were usually farther south, attached to some regular Confederate force. In the spring they again sought their accustomed haunts and took the warpath in their old neighborhoods. "When my commission comes I will be back again among they'ns," was the remark of a bushwhacker chief. By his "commission" he meant the leaves on the forest trees, to hide his movements and to serve as a cover and ambush for his operations. By "they'ns" he meant peaceable, loyal citizens and the scattered Union troops.

The bushwhackers were generally of that class before the war known as the poor white trash, and were the refuse, scum and offscourings of that population. They lived in cabins, uniformly located in the edge of a strip of woods bordering on the road side. They raised a little corn, turnips and sweet potatoes, by a shiftless and lazy kind of husbandry. For meat, aside from deer and wild turkey, good enough in the proper season, they had strips cut from the sides of shoats running in the woods, and about as wild as the other game. Not one in a hundred could read and write. They were seldom married to the mothers of their children, which grew up around them in savage filth and squalor. They were usually of a yellow, sandy complexion with a sandy beard straggling over their faces, and they had uniformly bad teeth. They talked with a whine and snuffle, or listlessly, and never made a positive assertion, but qualified what they said by what they "allowed," what they admitted "mout" be, or reckoned nigh "thar" or "tharabouts." This language was largely borrowed from the negro dialects and dashed with plantation slang. They were ignorant, uncombed, unwashed, and clothed in coarse cotton dyed in butternut, or in buckskin taken from the deer which they had shot and tanned by themselves.

When the war broke out many of this class enlisted or were conscripted in the rebel army, but they did not stay long. They returned from the field to the neighborhood of their old homes, and hid in the brush to escape the search of the rebel provost marshals. They lived by plunder and outlawry. Many loyal citizens who were murdered in their homes, shot from behind their own gate posts, across their doorsills or through their windows, owed their deaths to these desperadoes. They rendered every country road unsafe, murdering peaceful travelers

from behind fence corners, brush heaps and stumps in the adjoining thickets. Living without moral restraint before the war, they became readily inured to rapine and bloodshed. In some sections they formed quite a large force like that of Quantrell, the notorious Missouri outlaw. In other sections they united in smaller irregular bands, or robbed and murdered separately, each on his own hook. They picked off many stragglers from detachments of Union troops passing through the neighborhoods which they frequented. Such a victim they would strip, and throw his body a little way into the brush by the roadside to decay, or to be devoured by hogs or carrion birds of prey. They had many fine horses, some of which they had possibly raised, and others they had stolen in distant pastures. They had the best arms taken from murdered soldiers or from the plunder of plantations or village stores. They were blood-boltered villians, and some even scalped loyal citizens and Union soldiers after assassinating them. They hung on the flanks of marching columns of Union troops, and sometimes even left their arms and horses hid at a safe distance and strayed into the Union camps, pretending to be loyal refugees, but never making a long stay, or proceeding far from the spot where they were first discovered. They always had some ready lie and pretext, and often carried important news as spies to the nearest rebel outposts.

Their wives were generally found from three to half a dozen living together in a cabin belonging to one of the gang. They were filthy creatures, chewing tobacco and dipping snuff, raw-boned, sallow complexions, frowsly hair, spare, flat-breasted and angular, as a rule barefoot, and from appearances wearing but a single article of apparel. Being asked as to the whereabouts of their husbands they uniformily had a ready, whining and

lying answer. "In the army," meaning the rebel army, or "he's been gone better'n two months," or "he's conscripted," was the more frequent reply, the fact probably being that at the time he was skulking in the brush not a hundred yards away, and would be able before nightfall to "pick off" from some ambush one or more of the detachment engaged in this search for information concerning his band.

Of course many of these bloody wretches paid with their lives the penalty of their crimes. They were sometimes entrapped and caught, and many were shot in encounters with the troops. Union commanders seldom required that they should be brought into camp as prisoners.

Col. Barstow's business enterprises had suffered seriously in the panic before the war, and such interests as remained lost their principal value while in war in the service. After he was mustered out of the service in the spring of 1865, through the influence of friends he procured a permit from President Lincoln to buy cotton and to trade on White and Arkansas Rivers. All traffic in the lines of the armies without such a permit was contraband. St. Louis merchants offered him a large sum of money, sufficient to provide a competence, for the use of his permit in business operations. But he concluded that it was worth as much for himself as for anybody else, and made a trip through the lines to select points for establishing trading posts. On his return to St. Louis he was met by the official information that all restrictions on trade within the territory had been removed and his permit was worthless. He was brevetted Brigadier General March 16, 1865, but was in poor health and died a few months afterwards at Leavenworth.

With a few exceptions, the officers of the Third

Cavalry had been conspicuous in local and state democratic political action. Many of them, including myself, were the personal friends, supporters and followers of Governor William A. Barstow in his campaigns for the previous ten years, during which time he was the recognized democratic leader of the state. We were among those known in Wisconsin as the War Democracy. Benjamin S. Henning, of Oshkosh, David S. Vittum, of Baraboo, Theodore Conkey, of Appleton, Isaac Woodle, of Janesville, John P. Moore, of Platteville, Byron H. Kilbourn, of Milwaukee, W. H. Thomas, of Waukesha, John C. Schroeling, of Port Washington, and others were among the regimental and company officers in this list. Our companion, Dr. B. O. Reynolds, elsewhere referred to, with Major J. B. Pond, the distinguished lecture bureau manager, F. C. Kiser, of Whitewater, Frederick A. Copeland, of La Crosse (also one of our companions), had not become prominent at that time in the political parties. Their excellent records have been made since the war.

The Fourth Cavalry was organized as infantry in 1861, with Halbert E. Paine as Colonel, Sidney A. Bean as Lieutenant Colonel, and Fred. A. Boardman as Major. Their camp of rendezvous was at Racine. In July the regiment was ordered to Washington and remained in that vicinity until the spring of 1862, when it joined the Army of the Gulf, under Gen. Butler. At the capture of the city of New Orleans this regiment was the second to land on the levee. Afterwards it was in constant active service up the Mississippi Valley as far as the outworks about Vicksburg. Col. Paine was assigned to the command of a brigade and was promoted to be Brigadier General March 13, 1863, being succeeded by Lt. Col. Bean, who was killed four months afterward at the bat-

tle of Port Hudson. The regiment was equipped as cavalry, September 13, 1863, and was in many actions in the Southwest. It constituted a part of Gen. Banks' Red River expedition. Col. Boardman was killed May 3, 1864, in one of the series of battles that occurred in Louisiana. For eight months after the war closed the regiment was retained in service in Texas, and the last companies were not mustered out until June, 1866.

The list of officers in the Fourth Cavalry, previous to the change that was made from infantry and afterward, is a muster roll consisting in large part of distinguished names. Gen. Paine had one of his legs shot away at Port Hudson, and at first was left on the field for dead. He was removed and by careful surgery recovered. He was afterwards member of congress and resides in Washington.

Col. Sidney A. Bean was a young man of brilliant ability and high culture, and if his life had been spared he would have reached distinction in some public career. Col. Joseph Bailey, who learned one of the practical branches of hydraulic science as a raftsman on Wisconsin River, saved Banks' army on Red River by constructing what may be called a floating dam across the stream, raising the water so as to carry off the fleet of transports on which the men were loaded. The boats had been left aground on the sandbars with a rebel force approaching to capture them in their helpless position. Gen. Bailey settled in Missouri after the war, was elected sheriff of the county where he resided, and was shot by a highwayman while riding on an official errand along a lonely road. Surgeon A. H. Van Nostrand was a prominent physician before the war and was superintendent of the Madison Insane Hospital after the war. He became a resident afterwards of Green Bay, and recently died there.

The Rev. A. Constantine Barry, a Universalist preacher of Racine, who admitted with infinite humor and kindness, but with a fervor of intense loyalty, that there might be a hell for rebels, was the chaplain.

Harrison C. Hobart recruited Company K, of which he was Captain until promoted to be Colonel of the Twenty-first Infantry and Brigadier General. He planned the general delivery at Libby prison, and was the special hero of that remarkable event of the war. He is among the most highly honored citizens of Milwaukee and among the most highly honored members of this Commandery. He has filled places of distinction in civil official life, and his personal history is an intimate part of the history of Wisconsin for well on towards the last fifty years.

Major George W. Carter, recently warden of the state prison, was Captain of Co. B., and had a leg shot off at the battle of Port Hudson. E. B. Gray, prominently connected with the Grand Army of the Republic, was a Captain in this regiment before he was promoted to Colonel of the 28th Infantry. Major Edwin R. Herron of Stevens Point, Major I. H. Wing of Ashland, the late Capt. S. C. Mower, Governor Peck and Governor Hoard, and Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota were members of the Fourth Cavalry.

An impression has been created to the effect that the casualities of the war were less in number among cavalry troops than among the infantry and artillery. Perhaps this impression was created or has been strengthened by the inquiry often heard at our reunions and camp fires as to "who ever saw a dead cavalryman?" Of course this suggestion was jocular. But it has not been without effect in producing a belief that the cavalry service was less dangerous than service with other classes of troops.

To determine this question as far as Wisconsin troops

are concerned I collected the statistics of losses during the war contained in the Adjutant General's report of 1866. I found the losses and death rate in the Wisconsin Regiments to be as follows:

	No. of Enlistments.	Deaths.	Per cent.
All branches	91,379	10,868	12
Infantry and Artillery	81,514	9,666	11⅞
Cavalry	9,939	1,202	12¼

These are the statistics of deaths during the war, including killed in action and those who died of wounds and disease. The rate of deaths in the cavalry is a fraction of one per cent. greater than that of all the troops, and of course a still larger fractional ratio than that of the artillery and infantry combined.

A comparison with the ratio of the death loss in the entire Union army shows that the ratio of Wisconsin losses in all branches of the service was above the average, as follows:

	No. of Enlistments.	Deaths.	Per cent.
Entire army	2,666,999	280,739	10.7
Wisconsin total	91,379	10,868	12
Wisconsin cavalry	9,865	1,202	12¼

These figures all relate to the total number of enlistments for all periods, including re-enlistments. They are not the figures of enlistments reduced to a three years' basis. For that reason the ratio of deaths is smaller all around than it would appear to be if I had adopted the figures for three years.

I have never heard it remarked by anybody else that the Wisconsin cavalry was remarkable as a school of Governors, though such is the fact. I do not recall that there was any Governor, past or future, in the First Cavalry. General Washburn, who organized the Second

Cavalry, was elected Governor in 1871, and served in that office two years. Colonel Barstow, who commanded the Third Cavalry, was Governor in 1854 and 1855. But it was the Fourth Cavalry that was a forest of gubernatorial timber. Governor William D. Hoard, Governor in 1888 and 1889, was a musician in that regiment. George W. Peck, who was elected Governor in 1890 and re-elected in 1892, was a second Lieutenant in Co. L, from which he was transferred with the same rank to Co. E. Knute Nelson, elected Governor of Minnesota in 1892—having previously served several years in congress from that state—was a corporal in Co. I. General Harrison C. Hobart, who was Captain of Co. K previous to the time when the regiment was mounted as cavalry, was the democratic candidate for Governor in 1859 and in 1865. Only think of it! The Wisconsin infantry regiments, fifty-one in number, furnished but two Governors to the state, Fairchild and Rusk. The cavalry regiments, four in number, furnished four Governors to Wisconsin and one to Minnesota. That is a record to swear by.*

It is true that no Wisconsin cavalry man reached high distinction during the war. But it was not from lack of military capacity, nor of courage, nor of arduous service. The opportunity was not presented. No cavalry officer from this state was given an important command. General Washburn commanded in Western Tennessee, with headquarters at Memphis, for a while; but he was hardly regarded as a cavalry officer, having been promoted to Brigadier General soon after his regiment was ordered to the field, and his Memphis command did not include military operations. Col. Barstow was Provost Marshal General of a district at the Southwest for a few months, but

* A later reference shows that C. K. Davis, Adjutant of the 28th Wisconsin Infantry, became Governor of Minnesota. He is now a member of the United States Senate.

the office was rather political and judicial than military. Gen. Harnden with his detachment of the First assisted in the Jeff. Davis affair, which was one of greater note than any other with which the Wisconsin cavalry were connected. In addition many of our officers were entrusted with duties of great importance in a minor way, but the vicissitudes of the war gave none of them a chance to perform dazzling acts of military adventure which would challenge national attention.

Our cavalry regiments did not serve together—not any one regiment. They were divided into battalions and smaller detachments, and scattered over wide areas of territory. Squadrons of the same regiment were on duty hundreds of miles from each other. Field officers were often idle and isolated, their regiments having been cut up and detailed in different directions for special duty. These are the causes which made our service one of useful and laborious routine, without conspicuous features, not attracting the attention and plaudits of the country.

But the Wisconsin cavalry record is entirely creditable. It is without the stain of cowardice, or treachery. It has no page of refusal to perform duty, nor of the performance of duty with reluctance, or indifferently or inefficiently. In their minor actions and skirmishes they never met defeat. The work which they performed was full of toil, of privation, of peril, of exposure, often of hunger and sleeplessness. It was made up of forced night marches; of shelterless bivouacs; of distant scouts on scant-cooked rations, or without rations except such as were confiscated from the country; of escort duty for officers riding in ambulances; of watching and guarding, while others rested, ate and slept; of lonely sentinel duty on the farthest outposts of the camp; of risks which the advanced guard tempted in

every ambush; of war with guerrillas and bushwhackers, which was full of hardship and danger, but destitute of glory or fun.

In this service there were numberless unrecorded deeds of daring and sacrifice. There were unlaureled heroes—heroes whose names are not emblazoned on the pages of the war histories, regarding whom the trumpet of fame is silent. Twelve hundred and two Wisconsin cavalry soldiers, one-eighth of the whole, were killed in action, or died of wounds and disease during the war. And they died in the most sacred cause for which human blood was ever shed,—

> Whether on the scaffold high
> Or in the battle's van,
> The fittest place where man can die,
> Is where he dies for man.

The payment of this tribute to the cavalry soldiers of Wisconsin is a congenial task to me—perhaps more congenial because it had been neglected by others. It is based on a knowledge which I have that it is merited, for I served in their ranks, and I have studied the reports of their campaigns, which only tell of fidelity, of diligence, of courage, of efficiency, in the discharge of duty. Something more than that. I knew many of these men before the war—in some instances long before the war—in the years which extend back so far towards the morning of my life that they seem to be touched by the rays of its earliest sunlight, and to be bathed in the freshness of its dews and odors. What I can do I shall do, now and at all times, here and in all places, to enshrine in the grateful thoughts and remembrances of the Wisconsin people the names of the men in these regiments, who rendered to them and to the country, the highest, the most heroic, the most devoted service, which patriotism can inspire.

THE WOMEN OF THE NORTH—1861-1865.

By Captain F. H. Magdeburg, U. S. V.

[Read December 7th, 1892.]

IN presenting this paper to the Commandery this evening, I have departed from our custom in the selection of my subject, feeling that I am justified in doing so, by my earnest desire to pay a tribute, I think we all owe, to the brave and patriotic women of the North, who so loyally took up their share of the burdens of war, by doing all in their power to assist the boys in blue during the rebellion.

The first call for troops found the Quartermaster's Department unprepared to furnish the regiments with underclothing and socks, so that it became necessary to find willing hands and nimble fingers to sew and knit rapidly to prepare the soldiers for their departure to the front. The flannel was cut and the wool was in readiness at the Quartermaster's Department to be converted into shirts and socks, and a simple request was all that was needed to bring forward hundreds of women and girls willing and anxious to toil for their country and its brave defenders.

Think how rapid must have been the evolution of the ball of yarn into the warm socks. How the shining needles clicked, how the fair fingers became scarred and roughened, sewing early and late, not only for near and dear ones, but also for those who were strangers—but brothers as well, in the great cause of preserving this Union. Thus the first regiments were sent to their destina-

tion, wearing underclothing almost entirely made by loving and patriotic women.

Wherever companies or regiments were organized, women attended to the comforts of the soldiers, and no company was permitted to leave its rendezvous to join the regiment to which it was assigned, without first being treated to a royal supper and ball, and no regiment left the state without having been feasted once or twice by our good and patriotic women.

From these organizations, which were but temporary, others sprung up which lasted during the war.

Their object was to collect all sorts of necessities for use at the front or in hospitals. Brave women came forward from all the Northern states and offered their services as nurses—not only in permanent Northern hospital stations like those at St. Louis, Washington, Baltimore, Cairo, New Albany and many others; but also in hospitals established within our lines at the South, as at Memphis, Nashville, Vicksburg, New Orleans, also in field hospitals and at the very front.

Too much praise can not be bestowed on these heroic and unselfish women, for they accomplished untold good. Not only at the front were their labors of incalculable value, but many of them toiled diligently at home to collect and make up such articles for the use of the soldiers as the government failed to supply. I feel confident that the present generation has no idea of the amount of good work and brave deeds done by these patriotic women of sixty-one to sixty-five.

I see some here to-night, who, no doubt, were workers in the good cause, by contributing their mite toward the success of the whole.

The Soldiers' Home near our city, is and will be a lasting monument to the patriotism of our Milwaukee

women, as a large sum of money was raised by them, by means of a fair, for the purpose of a home for disabled, honorably discharged volunteer soldiers. This money so raised formed the nucleus of our National Home, of which all our patriotic citizens are so proud.

When the war closed, the returning soldiers received the same attention and feasting, and in fact at every stopping place of note perfect ovations were tendered them—fit welcome for the conquering heroes. The pathetic part of it, however, was that so many of our comrades did not come back to partake with us of this hearty welcome.

Since the close of the war this noble band of women has continued its good work by organizing societies for the purpose of looking after the families of such of our comrades who are not favored with an abundance of this world's goods, and who, either from sickness or wounds, are prevented from making their families as comfortable as they otherwise might have done. Some of our comrades have been improvident and careless perhaps. Their families are also being looked after and cared for, and in fact everything that can be done by loving, true-hearted and patriotic women is being done throughout the North for the surviving Union soldiers and their dependents.

The women who so faithfully worked in 1861 to 1865 have now interested and enlisted the co-operation of younger women, in forming societies to look after the interests of soldiers and their dependents, and thus we are assured that as long as Union soldiers live—or as long as any of their dependents live and are in want, they will be assisted—because these organizations are a permanent institution of the country.

In our own Commandery we have a living example of my assertions. Our banquets are prepared by a band of

these noble women, many of whom are growing gray, but their hearts are young and their hands are willing to work, because the profits derived from their work are devoted to the support of destitute soldiers or their families. The only reward they have is the blessing bestowed upon them by those they benefit, and the satisfaction in their own hearts that they are doing good.

There was another class of patriotic women of whom very little was said or written during the war, though their sufferings and trials must have been equal, if not greater, than our own. I refer to the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of the men who went forth to defend their beloved flag, and the beautiful land over which it had waved so many happy and peaceful years.

Have you ever for a moment considered what their anxieties must have been during that eventful four years? Many of these women must have undergone great privations, owing to the inability or negligence of the government in not regularly paying off its soldiers every month, or at least every two months. The small sum of thirteen dollars per month was very small to live on, and when it failed to come for several successive months their deprivations must have been hard to bear. I distinctly remember the government owing us at one time six months and at another time eight months pay.

Aside from the cares and worries of a precarious subsistence, there was the constant anxiety about their dear ones at the front. Picture to yourself their suspense after the report of an engagement, or a battle, until the certainty came that none of their own kindred were killed or wounded. This strain upon the nervous system was not a matter of a day or two, but usually of a week or ten days, owing to the slow transmission of correct news. Then the woe and desolation when tidings came that the

beloved one was among the slain and was quietly sleeping under the Southern sod. I often think our women were greater heroes than we were, because when an engagement was over our anxiety was ended until the next one, while their suspense was of continual duration, and therefore so much harder to bear.

In the dim past I see in Corinth, in the summer of 1862, a battery of artillery, a part of our division, the members of which are as gallant a looking band of men as ever went to war. This scene changes to one of peaceful farm homes in Minnesota, where wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of these soldiers are busy with their daily vocations. Suddenly a commotion arises, the sharp crack of the rifle is heard, fire bursts forth from some of these soldiers' homes, the marrow-piercing war whoop of the cruel Indians is heard and they appear in their war paint. Then the defenseless women and children are heard to cry for mercy from those who never knew what mercy meant. I drop the curtain to shut out from view this horrible massacre of helpless women and children, whose natural protectors were hundreds of miles away in the service of their country.

This scene recalls another. On a peaceful farm in Wisconsin I see a young wife and mother enjoying the sweet summer air as it is wafted into her room through an open window. On her bed beside her lies her first-born, a boy babe only three days old. The young mother is no doubt thinking of her soldier husband, and perhaps, also, of her three soldier brothers, all far away at the South.

This peaceful scene changes, and a horseman approaches that quiet home at break-neck speed. Reining in his foam-covered horse in front of the house, he calls out to the young mother's father to get to a place of safety as quickly as possible, because the Indians are kill-

ing all settlers, and are only two miles away. The terror-stricken young mother gets up, and dressing herself and wrapping up her babe, comes down stairs closely pressing it to her heart, and insists upon being taken to a place of safety. This can only be accomplished by taking her in a farm wagon eight miles away to Lake Winnebago, where water communication exists with Oshkosh, at which place a regiment of volunteers is camped. In this instance there was no cause for alarm, but nevertheless this scare extended all over the state, and this case of terror and hardship, which almost cost this young woman's life, was undoubtedly not an isolated one. Such were the trials and terrors to which some of the women were subjected during the absence of their natural protectors, who were serving their country.

The farm labor of the country North largely devolved upon the women and girls, something never before known in this country; but in the days of 1861 to 1865 it became a not unusual sight to see women and girls working in the fields. Thus you will see that there was heroism displayed and hardships endured, not only by women who went to the front to care for the sick and wounded, but also by those who remained at home to rear the young, and care for the homes and belongings of our citizen soldiery.

Since the war not a soldiers' reunion has been held, but that noble and patriotic women have come forward and given the participants of such reunions a hearty welcome at their own firesides, and, more than that, they have furnished sumptuous banquets free of expense to the soldiers and their families. May God bless them all!

Let me impress upon our lady guests, the matron, the young wife, the growing girl, the fact that we old soldiers look to them more than to any one else to teach the growing generation patriotism and undying reverence for

"Old Glory," the flag we all love so well, and for the defense of which so many of our brave comrades gave their lives.

And now may the richest blessings of the Almighty ever rest upon those generous, noble-hearted women, who during the weary years of the war did all in their power to aid the brave boys in blue. Nor let His blessings cease till they have extended over all those who are still, and ever will be, the soldier's best friends—the loyal, loving, true patriotic women of the North.

BOYS OF THE LOYAL LEGION.

By Captain Charles King, U. S. A.

[Read December 7th, 1892.]

I DON'T mean to talk to the gray beards to-night, nor to lecture on war history. This is boy night—our boys' night, and I want to forget the crowding years and look back to the old days when, at school, at work or at play, we boys so well knew one another, and when despite the cliques and "crowds"—those mysterious bands into which all boys divide themselves, with their high esteem for all who belong to their own set, and deep disdain for every fellow who belongs to any other—we old-timers really grew to know more about one another and much more of one another, as Milwaukee boys, than is the case to-day. One spot especially do I recall as a general rendezvous for all the youngsters of the Seventh ward—the corner of Mason and Van Buren streets—and there, day after day, towards sundown, did we gather. There stands the old house on the northeast corner yet, but where is the classic fence, so covered with the carved initials or "totems" of Milwaukee youth, then unknown to fame? What mischief-loving scamps we were! What hideous rackets we made there every Fourth of July! What games of "Follow my Leader," "Hunt the Wolf," "Crack the Whip" and "Pull-away," did we not enjoy there? How we raced and scuffled and wrestled and tore! How we East Siders looked down on those swampers across the Milwaukee, or those foreigners down by the Kinnikinnick! Wasn't it about as much as

his life was worth for any fellow like John Mitchell or Kilbourn or Ed. Holton or Sam. Hooker or Charley or Henry Rogers to come over from the West Side, or those Chase boys, from the marsh, to venture into our bailiwick—and weren't—well, some of us, at least, mortally afraid to go over there—and none of us dare set foot alone in the Third ward? We just owned Milwaukee, or thought we did. We could whip all the rest of it without half trying. Didn't we have the four Wright boys, from Cass street, regular fighters—all of 'em, and George Merrick, quick as a cat, and George Peckham, tough as hickory and always pugnacious? Think of it! Our revered, bald-headed, spectacled "scientist"—school superintendent of to-day! Didn't we comprise the scions of most of the families that had any boys at all in that Mason street crowd? Wilkie Bloodgood, tall and a leader always, Billy Mitchell, nattiest sergeant in the new Cadet company; Charlie Starkweather, long and lank; George Des Forges, the sexton's boy, short and dumpy; Jim Sawyer, always neat as a pin; Arthur MacArthur, always in mischief. Didn't our crowd at the High School out-top our envious surroundings (tho' Johnny Parkinson did black an eye for me during recess, and Oscar Pierce wanted to fight any two of us of his age), and then how we used to guy those big boys like Mandy Townsend, Will Collins, "Lish" Hibbard, Al. Webber and Joe Oliver, who were above taking notice of such small fry! It was hard lines to cut loose from that crowd and go East to Columbia, but vacation brought me home each year until —until all of a sudden, in 1861—we were face to face with the first dawn of a struggle, the like of which the world has never seen, and then—how the Milwaukee boys began to show up at the front!

That the men should go, everybody expected, but how

mothers cried and protested when the boys clamored for the right to volunteer! How the boys cried and "kicked" when some were called too young, yet persevered and got there—every boy I've named, and oh, so many, many more from the old school. How soon they began to be heard of in Virginia or Kentucky, and how soon, in the fiercest clash of battle, they met their gallant foe, and so many, so very many, fell gloriously grouped about their flag.

"Hear that music!" said Wilkie Bloodgood to me one day before the war, as our old Light Guard came marching down the street. "It makes me feel as though I could go through anything."

He proved his martial spirit all too soon, and died foremost in the battle front at Second Bull Run; and natty Billy Mitchell, my cadet hero, a Captain at 21, went down leading his men at Chickamauga; and George Adams and Johnny Parkinson were shot dead in the dash for the stone wall at Fredericksburg; and sturdy George Bleyer was killed at Stone River; and then, while we are talking of them and of the boys who, had they not met their soldier fate in those days that made and *welded* the Nation, would have been here in the flesh—as they are in spirit—Companions of the Loyal Legion, to-night—may I not speak of other Milwaukee boys who were not exactly in the "crowd" I tell of—yet made their record in an array grand and glorious? I could not begin to tell you all. Let me speak of one single regiment wherein the "boys" were prominent—wherein George Bleyer and Christian Nix (who enlisted in the old Sixth and won their commissions in such battles as the Iron Brigade fought)—gallant Lieutenants both—received their death wounds at Stone River, and Fred Schlensted at Jonesboro', and Gus Goldsmith at Chickamauga, and Tommy Keith at Adairsville,

and Philbrook, an older boy, but a fellow the youngsters loved—killed at Franklin on the eve of his promotion; and "Mandy" Townsend, one of the big boys we used to guy when he first sported the "*toga virilis*" as worn in the 50's, in the shape of a black frock coat—one of our best—he met his fate, Captain commanding his company, in battle in Arkansas; and then, though we had owned him but a short time, there was that gallant son of Scotland—Bob Chivas—shot at Chickamauga, yet standing to his colors until killed at Mission Ridge; and gallant Howard Greene, another Captain, killed at the head of his company in the same fight. That must have been a fine company—"B," of the old 24th—but the whole regiment was made up of Milwaukee boys, for that matter, and Charley Rogers took the command of "B" after Greene was killed, and kept it till 1864, and then turned it over to another of the old crowd, a boy who was shot at Resaca and again at Adairsville, and still could not be "knocked out," for he kept at the fighting and got his double bars and ought to be sitting somewhere here to-night—George Allanson. And another of our boys, commanding another company of the 24th there, and caught Sheridan's cap-waving signal and shoved ahead with his men when Grant himself and old "Pap" Thomas thought they were to halt at the foot of the heights, and never stopped till he and they were atop of the Ridge, with Bragg's army breaking away before the rush and cheer of the Union line—and he must be browsing around here to-night—Captain Parsons. And they had still another little cuss of a Captain who started out with "Lish" Hibbard and Joe Oliver in the boy Zouaves in 1861, and who nearly jammed a bayonet through me, confound him, the night the sudden orders came for our brigade to cross the Potomac, and I was rushing 'cross

sentry post to beat the long roll and forgot the countersign. There was no fooling with him when he was sergeant of the guard. Why, the rebels shot him clean through and through at Mission Ridge and only floored him a month or so. It would have killed any other man, I believe, but it had the most astonishing effect on him. That boy's got a grandson in the army to-day. You ask him if he hasn't. He's around here, somewhere—Tommy Balding.

And then there's my next door neighbor and long time special chum, for we were in one kind of scrape or other as far back as I can remember. As late as the summer of 1860 we went camping out on Lake Pewaukee and borrowed a man's boat to row across in when we were so hurried we hadn't time to tell him about it on one side, and forgot about fetching it back when we got to the other. And you'd never believe what a row the man raised about a little thing like that. It was lucky for us the other war broke out when it did. Why, that boy was only 17 when he drew sword as Adjutant of the 24th, and only 18 when he rallied them round their colors in the storm of shot at Stone River; only 19 when thrice wounded at Franklin; only 20—the boy Colonel of the West—when he led their charge and planted the flag on the rebel crest at Mission Ridge. Then talk about boys—there was my desk-mate at the old First Ward School, a little red-headed terrier, "quick as a cat," shot all to pieces at Stone River and brought home to live for many a year a wonder to his people—George Merrick; and that older boy whom I only got to know and honor long afterward, shot into smithereens at Chaplin Hills, yet lived to wear the horse collar as our beloved commander, here, —Ed. Ferguson. Talk about boys: Why, all our crowd seemed to have gone, and how many there are who wear

honorable scars—Henry Reed and Oscar Pierce, Henry Rogers and Warren Graham and dozens of others. It was a Milwaukee boy who fell—first sacrifice of all the thousands laid by Wisconsin on our country's altar—George Drake—at Falling Waters; and I can think of only one family that had more than two boys that was not represented under the colors at the front. Some of them sent their all, and wherever they fought they left their mark, and scores of them have met "their soldier's resting place beneath a soldier's blow." And still, though so many of the old set are gone and so very many never reached the grade of officer, but fought the long war through, like heroes, in the ranks—boys whose names are too many to mention, but whose deeds are held in honor and respect and told again in song and story—there are still some of the old laughter-loving, prank-playing crowd left to claim their seat in the councils and at the board of Wisconsin's Commandery of the proudest military order on the face of the globe to-day;—boys who would exchange the right to wear that ribbon for no wealth or title England or France combined could offer—boys who gather here with silvering temples and dimming eyes to fight the old fields o'er again, and renew, month ofter month, the pledge of their fidelity to the old flag—boys who look around them this night and thank God with full hearts for these—our boys of to-day—the new boys, who can be relied upon to grow in manliness and strength and love of country; to stand alert and eager, should ever again our Union be assailed, or our flag defied, to do valiant battle as did the Badger Boys in the War of the Rebellion, and one by one step forward here to take their soldier pledge of fealty, and here to receive, as most priceless heritage, a soldier's welcome, to wear the badge the father won—the insignia of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

REMINISCENCES OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

By First Lieutenant Cornelius Wheeler, U. S. V.

[Read April 5, 1893.]

I HAVE selected as my topic for this occasion the Battle of Gettysburg, not intending, by any means, to give a description of that, the greatest and most important battle of the war, for it is not within the province of any one participant to do that from actual observation, but to give something of my personal experience and recollections. That it was the great battle of the war I think there is no question, and I am proud to have been a participant in it, even in my small and unimportant way. I was at that time Orderly Sergeant of Co. I, of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, of the now famous Iron Brigade, of the 1st Division, 1st Army Corps, Army of the Potomac.

From the 28th of April, 1863, when it broke camp at Belle Plaine, Va., the Corps had been on an almost constant campaign;—was at Fitz-Hugh Crossing on the 29th of April, and Chancellorsville, May 2d, and the brigade was on an expedition to the Northern Neck, a point between the Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers, May 21st to the 26th, for the relief of the 8th Illinois Cavalry, which was reported as having been cut off by the rebels. During this time the brigade made a march of 120 miles for the five days; was up and down the Rappahannock and Rapidan; out to near Culpepper, Kelly's Ford, Brandy Station, Bealton, Fitz-Hugh Crossing again, Hartwood Church, Deep Run, Spotted Tavern, Catlett's Station, Centreville, Gum Springs, Herndon Station, Guilford Station, Franks-

ville and Edward's Ferry. There it crossed into Maryland on the 25th of June; marched through Poolesville to Barnesville, thence across Sugar Loaf Mountain and the Monocacy River at Greenfield; through Adamstown, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, over the Catoctin Mountains, to near Jeffersonville in Middle Valley, and to Middletown, until June 28th, when it recrossed the Catoctin Range and camped near Frederick City. On the 29th it marched north, via Lewiston, Catoctin Furnace and Mechanicsburg, and on the 30th moved out along the Emmettsburg pike towards Gettysburg, and bivouacked on Marsh Creek.

On the morning of July 1st the Second Wisconsin Regiment was mustered, showing 306 men, of whom 278 were combatants. Shortly after 7 o'clock the regiment moved out on the Emmettsburg pike at the head of the brigade, towards Gettysburg, without any particular anticipation in general of a fight on that bright morning, although we were all beginning to feel that we were getting near to Lee's army, which of course we understood was making a raid upon the North,—that we were running a race with it, and that a battle could not be far off. While I say that there was no anticipation in general of an impending battle, there were exceptions, and there came to me that morning two cases of presentiment—the only cases which came to my knowledge during my experience as a soldier. We had not been long upon the march before Sergeant Joseph O. Williams of my company, a soldier who had never missed a skirmish, a battle or a day's duty, who had done a soldier's duty at Bull Run, Gainesville, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Fitz-Hugh Crossing and Chancellorsville, and through skirmishes too numerous to mention, all without a scratch, came forward and fell in alongside of me at the

head of the column, and opened up a conversation by saying that he did not feel quite right, that he felt as though something was going to happen to him, and that he should not get through the day. I laughed at him and told him he was foolish to feel so blue, there seemed to be no trouble ahead for the day, but if there should be, that he would come out all right as he always had done. Poor Joe did not have much more to say and soon fell back to his place. But he was right. He fell—shot dead at the first volley we received as we made our charge that morning, not two hours later.

Soon after Sergeant Williams had left me, the Sergeant-Major of the regiment, George H. Legate, who had been promoted from a sergeantcy in my company, came forward from the rear of the column, and he, too, had a presentiment and said, "Corny, we are going to have a fight to-day, and I will not come out alive." I laughed at him also, and told him he was the second man who had been to me, and that it was all nonsense, that there was no prospect of a fight and that if he really felt that way, he had better not go in if there should be one, as he could easily avoid it—that a Sergeant-Major was not of much account in a fight, anyway. But George said "No, I will stay with the regiment whatever happens," and stay he did, and died a soldier's death. He was shot during the afternoon attack.

We had moved out on the Emmettsburg pike at the head of the Iron Brigade, as before stated, and in the lead of the 1st Army Corps, and of General Reynolds' left wing of the Army of the Potomac. When within about a mile of Gettysburg, Buford's Cavalry was seen and heard to be engaged with the enemy off to the left or west, and about a mile distant. Almost immediately orders came from the front to our Colonel, Lucius Fair-

child, and the regiment filed off from the road into a field at the left, and across that field into another, and soon came the order "Forward, into line," followed with "Forward, double-quick." Forward we went into line and towards Buford and to his relief. As our guns were not loaded, Colonel Fairchild gave the order, and we loaded as we double-quicked. The regiment soon passed over the intervening ground and over Seminary Ridge south and west of the seminary, and met Heth's Division of A. P. Hill's Corps, which was posted on a wooded ridge about half a mile west of the seminary, receiving a volley as we advanced to the crest of the ridge, which cut down nearly one-half of the regiment, but, not daunted, it continued the charge upon the rebel line, crushed it and drove it in confusion across Willoughby Run, capturing the rebel General Archer, and some 600 of his brigade. At Willoughby Run the regiment was halted to await the results with the other regiments of the brigade; for the Second, as on the right of the marching column, had gone into line and forward on the double-quick, and it very naturally took the balance of the column some little time to get forward. After a wait of about half an hour the regiment was withdrawn from its advanced position and placed on a new line at nearly right angles with that just left, facing the north, but after a short time the line was again reformed, its location this time being near the summit of the ridge but somewhat to the right of where the battle had opened, and facing again to the west.

Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Stevens was mortally wounded, Lieutenant Winnegar was killed, Colonel Lucius Fairchild received a wound which cost him an arm, and Major-General John F. Reynolds was killed just as the charge ended at the crest of the ridge. He fell imme-

diately in the rear of the right of the Second Wisconsin, and not over 100 feet distant.

While the Iron Brigade was engaged in this charge, the Second Brigade, under Brigadier-General Lysander Cutler, had passed on to the right, and to the north of the Chambersburg pike, and became engaged in a hot fight in which it was not quite so successful as the Iron Brigade had been, but the Sixth Wisconsin having been detached from the latter just as it was going into action, went forward to the right to Cutler's assistance, captured a Mississippi regiment of several hundred men, saving the day in that part of the field.

This practically ended the fighting for the forenoon. The Second Wisconsin Regiment remained in line in the new position at the apex of something of an angle, being nearly joined on the right by the new Pennsylvania Bucktails, the Eleventh Corps prolonging the right, the balance of the brigade and division to our left, until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the rebels advanced to the assault along our whole line in overwhelming numbers, and from then until about half-past four o'clock it was a continuous struggle, advancing, retreating, and contesting every foot of the way. The ground was rolling, the little ridges running nearly or quite north and south, and as the rebels would drive us over a ridge we would reform on the other side and give it to them as they came to the top, and often ran them back some distance, but on the whole they were too much for us, and we could never gain quite so much ground as we had lost; and so it continued until we were forced back to the Seminary Ridge, where artillery had been posted, and there a stand was made for some time, but the Eleventh Corps having given away on the right, and the left having been turned, the position at the seminary became untenable, and what

was left of the First Corps was forced to fall back through Gettysburg in considerable disorder. That we did not fall back any too soon is manifest by the fact that about 5000 of our men were captured before they could get through Gettysburg; and I know that when I passed up the street leading to Cemetery Hill, the rebels had appeared at each end of the cross streets, and it was like running a gauntlet as the bullets came from both sides. At Cemetery Heights the artillery having a good position, our troops naturally concentrated, and a stand was made which the rebels did not seem to care to contest, and the first day's battle at Gettysburg was ended.

Late in the evening the Iron Brigade, then reduced to the size of a very small regiment, was placed in position on Culp's Hill to the right of the Baltimore pike.

The losses of the Second Wisconsin in this day's battle were 2 officers and 25 men killed, 10 officers and 144 men wounded, 5 officers and 47 men missing, leaving a regiment of 45 men under command of Captain George H. Otis. I, as First Sergeant and ranking officer, was left in command of Company I, nine men, the largest company in the regiment.

The brigade remained unengaged in its position on Culp's Hill during the succeeding days of the battle. From this position not much of the field of operations could be seen, excepting from the top of the hill in our rear occupied by the artillery, and not a very comfortable place for sight-seeing. We lay anxiously awaiting the result of the afternoon fight on the second, at the Peach Orchard and Little Round Top. Later we listened to the desperate attack made upon our extreme right on Culp's Hill, which was followed by a night attack across our front on Cemetery Hill, upon the 11th Corps, by Early, and in which the rebels succeeded in forcing our infantry

line back through the artillery, capturing Rickett's battery and spiking two of his guns, but were soon driven out again, this ending the battles of the second day.

July 3d opened with heavy artillery firing from the enemy, which after some hours gradually slackened, with no particular result. During the forenoon there was a heavy engagement just to our right on Culp's Hill, in which, after some hours of hard fighting, the rebel General Johnson was compelled to retire by Geary's and Ruger's Divisions of the 12th Corps. This fight lasted until about 11 o'clock A. M., after which came an ominous calm, and the whole army lay waiting in expectancy of the next move. About 1 o'clock the rebel batteries opened from along the whole line, to which our batteries soon began to reply, and then ensued probably the most tremendous artillery duel of the whole war, lasting for about two hours. The ground fairly shook beneath the feet of the assembled armies from the terrible concussion; the skies were clouded with smoke, and the air filled with shrieking shot and shell, the explosion of caissons, the groans of the wounded, and the yells of men, until it seemed as though hell itself had broken loose. About three o'clock the cannonading ceased, and soon after came that magnificent charge of Pickett's with his 17,000 men upon Hancock's center, in which they came on and on, never faltering or swerving, but gallantly closing up their ranks as they were swept by our batteries, until they reached the front held by the gallant Gibbon and his Division of the Second Corps, when there came a struggle, indeed to the death, and during which it seemed as if even the grand fighting veterans of the Second Corps, with Hancock and Gibbon in their midst, could not repel the charge, but they did. The gallant rebel army made its charge in vain, and had made a glorious failure—glorious for themselves for

having made one of the most magnificent and desperate charges in the history of war, and glorious for the Union because the death-knell of rebellion was sounded then and there. During the charge, and while the rebels had temporarily gained the Union line, our brigade was hastily rushed across to Hancock's support, but just as it came within helping distance, the charge had failed and the brigade returned to its position on Culp's Hill. With the failure of Pickett's charge the battle of Gettysburg was practically ended.

Of late years it has been something of a disputed point as to what infantry troops opened the battle of Gettysburg, which at the time of the battle was generally supposed to have been the work of the Iron Brigade, with the Second Wisconsin in the lead. General Doubleday, who was in command of the First Army Corps on that day, and who succeeded General Reynolds in command of the left wing at the death of the latter, and many others, have claimed that the battle was opened by Cutler's Brigade of Wadsworth's Division of the First Corps. General Doubleday, in an article on the battle of Gettysburg, published in the February number of the North American Review, 1891, states regarding the opening of the battle on July 1st:

"Buford's Cavalry, since early morning, had been holding on desperately to the ridge nearest the water (meaning Willoughby Run), contending with two large divisions of Hill's Corps, while the First Corps was five miles away to the south, on Marsh Creek. As it was all quiet there, and the stress of battle lay with Buford, Reynolds hastened forward with the nearest troops at hand—two small brigades of Wadsworth's Division, and directed me to bring up the remainder of the corps as soon as possible.

"*Having withdrawn the pickets and put the two other divisions enroute, I galloped ahead and reached the field just as the contest began between Cutler's Brigade on the right, against Davis' Confederate Brigade. Meredith's Brigade* (the Iron Brigade) *was still on its way a quarter of a mile to the rear.* In the meantime I had sent an aide to ask for orders, and received this message from General Reynolds in reply—'Tell Doubleday I will hold on to this road and he must hold on to that one.' This was the last order he ever issued.

"Archer's Confederate Brigade, however, which formed the right of the attacking column, did not advance by the town road, but attempted to take possession of a piece of woods between the two roads. Reynolds imprudently rode in there, almost unattended, to reconnoitre. As he turned his head to the rear to see how near we were, one of the enemy's sharp-shooters must have seen him, and put a bullet through his neck, killing him instantly. As Meredith's men came on, I made a short address to them, telling them that this was the decisive battle of the war, and that the result would decide whether the Confederate President or Abraham Lincoln was to rule the country. I urged them to take the wood and hold it at all hazards. Full of the memory of their past achievements, they replied, 'If we can't hold it, where will you find the men who can?' They went forward enthusiastically, entered the grove, and not only overpowered Archer's brigade, but captured him and the greater portion of his men."

In his article on Gettysburg, in "Campaigns of the Civil War," page 128, General Doubleday says: "While this fighting (referring to Buford's Cavalry) was going on, and Reynolds and Wadsworth were pressing to the front, I was engaged in withdrawing the pickets and assembling the other two divisions, together with the

corps artillery. As soon as I saw that my orders were in process of execution *I galloped to the front, leaving the troops to follow, and caught up with Meredith's Brigade of Wadsworth's Division, commonly known as the Iron Brigade, just as it was going into action.*"

This was the same brigade which was a "quarter of a mile to the rear "when the General galloped to the front, and to which he subsequently made a short address as "it came on," as stated in the article in the North American Review. Surely, this little bit of history has gotten somewhat mixed.

At the time General Doubleday overtook "the Iron Brigade, just as it was going into action," if he did so, it was after it had marched across from the Emmettsburg road, which had been its route from Marsh Creek to within about a mile of Gettysburg, with the Second Wisconsin leading the brigade, and to Seminary or Oak Ridge in front of the seminary, when it went into line and forward on the double-quick to the second or wooded ridge, about half a mile west of the seminary, when it encountered Archer's Brigade of Heth's Division, routed it from its position, driving it across Willoughby Run, and capturing General Archer and the greater part of his brigade.

We gather from General Doubleday's various statements that Cutler's Brigade had engaged Davis' Confederate Brigade on the right, or to the north of the Chambersburg or Cashtown road, and that it had been repulsed and nearly overpowered before the Iron Brigade (Meredith's) went into action, and that General Reynolds was with it, for General Doubleday says (Campaigns of the Civil War, page 130):

"I reached the field just as the attack on Cutler's Brigade was going on, and at once sent my Adjutant-General,

Major Halstead, to General Reynolds to ask instructions. Under the impression that the enemy's columns were approaching on both sides, Reynolds said, 'Tell Doubleday I will hold on to this road (referring to the Chambersburg road) and he must hold on to that one,' meaning the road to Fairfield or Hagerstown."

History has it that General Reynolds was killed at the opening of the battle, which is quite true, and he was killed directly in the rear of the right of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, and not more than 100 feet distant. He was struck by a stray ball immediately after the volley the Second Wisconsin received as it charged over the top of the ridge where Archer's Brigade was lying. The writer was at that time on the right of the regiment, and as the line came to a temporary halt when it reached the top of the ridge, he turned to look for those of his company who had fallen, and glancing down the slope to the rear saw General Reynolds fall from his horse. This was on the ridge "nearest the water" (in General Doubleday's words), "which Buford's Cavalry had been desperately holding on to."

General Doubleday and General Wadsworth in their official reports place the time of General Reynolds' death at about 10:15 A. M., at the beginning of the attack. Lieutenant-Colonel Mansfield of the Second Wisconsin, and Colonel W. W. Robinson of the Seventh Wisconsin, in their reports, fix the time of leaving the Emmettsburg pike and advancing to the attack as about 10 A. M. General John Buford, commanding cavalry, says in his report, "A portion of the 3d Indiana found horse-holders, borrowed muskets and fought with the *Wisconsin* regiment which came to relieve them."

In the reports of the action of Cutler's Brigade, Captain James A. Hall, 2d Maine Battery, says—"We opened

with shot and shell at 10:45 A. M. In 25 minutes from the time we opened fire, a column of the enemy's infantry charged up the ravine on our right flank." Colonel William Hoffman, 56th Pennsylvania, says—"We reached Gettysburg and engaged the enemy at 11 A. M." Captain John E. Cook, 76th New York, says—"At about 10:30, being the extreme advanced regiment of the First Corps, we reached the battlefield near the seminary at Gettysburg."

From the reports of Confederate officers in the official records, Lieutenant-Colonel S. G. Shepard, 7th Tennessee, Archer's Brigade, says—"We had advanced (from Cashtown) about three miles when we came upon the enemy's pickets, who gradually fell back before us for about three miles, which brought us in sight of the enemy upon a slight eminence in our front and *to the right of the road.* General Archer halted for a short time while a section of artillery opened fire upon them. He then deployed the brigade in line and advanced directly upon the enemy." General John R. Davis, commanding a brigade of Heth's Division, says: "I moved in rear of Archer's Brigade with three regiments of my command. When within about two miles of town, our artillery was put in position and opened fire. I was ordered to take position on the left of the turnpike (Cashtown), and with the right resting on it. press forward to the town. At about 10:30 a line of battle was formed. The line of skirmishers advanced and moved forward about *one mile*, driving in the enemy's skirmishers, and came within range of his line of battle which was drawn up on a hill in a field a short distance in front of a railroad cut. The engagement soon became very warm."

So, from the records it appears that the engagement between the Iron Brigade and Archer's Brigade took place between the roads and at an earlier hour than is claimed

in any of the reports, Union or Confederate, for the engagement between Cutler's and Davis' Brigades on the north of the Cashtown road.

General Doubleday has always given Cutler's Brigade credit for the infantry opening of the battle. General Cutler having once been in command of the Iron Brigade, during which time it was sometimes referred to as "Cutler's Brgade," it is possible that General Doubleday may have been misled in his opinion as to *which* of Cutler's Brigades was in the lead and opened the battle. The Iron Brigade made no halt from the time it left the Emmettsburg road until it became engaged; it listened to no speech from General Doubleday; it heard no musketry firing at the right, as it must have done had there been any; it went into the fight on the double-quick and fought in advance of General Reynolds, and at the time when he was killed at the opening of the battle.

In addition I have the testimony of a gentleman, Mr. H. J. Fahnestock, at that time a resident of Gettysburg, now of Watertown, South Dakota, who in a letter to me says:

"Buford's Cavalry came into Gettysburg on the evening of the 30th of June, and they opened the fight on the morning or forenoon of the 1st of July, dismounted. I could not see the opening of the fight by Buford's men, nor by the First Army Corps from my residence, as the Seminary Hill and the grove to the west of the hill and the buildings intervened to prevent it. What I did see was the First Army Corps going on the field of battle, which I saw from the upper porch or balcony of my house. The First Army Corps came in on the Emmettsburg road on the forenoon of the 1st, passing as I saw them along the base of Seminary Hill, and crossed over the hill at a point south of the Chambersburg turnpike, and along the hill

south as far as, and beyond, the Fairfield road. There is no question that the opening fight was between the two roads (the Fairfield and Chambersburg pikes) and spread later in the fight to the north, beyond the Chambersburg pike. The spot where Reynolds is reported to have received his death-wound was at a copse of trees almost due west from the main seminary building, and about equidistant between the Fairfield road and the Chambersburg pike."

This was where the Iron Brigade, the Second Wisconsin in advance, opened the battle of Gettysburg.

THE SIGNAL CORPS OF THE ARMY DURING THE REBELLION.

By Captain W. W. Rowley, U. S. V.

(Read May 3, 1893.)

THE acquiring of knowledge is always accompanied with satisfaction, but the imparting it to others is to the ordinary man a far greater satisfaction. When this cannot be done by personal intercourse, other means have to be resorted to.

From the earliest history of man, and indeed I believe I can safely say from the first gleam of intelligence in created beings, signals have been used to convey desires, whenever, from any cause, it could not be done by speaking. Even in personal contact, how much is conveyed by a glance of the eye, shrug of the shoulder, or motion of the hand! In olden times, during the combats of the gladiators, with what intense interest the signal from the monarch was looked for, which would give life or death to the fallen athlete, and how many a heart has been raised to ecstatic joy, or plunged into depths of despair, by the wave of a fan or the flirt of a handkerchief.

In the more serious relations of life, we are told how fires were lighted on one hill top, then another and another, until the whole land in this manner would be notified of some important event, and, if necessary, the whole country would be aroused to meet the threatened danger.

For a long time marine signals have been in use, both by naval and merchant ships to communicate with each

other, and to such an extent has this been carried, that a uniform and comprehensive system has been adopted by the leading nations of the world, called "The International Code of Signals," by which messages can be transmitted from ship to ship, as well as to stations on the coast, which have the code. It is by this means that a ship coming in sight of a light-house station, signals its name to the station, which is by the latter transmitted by telegraph to the agents on the main land, who in turn announce to the public the arrival of the vessel many hours in advance of her reaching the dock. A short time previous to 1861, during the campaign of Colonel Canby (afterwards General) against the Navajo Indians in New Mexico, there were serving on his staff, Dr. A. J. Meyer, Assistant Surgeon, and Lieutenant Alexander of the Engineer Corps. The idea of forming a code of signals to use with the army was thought to be practicable by these two officers, and they, with the approval of the commanding officer, at once set to work to demonstrate its feasibility. To assist them they obtained the services of two Lieutenants, S. B. Cushing, 2d Infantry, and W. J. L. Nicodemus, 10th Infantry. To the work of these officers on the sunburnt plains of New Mexico are we indebted for that arm of the service known as the "Signal Corps."

Upon the breaking out of hostilities between the North and South they had so far perfected the system of signalling that Dr. Meyer was enabled to present to the War Department a somewhat crude but complete system of signals, which was looked upon with so much favor that, on the 15th day of June, 1861, General B. F. Butler was authorized to organize the first Signal Corps, which was done at Fortress Monroe by detailing eleven officers as acting signal officers, to report to Major

Meyer at that point. There were detailed with each officer two enlisted men; stations were established for instruction and practice by Major Meyer, so that after a few weeks these officers were qualified to teach the system to the different divisions of the army during the summer of 1861. Subsequently a camp of instruction was established at Georgetown, D. C., from which acting signal officers and men were furnished to the army by order of the War Department. The Signal Service was not made a separate bureau until some time in the year 1863. Meanwhile the Southern army was organizing a Signal Corps upon the same system. Of the two officers who first formulated the code on the plains of New Mexico, one, Dr. Meyer, upon the breaking out of the hostilities, remained loyal to the Union, and became Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army, with the rank of Colonel. The other, Lieutenant Alexander, cast his fortunes with the Confederacy, and became Chief Signal Officer of the "Lost Cause." The result of this was an equitable division of the skilled corps of the old army between the Northern and Southern armies, giving each an opportunity to signalize itself.

The code at this time consisted of the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, with which, by their various combinations, any message could be transmitted. To accomplish this a flag was used by day and a torch by night; the flags were all of the same size but of different colors, the color being of no significance in conveying the message, but was selected simply to give the most marked contrast to the background. In sending a message, the flagman would stand facing the receiving station, holding the staff in an upright position, upon the end of which was attached the flag or torch, the movement from thence to the left describing a quarter of a circle and return to vertical

signified the numeral "one," similar movement to the right, "two," movement one-half circle from right to left, "three," from left to right, "four."

When the army was in camp for any length of time permanent stations would be established, bringing the whole line into communication with the General commanding. Upon each of these stations it was customary to put two officers and four men. The signal outfit for each officer consisted of two enlisted men, one telescope, one field glass, one set of flags and one torch, the officers and men being well mounted. On the march, or changing stations, the officer carried the telescope and field glass; the flag-staff, which could be disjointed, together with the flags and torch, were put in a kit made to hold them, which was arranged to be carried slung over the shoulder of one of the men. An officer thus equipped could at any moment establish a signal station and do effective work.

Upon a station the telescope was at all times kept trained upon the communicating stations, which were watched by a man, day and night. The men were divided into reliefs and were on duty two hours at a time. This enabled the calling up any communicating station at any time, which was done by waving the flag or torch to and fro until the station replied. Whenever the army was on the march in the vicinity of the enemy, a signal officer would frequently be sent to some point commanding a view of the country, and from there would report by signals whatever he saw of interest. Whenever a battle was imminent, the officer in command would station a signal officer on the eligible points of the battle field for the purpose of watching and reporting movements of the enemy, as well as of our own troops, but seldom could more than one message be sent from such a station, owing to the

constant changes of the lines of either army. At such times the officer kept his flag flying, which was watched by a man at headquarters, who was especially selected for that purpose. It is manifest how difficult and perilous was the duty of an officer on such occasions. Signal officers not required for signal duty would be used by the General commanding as personal aides. When on the march it was no uncommon thing to see, away to the front, frequently in advance of the skirmish line, a few mounted men, with the little signal flag flying, on their way to spy out the land. At first their appearance created great wonderment among the troops, who were sorely puzzled to make out their purpose, but soon it came to be a familiar sight, and whenever the little flag, fluttering in the air, swiftly borne onward by the gallant officer and men towards the front, was seen, the soldiers were sure to keep watch of it—for they understood that if any danger was imminent, it would be reported at once by the flag. Whenever the Army co-operated with the Navy, the Signal Corps became very useful in keeping open communication between the two arms of service. The officer perched in the cross-trees could easily send or receive any message to or from the signal officer on shore.

At the time when Commodore Farragut, the "Nelson" of our Navy, was preparing to run the batteries at Port Hudson on the Mississippi River, he asked for two signal officers to accompany him. Upon going on board the flag-ship "Hartford," they reported personally to the Commodore. One of the officers being apparently overcome by his surroundings, with more zeal than wisdom, remarked to the "Old Sea Dog" that "orders are orders, and must be obeyed, if it takes the last cow in the yard." Probably he did not relish the outlook of the near future,

when he would be perched in the crow's-nest, midst the storm of iron hail through which the gallant old war-ship must pass. It is only fair to say that both these officers did their duty faithfully, for which they were commended by the Commodore, and when the paymaster next visited the camp they were on hand to draw their pay quite as prompt as any of their comrades.

In establishing stations, the highest accessible points would be selected, and if the country was a plain, where no "mountain lifts its green head to the sky," the top of some large tree, or roof of a high building would be utilized. If a tree, a few boards or rails would be placed upon the topmost branches for the flagman to stand upon, and just below stood the officer with his glass. Such improvised stations were frequently made use of for many days at a time, but if the station was to be used for any length of time, the platforms on the tree would be made quite secure, and ladders arranged for easy ascent and descent.

When several signal stations were established to open up a line of communication, it was practicable to locate them about eight miles apart, though under favorable conditions messages have been transmitted over fifteen miles, but this was exceptional. For ordinary work the distance of eight miles was as far as messages could readily be transmitted. One would be surprised to see how quickly messages were thus transmitted, with two officers accustomed to work together. Four to six words a minute was nothing unusual, and often much better results were obtained from the abbreviation of familiar words.

Under the management of Lieutenant Alexander, the Southern army organized a Signal Corps about the same time and upon the same system as that of our army. Whenever they made use of this corps in the vicinity of

our lines it was no unusual occurrence for our officers to obtain their code by watching them. As the messages were usually directed to the General in command, the combinations used in sending his name would give a key, so that after a little time the entire code would be obtained. I have no doubt but that the Southern Signal Officers obtained our code in the same manner. At all events, to prevent such an occurrence, Colonel Meyer adopted a disk which could be set to any number, each officer being furnished with one. When an officer wished to send a message, he would first send the number upon which the disk would be set, which served as a key to the entire message. No one, however well skilled he might be, could decipher the words without having the disk before him, especially as no two messages were sent upon the same key.

Some of our officers developed great talent and became experts in reading messages of the enemy, and it was surprising to see with what facility they would pick up the code. In doing that work, the officer was frequently exposed to great danger from the sharpshooters of the enemy, who were ever on the alert for a target. No one, unless possessed of personal bravery and a clear, cool head, could well succeed in such a business. The officers composing the Signal Corps were, as a body, bright, active young men, fully alive to the possibilities of the corps, and always ready to do any work or take any risk that might be of service to the army. Indeed, many of them, with the reckless enthusiasm of youth, would incur greater risks than were necessary.

With his little flag flying, he made a special target for the enemy, and to capture him was deemed a great prize, for there was always the hope of finding in his possession some orders or papers which would give information of

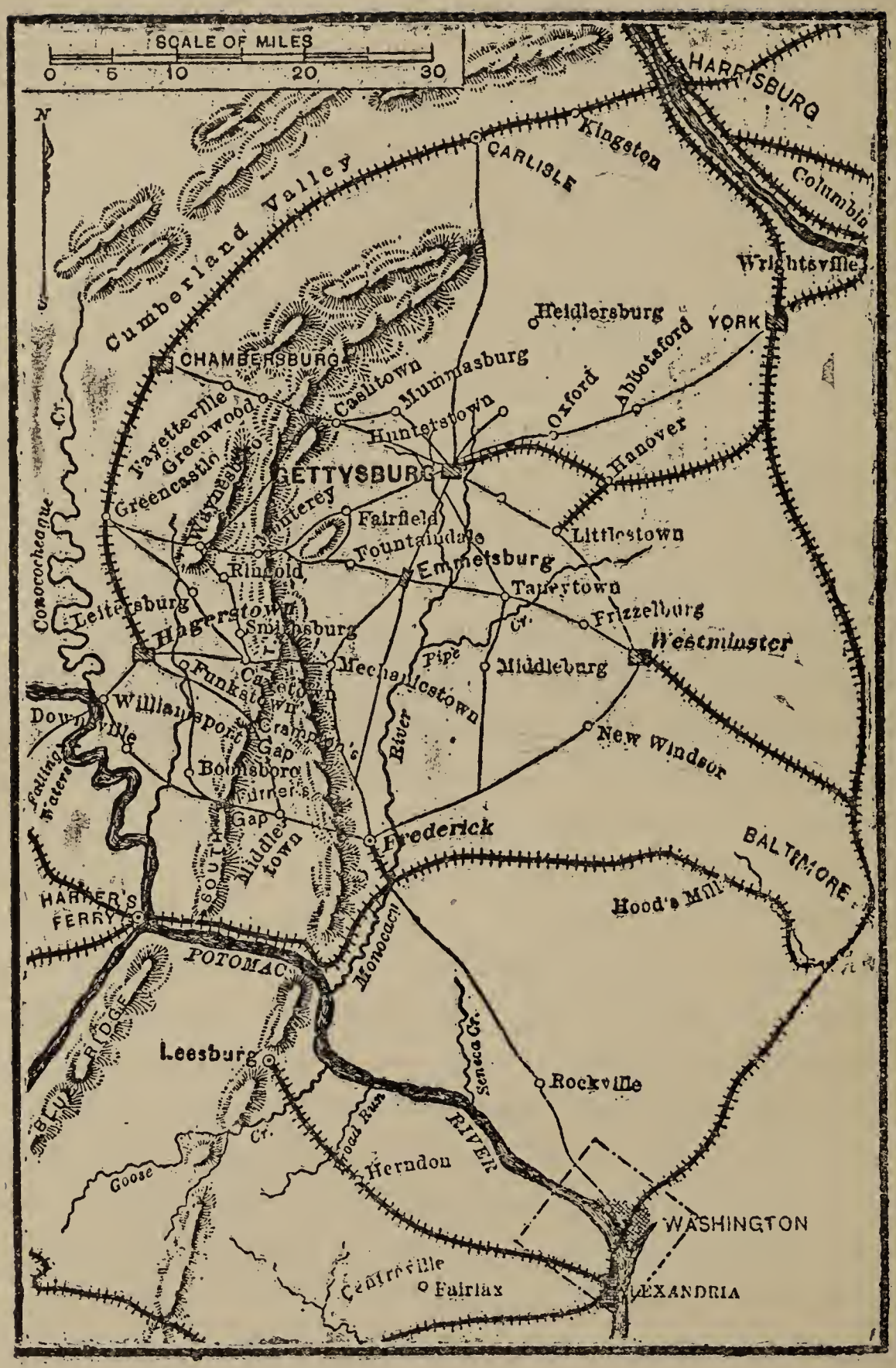
movements of troops, or some knowledge which could be taken advantage of by the captors.

Though several officers were taken prisoners during the war, no information of any value was in that way obtained, for the officers were strictly ordered to destroy all papers, together with the code of signals, whenever there might be any chance of their capture.

The lot of the signal officer was comparatively pleasant. His occupation gave him a latitude of freedom which many officers of higher grade did not enjoy. He was often located on stations far removed from the troops, and with his brother officer and four or five men would constitute a little camp, as free and unrestrained as any fisherman's camp of the north woods in summer. It rarely became monotonous, for there was always enough danger to make it interesting and sometimes exciting. When stationed upon some far-off mountain top, it would be quite necessary to cultivate friendship with the occupants of the nearest farm-house, for not only could much-needed supplies be obtained from that quarter, such as butter, eggs and milk, but it frequently involved his personal safety. So, usually, after getting his station well established, he would begin to cultivate the friendship of his neighbor. To do this, frequently required a good bit of diplomacy. If friendly approaches, accompanied with pleasant talk, failed to overcome the stubborn prejudice of the head of the house, a little coffee, with compliments to the madam, was pretty sure to bring a smile of welcome, which once being obtained, very easily grew into real friendship. The hatred and dislike of the Southerner for the Northerner was, as a rule, held against the latter as a body, and did not extend to individuals, so, when approached by one in the garb of friendly intercourse,

he was ready to make it an exception and extend the old-time hospitality to the friendly foe, and, if circumstances required, would protect him from any danger by timely warning. The signal station was always an attractive spot for visitors, and many an hour has been most agreeably spent with the ladies of the vicinity who were kind enough to gladden the signal camp with their presence, and the horse-back rides, taken in their company, will ever remain in the memory of the signal officer like the bow of promise on a storm-rent cloud.

In the war of the future (if there is to be one) the lot of the signal officer will be quite different. Instead of the free, independent life which left him at liberty to roam over the country, looking for mountain summits from whose heights woodland and plain, rivers and valleys were spread out beneath him in Nature's rich display, he will be confined in the car of some balloon tethered to the earth, with the consciousness, "Thus far cans't thou go and no farther."


SCALE OF MILES
0 5 10 20 30
N
HARRISBURG
Kingston
CARLISLE
Columbia
Cumberland Valley
Wrightsville
Heidlersburg
YORK
CHAMBERSBURG
Abbotsford
Mummasburg
Cashtown
Oxford
Fayetteville
Greenwood
Hunterstown
Hanover
Greencastle
GETTYSBURG
Waynesboro
Monterey
Fairfield
Fountaindale
Littlestown
Emmetsburg
Rinzold
Taneytown
Leitersburg
Hagerstown
Smithsburg
Frizzelburg
Westminster
Conococheague Cr.
Pipe Cr.
Mechanicstown
Middleburg
Funkstown
Caretown
Williamsport
Downsville
Crampton's Gap
River
New Windsor
Falling Waters
Boonsboro
Turner's Gap
Frederick
BALTIMORE
Middletown
SOUTH
HARPER'S FERRY
Hood's Mill
POTOMAC
Monocacy
BLUE RIDGE
Leesburg
Seneca Cr.
Rockville
Broad Run
RIVER
Goose Cr.
Herndon
WASHINGTON
Centreville
Fairfax
ALEXANDRIA

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

By Colonel Edwin E. Bryant, U. S. V.

[Read October 4, 1893.]

THE purpose of this paper is to give a general account of the battle, or rather series of desperate engagements, which history designates as The Battle of Gettysburg.

Description of the Locality.

The little borough of this name was in 1863 a village of 3000 people, perhaps more. It is the county seat of Adams county, in the heart of a well-cultivated region of upland farms. Geographically, it is some twelve miles north of the southern state line of Pennsylvania, twenty-five miles southeast of Chambersburg, eighty miles northwest of Baltimore, about one hundred miles a little west of north of Washington, and forty miles north of Frederick City, Md. Some seven miles to the westward of Gettysburg the ridges of the South Mountain shut out the western horizon and divide this region from the Cumberland Valley.

The village is the center of an excellent system of roads, a fact that gave it strategic importance in the minds of both hostile commanders before an armed force of either side came near it. From the south of the village the Taneytown road enters. From the southeast the well-macadamized Baltimore pike comes in, joining at the south side of the village with the Emmetsburg road that approaches from the southwest. The Hanover road comes in from the east; the Hunterstown road from the

northeast; a mile further north the Harrisburg road leads in from the same direction. Directly from the north the Carlisle road enters the village. From the northwest the Mummasburg trends village-ward—a sort of detour from the Chambersburg pike to touch Mummasburg. From the west-northwest the Cashtown or Chambersburg pike leads direct from the last named place to Gettysburg, joining with the principal east and west street, while from the west-southwest the Hagerstown road joins with the turnpike on the western suburb. Thus it will be seen that the roads run out of the place, at all points, like spokes from the hub of a wheel.

Two little streams, ultimately tributaries of the Monocacy River, flow southward—one of them half a mile east of the village, called Rock Creek; the other a mile or more west, called Willoughby Run. Midway between them a little streamlet, known as Plum Run—often mentioned in narratives of our fighting on the Union left—takes its rise in the fields some two miles north of the village, and flows south, and to the westward of Round Top. Another little stream called Stevens' Run flows just north of the village in an eastern direction, and empties into Rock Creek, northeastward of the town.

Northward of the village one-third of a mile, between the Mummasburg and Chambersburg roads or pikes, stands the Pennsylvania College. Westward of the village, midway between the converging Chambersburg and Hagerstown pikes, is Lutheran Seminary, on a slight elevation, which runs thence south, bearing westward, called "Seminary Ridge." Its course is about half-way between the Willoughby Run on the west and the Emmetsburg road on the east.

About two miles south of the center of the village two cone-shaped hills rise up and dominate the surrounding

country. The one nearest Gettysburg is Little Round Top, about 150 feet high, its bold surface covered with rocks of fantastic shape, and from a distance seemingly inaccessible. About 550 yards from the summit, and a little west of south, Round Top looms up some 210 feet above the level of the village. On the western side a vegetation, fed by the decomposition of the syenitic rocks, sends up a scant herbage and hardly hides the ruggedness of the huge, shapeless blocks of stone, by the foliage of a few oaks of gnarled and scrubby growth. The two hills are separated by a narrow defile. At the western foot of the two hills a little thread of a stream—the eastern branch of Plum Run—creeps along through a ravine, and its western shore is a wild, weird spot, full of caverns and recesses and ill-shaped rocks, and which is fitly called "the Devil's Den."

From the Little Round Top northward runs a distinct ridge, toward the ancient burial place of the neighborhood. This cemetery lies just south of the suburbs of the village and overlooks it, the village lying at the north foot of this ridge and about 80 feet below it. The ridge called Cemetery Ridge runs, as just remarked, northerly from Little Round Top to the southern suburb of the village, where it is highest. It then bends to the east toward Rock Creek, then turns southerly to Culp's Hill. Indeed, Gettysburg may be said to be at the northern slope of this ridge, at the bend.

This line, the "fish-hook shaped" ridge, from Little Round Top to Cemetery Ridge, thence swinging round to Culp's Hill, was destined to be the position of the Union army. Its front, northward and eastward, is admirable for defense. From Cemetery Hill southward to the Little Round Top it is little more than a perceptible rise or elevation, and the infantry in its front could be sheltered

only by the stone walls and fences that extended along the sides of Taneytown road. A slight ridge to the north of the Seminary trends northeast, and is known in the descriptions of the battle as "Oak Ridge," or "Oak Hill." The country, aside from these ridges, is gently undulating. The season, in June and July, is suggestive only of rural repose, heightened by the soft haze and glimmering heat, that give an appearance of warmth, distance and tranquillity to the prospect.

THE APPROACH OF THE HOSTILE FORCES.

Early in June General Lee, commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, left his defensive position on the south bank of the Rappahannock, moved by way of Culpepper up through the valley between the Bull Run Mountains and the Blue Ridge, thence over into the Shenandoah, thence down that valley, crossing the Potomac into Northern Maryland; thence his several corps pushed their way into Pennsylvania. There they scattered terror and dismay, seizing vast quantities of horses, cattle, forage, provisions, clothing, foot-wear, plundering farms and levying enormous demands upon the cities and villages. Harrisburg was threatened, Philadelphia in danger; both places at work day and night throwing up earthworks. The militia was arming. Frantic appeals were made to President Lincoln to send the Army of the Potomac, in which were so many Pennsylvania regiments, to defend the loyal state from the rapacious invaders. Thousands of people were fleeing to the north of the Susquehanna, driving their horses, mules and cattle before them; and these immense caravans were pouring through Harrisburg, seeking safety in northern counties.

General Hooker, commanding the Army of the Potomac, was intently watching Lee. Hardly had Lee started

on his northern movement, when by a bold and skillful reconnoissance of the cavalry at Beverly Ford and Brandy Station he unmasked Lee's movement; and the Army of the Potomac then left its camps on the Rappahannock, and was by June 10th sweeping northward on all roads west of the Potomac and eastward of the Rappahannock River and Bull Run Mountains. The necessity of covering Washington delayed him for some days, as it was always feared at the capital that Lee's moves northward were mere feints to uncover Washington and then pounce upon it. On the 25th and 26th the entire Union army crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, a few miles below Harper's Ferry, and moved toward Frederick City, the point of concentration.

On the 30th of June the headquarters of the army were at Marsh Run, near Emmetsburg, whither General Meade, succeeding Hooker in command, had moved it. The First Army Corps extended from Marsh Run to Emmetsburg. The Second Corps was at Uniontown, some 20 miles southeast of Gettysburg; the Third Corps at Taneytown, some 20 miles southeast of the scene of the battle; the Fifth Corps was at Liberty, 10 miles northeast of Frederick; the Sixth Corps at Manchester, some 10 miles east, and the Twelfth Corps, under General Slocum, was at Littlestown, some 12 miles southeast of Gettysburg. Thus it will be seen that the Union army was thrown northwest *in echelon* so as to cover Washington, and threaten Lee should he move, as was feared, on Baltimore. The cavalry was mainly at Hanover, east-southeast of Gettysburg, pursuing Stuart's Confederate cavalry. This dashing Confederate cavalry officer, by his unwise raid, in crossing the Potomac near Dranesville, on to Rockville, near Washington, thence northward, eastward of our armies, had deprived Lee at a most critical time

of his cavalry; and many Confederates think his absence lost Gettysburg to the Confederates.

Lee was startled on June 28th to learn that the Army of the Potomac had crossed into Maryland, and was advancing upon him. He at once ordered a concentration of all his several corps at Gettysburg—Early's division of Ewell's Corps from York, Ewell himself from Carlisle, another part of his command from Kingston, thirteen miles from Harrisburg, Longstreet from Chambersburg and Hill from the rear; and all, on June 30th, were, by various roads, in rapid motion toward the little village.

Neither of the commanders intended to bring on the battle at this place. But General Buford, commanding one of the divisions of cavalry, which had been drawn in and was moving northward feeling for the enemy, came into Gettysburg on the noon of June 30th. There he saw signs, and gained information by bits and fragments, which to a well-trained soldier indicated that Lee's forces were moving on that place. Experienced in war, as he was, Buford saw with a quick eye the military advantage of holding Gettysburg, the center of so many roads. He determined to make a stout resistance, in order to check the enemy, and enable Reynolds, whom he knew to be near and coming, to reach the place in advance of the Confederates. Driving out the small squadron of the enemy which he found there, he took position on the north and west sides of the town, along Oak Ridge and Willoughby Run. He said to Devin in the evening, "Rest assured the enemy will attack us in the morning. Their skirmishers will come thundering along three lines deep; and we shall have to fight like devils to maintain ourselves until the infantry comes up." He spent a busy night. His little force of 4,200 men were disposed so as

to look as formidable as possible; and scouting parties were kept out all night, for the scared citizens of the region dared give no information. They whimpered that "the rebels threatened to burn their houses, if they told anything."

THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.

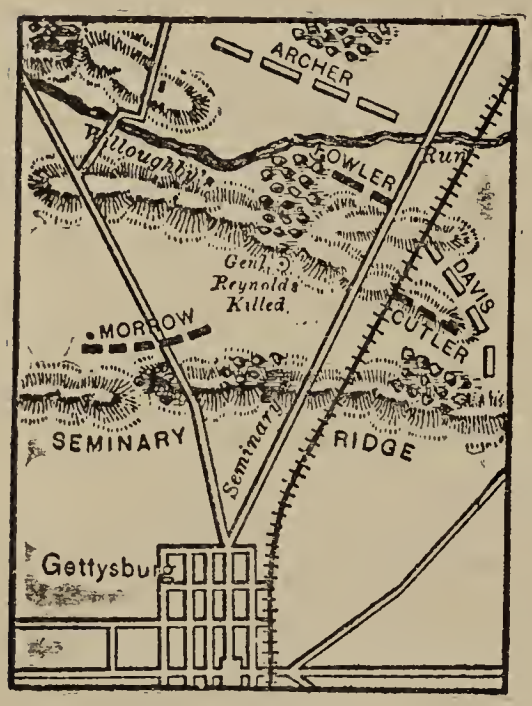
And, sure enough, the next morning General Heth, of Hill's Corps, which had bivouacked the night before within six miles of Gettysburg, came on. Buford's scouts on the Cashtown road (the Chambersburg pike) reported a rebel column advancing.

By eight o'clock on July 1st Heth is at the western slopes of Willoughby Run, where he formed two brigades in line and sends out a cloud of skirmishers. Buford's men, well ambushed, dispute the rebel advance so stoutly that Heth supposes he is confronted by infantry. The stout-hearted troopers cling to the front, while in the distance long columns of Confederates can be seen hurrying on. It is a critical moment. Buford's last reserves are ordered to the front. He serves the guns of his horse artillery himself. He looks anxiously for Reynolds. A full hour his bold troopers hold their ground, while the rebel columns are coming upon the ground and deploying to right and left. Buford climbs into the belfry of the Seminary on the hill in rear of his lines, and looks anxiously toward the Union camps for succor. On the Emmetsburg road he sees a Union column coming. It is the advance division under Reynolds, pushing on at forced march to the sound of the guns. Descending hastily, to go and find Reynolds, he meets him at the foot of the stairs. "The devil is to pay," said Buford, "but we can hold them till the First Corps comes up."

Reynolds at once orders up Wadsworth's (1st) Division (First Corps) to the relief of Gamble's Cavalry of Buford's

Division, which for an hour and a half has been holding back the Confederate advance. He sends word to Gen. Howard, who has left Emmetsburg, to press forward with all speed, and to the other two Divisions of the First Corps to hasten on as fast as possible.

Wadsworth's two small Brigades, Cutler's (2d Brigade) and Meredith's (1st), called "the Iron Brigade," are the first upon the ground. Cutler, leading the advance, comes up first, and with Hall's battery is placed upon the right and left of the Cashtown road, northwest of the village, a little eastward of Willoughby Run. The Iron Brigade, which, on nearing the town, had "cut across lots" to the northwest, was ordered to occupy a piece of woods on the left of the road, and skirting the Run. By the time these two brigades are moving to their positions, the four brigades of Heth's Confederate Division, having deployed, come on. Cutler hastily deploys under fire and is assailed by Davis' Mississippi Brigade. Archer's (Confederate) Brigade rushes forward to seize the wood toward which the Iron Brigade is hastening. Doubleday, commanding the First Division, orders Meredith to take instant possession of the wood, for a glance discloses its importance. Meredith begins to attack. His "Iron Brigade," tempered in many battles, swings forward into the woods. The Second Wisconsin is led by Col. Lucius Fairchild, without waiting for the others, which follow *in echelon*.

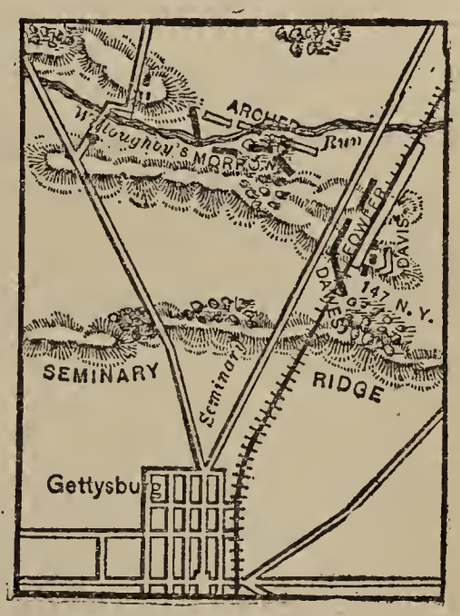


The position when Cutler's Brigade came upon the field.

The men of the Iron Brigade "push forward," says the

Compte de Paris, "with a dash which astonishes the Confederates," and breaking their line capture 1000 prisoners —among them Gen. Archer himself—driving the remnants of the enemy's brigade beyond the stream, pushing the disorganized troops at the bayonet's point. In this brilliant onset Col. Fairchild received the wound whose honorable disfigurement he has since borne.

But Cutler meets with a check on the right of this division's line. The ground affords him no protection, and the three right regiments receive the onset of Davis' Brigade, which pushes them back two or three hundred yards to the main ridge which connects Oak Hill and Seminary Hill. At this juncture Doubleday orders forward the Sixth Wisconsin, under Lieut. Colonel Rufus Dawes, which had been left in reserve at the Cemetery. They eagerly rush forward, bearing to the right. Coming up with that part of Cutler's Brigade which is still in position, they open a murderous enfilade upon Davis' Brigade. This, in attempting to front the new enemy, throws itself into the cut of the railroad, where its fire is deadly. Dawes throws a small part of his command upon his right, across the end of the cut, so as to enfilade the enemy's line, and pressing him in front, carries the position at the bayonet's point, capturing part of two regiments with their battle flags, and setting free the 147th New York, which, bravely standing its ground, when its supports fell back, had been practically surrounded by the enemy. This bold move also restored one of Hall's guns,



The position at the time Dawes' Sixth Wisconsin captured Davis' Brigade and rescued the 147th New York.

which had been left, horseless, when the right of Cutler was pushed back. Meanwhile the gallant Reynolds has fallen in McPherson's Woods, near where Col. Fairchild had received the shot which shattered his arm, and Doubleday takes command. At eleven the combined attacks of Davis and Archer have failed. They have been thrown back across Willoughby Run, with the loss of half their effective force. At half-past eleven Doubleday is gladdened by the sight of Rowley's and Robinson's Divisions of the First Corps close at hand. He deems it best for the *morale* of the men, for the effect upon the enemy, to make a still longer stand at this outer line. As Robinson comes up he divides his force, sending Stone's Brigade to the right and that of Biddle to the left. The other division is left in reserve at the Seminary, where it hastily digs a few trenches.

Hardly are these troops in position, when Heth opens the fighting again. Brockenbrough is sent to flank Biddle's left. Pettigrew, with his own and the remnants of Davis' Brigade, assaults Stone's Union Brigade; but Stone's men are staunch Pennsylvanians. They shout "We have come to stay," and many kept their word; they never left the spot, for the ground was exposed and the fire upon them most deadly. By this time Hill has Pender's Confederate Division of four Brigades in hand, which, with Heth's four, gives him numerical superiority. But unaware of the plans of Gen. Lee, he merely puts them in line and opens on the Federal position with 80 guns. Other men are hastening to the ground on our side as well. Barlow's Division of the 11th Corps is pushing on by the Emmetsburg road. Schurz and Steinwehr are coming by the Taneytown road, each with a division of the same corps. Howard has sent them at the call of Reynolds. Steinwehr's Division is left in reserve on Cemetery Hill. Schurz's

Division, commanded by Gen. Schimmelpfennig, and Barlow's are placed on the right of the line, in prolongation of that formed by Doubleday's forces, and extending eastward.

Almost simultaneously Rodes' Confederate Division approaches from the north, on the Carlisle road, and swings around under cover and unperceived and threatens the right of Cutler's position. Cutler is relieved by fresh troops, and Rodes fares badly. Robinson's Division deals it severe blows; and out of Overson's Brigade nearly two North Carolina regiments are captured.

Thus far all has gone well with the Union forces. But new actors on both sides pour in. Ewell's veterans, Stonewall Jackson's old Corps, men wonted to victory, come in on the Heidlersberg road. Our cavalry, under Devin, opposes its approach, but its clouds of skirmishers, skulking behind every object of shelter, push on three deep. Doubleday sends word to Howard to keep Ewell off his flank. "Tell Doubleday to fight on the left, and I'll fight on the right," says Howard.

The Confederates now greatly outnumber the Union forces. They pause in the conflict and prepare for a general advance. They had two Divisions of Hill's Corps and two of Early's—fully half their army, and the rest in easy supporting distance, with a front of nearly two miles of deployed battalions, with others in reserve en masse. This line came on with most determined resolution. It was checked here and there. The rebel left struck the northern extremity of the First Corps, and there was a gap between that and the Eleventh. Baxter's Brigade was sent in to fill it; Paul's Brigade, also, was sent in—both of Robinson's Division (1st Corps). After most determined fighting, the lines of our troops facing north were driven back by sheer weight of numbers. The line of Biddle on

the Union left, facing westward, was assailed by an overlapping line. Meredith's Brigade fought with valor unsurpassed. The whole First Corps, which had fought so gallantly in the morning, are now hotly engaged. As the enemy advanced in great force from the north, evidently aware of their numerical superiority, Howard had attempted to cover too long a front. It was at length broken in; and Ewell entered Gettysburg, capturing thousands of stragglers and wounded men, who had gathered in there.

It is not within the scope of this brief sketch to give a full narrative of the later phases of this first day's battle. The Eleventh Corps was crowded back by superior numbers, but not until its losses in killed and wounded were 2,352. The Twenty-sixth Wisconsin (one of the regiments of the Second Brigade of Schurz's Third Division) alone lost, in killed, two officers and 24 men; in wounded, 11 officers and 118 men, while two officers and 60 men were reported captured. This gallant regiment, but a few months before, had shed imperishable lustre on our state, at Chancellorsville, in the wreck and crash of the Eleventh Corps, by Stonewall Jackson's sudden assault upon its left flank. The regiment fought desperately and with magnificent courage there, to stay, to hold back the onset of the Confederate columns, till succor could come to repair the break. It lost 158 officers and men, of whom only three were reported as missing. With equal gallantry it fought at Gettysburg, in that stout resistance of the first day, made for the purpose of gaining time for our army to come up and choose a good position. In the roll of honor of Wisconsin's regiments, none are more deserving, none have a more glorious record than this regiment, which suffered such severe losses in so many of the great, historic battles.

Barlow's Division, of the Eleventh Corps, fought on the Union right north of Gettysburg. The Brigades of Gordon and Hays, of Early's Confederate Division, under cover of wooded ground massed on his flank; and his line, too weak to confront the forces in its direct front, fell back to the almshouse on the Harrisburg road, southward of the point where it crosses Rock Creek. The Eleventh Corps, flanked on its right and exposed to a heavy oblique fire from the hill in front of its left, gave way. Gen. Barlow was left on the field supposed to be mortally wounded. The left of this Corps was first crushed in by an overwhelming charge of the enemy. The First Corps, with its left turned, its supports on the right swept away, fell back also, after desperate fighting from its arrival on the field at 10 A. M. until four o'clock in the afternoon.

But while this stout resistance was made, while the brave stand against such overwhelming odds was delaying the enemy, Howard had fortified Cemetery Hill. This commanding ground he saw, as Reynolds had seen before him, was the point on which to rally. Here the accomplished Steinwehr, trained in all the military science of Fatherland, planted guns, covered them with lunettes, and disposed the troops to resist assault, and thus formed the nucleus of that splendid line, which afterwards resisted the maddest assaults of the flushed and confident foe.

Thus ended the first day's battle. It secured to us the position at Gettysburg. Though brought on contrary to the intention of either party, as history tells us, the splendid conduct of Buford, the magnificent generalship of Reynolds, the heroic efforts of Doubleday's men, and of the Eleventh Corps, though ending in a reverse for the day, secured us the ultimate victory at Gettysburg.

Slocum's Corps, the Twelfth, came upon the field at about half-past four, having rapidly marched from Littles-

town. Geary's Division, the Second in that Corps, came in after Williams and was sent to the left, reaching there about six P. M., and took position to the left of Graham's Brigade, and thence to and upon the Little Round Top. Williams was ordered to carry Wolf's Hill, and his Division was in line and under a brisk skirmish fire, when it was learned that the enemy were already in Gettysburg, and the possession of the hill of no importance; and the order to charge this height was revoked. About 3 P. M. Gen. Hancock arrived upon the field, finding the Eleventh Corps and parts of the First crumbling away and falling back into town. He was sent on by Gen. Meade to take command of the troops on the field. General Howard refused to give up command, so Gen. Doubleday states, but between them the troops were advantageously posted on Cemetery Ridge and the high grounds extending thence to Culp's Hill.

General Slocum was then, by Meade's direction, placed in command, for a short time, of all the troops in the field, as Hancock was to leave to confer with Meade; and Slocum ranked Howard. About 1 o'clock in the night General Meade came upon the ground and examined the position as soon as morning dawned.

Such dispositions of the troops were made that on the morning of July 2d the line was formed thus:

The Eleventh Corps fronted to the north along Cemetery Hill, across the Taneytown road towards Culp's Hill. Wadsworth's Division of the First Corps—or rather the remnant of it—was on Culp's Hill. Robinson's Division, on our left, extended as far south as the little clump of trees called Zeigler's Grove, say two-thirds of a mile south of Gettysburg. Thence Hancock had prolonged the Second Corps, as far as the Little Round Top, on our left. On our right, General Williams, with his First Division of

the Twelfth Corps, was on the left (east) bank of Rock Creek, to protect our flank in that direction. Geary's Division of the same Corps was extended on the left of Birney of the Third Corps to the Little Round Top.

During the battle of the first day General Sickles had been requested to come forward. He put his nearest Division (the First of Third Corps) in motion at once, and that Division came upon the field at 5:30 P. M. The Second came in at about 1 o'clock on the following morning (July 2d). General Sickles, in placing his troops in position, not fully understanding the plan as to line of battle, threw the line of the Third Corps out westward along the Emmetsburg road, to the place on the maps called "the Peach Orchard," about two miles and a half out from Gettysburg. As this threw his left flank in the air, he refused his line, throwing it back in a right angle, so that his left reached out towards the rocks at the base of Little Round Top. The line thus established was necessarily weak in parts and faulty in formation, according to the rules of military art, as it exposed an angle or corner to the enemy in an unfortified place. If the enemy could crush in the angle, either flank was at his mercy. This position of our troops gave the enemy his opportunity, and he was quick to see it. Lee determined to hurl his forces upon it, to crush in the part of Sickles' line facing south, and then take the other in front and flank.

SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

The scenes in the village on the afternoon of the first day and the morning of the second deserve a brief mention. Our wounded had been taken there, and the dwelling houses of the town, the porches and orchards were filled with wounded men. Thousands of Confederates gathered in there—officers, stragglers, men out of ranks,

for the disorganization of victory is nearly as bad as the disorganization of defeat. The Confederates were confident. No doubt entered their minds that they should utterly defeat the Army of the Potomac.

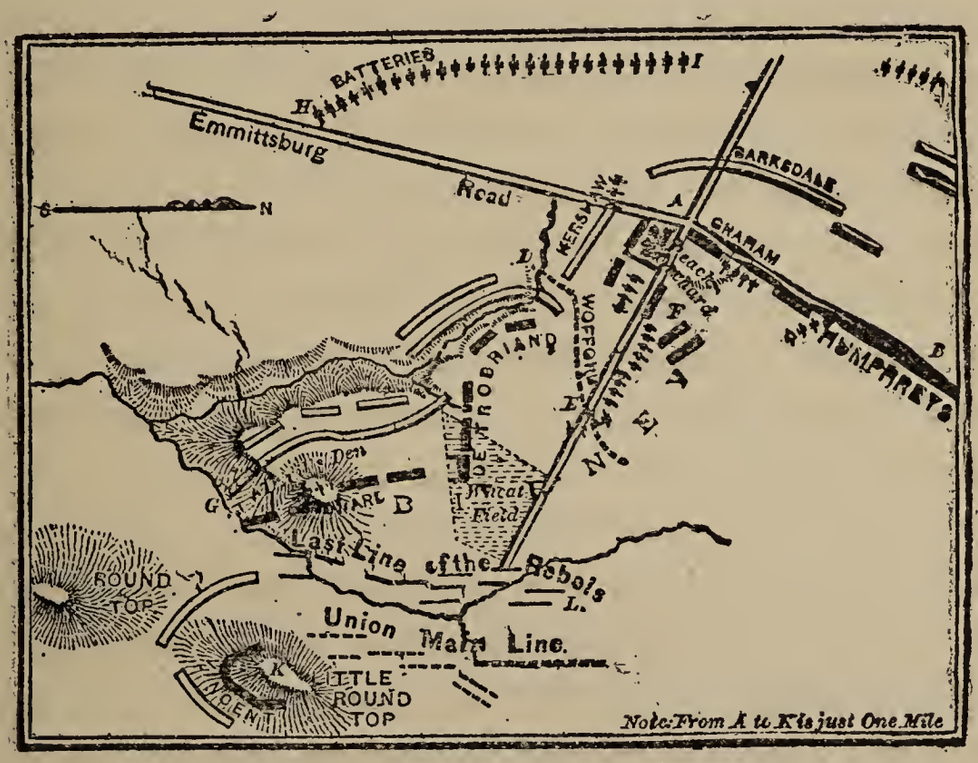
During the early morning of July 2d, the Division of Williams (First of the Twelfth Corps) was brought across Rock Creek and placed along the west bank of the creek, his left running northward up Culp's Hill. Ruger's (3d) Brigade was on the right. Part of Ruger's Brigade extended to the right hand, southward across a little swale or meadow, to a little rise of ground called McAllister's Hill. Along this line strong breastworks were thrown up, facing the creek; and the position was made very formidable. Trees in front were cut out, the logs used for breastworks. Stones were rolled into the fortification or into hollows, and thus a fine defensive position was prepared. On this line Ruger was commanding Williams' Division, while Williams temporarily commanded the Corps. This division was on the right, Geary's of the same Corps had been brought across from the left of our line and was on the left of Ruger, extending up Culp's Hill towards Gettysburg.

The enemy, in planning the assault upon Sickles, at the Peach Orchard, on our left, and upon his two lines which angled at that point, had also ordered Ewell at the same time to assault our right at Culp's Hill.

At about 3 o'clock, or a little later, the enemy opened on the left, assaulting Sickles with great fury. The first attack was made along the line near the base of Little Round Top. General J. Hobart Ward's Brigade (the Second of the Third Division, Third Corps) received the first onset of Hood's Confederate Division. Ward's left rested on the rocky depression called the "Devil's Den." His right extended to the wheat field eastward of the Peach

Orchard. As the enemy formed his lines in the cover of woods, his assault was sudden and furious. Ward made a stout resistance, advancing his line.*

The Confederate attack, by Benning's and Anderson's Brigades, on Ward was soon followed by an advance upon De Trobriand's and Graham's Brigades, on our line, to the right of Ward. Kershaw's Confederates assailed them. De Trobriand (commanding Third Brigade, First Division, Third Corps) made a gallant resistance, even send-



The attack of the second day on the Union left, and attempt to carry Little Round Top.

ing some of his regiments to the relief of Ward. But, as his left was crushed in, he fell back into the wheat field, re-formed his men and returned to the attack. Graham fought his brigade with his usual gallantry. Himself severely wounded, he refused assistance in leaving the field. A heavy line of the enemy upon his right crowded back his line, and he was made prisoner. His troops fell back under the great pressure.

*Out of 1,500 men in his brigade over 800 were killed or wounded. Out of 14 field officers he lost 8.

We must now leave the battle, raging here in the wheat field and the Peach Orchard, and turn to Little Round Top. The enemy, in making their dispositions to attack Sickles' left and his refused line, perceived the strategic importance of this hill. They saw that, if in their possession, they could mount guns upon it and dominate the left, rendering the Union position untenable. They sent Hood's Division to carry the hill. As they were approaching, Gen. Warren, Meade's chief of staff, had gone upon Round Top to see the situation. He found there only a few men of the Signal Corps, who were just about to abandon the place. He saw Hood's long line approaching, and he perceived in a moment that the height on which he stood was the key of the battle-field. He acted with the quick decision of the bred soldier. Barnes' Division (the First of the Fifth Corps) was then advancing, marching past the northern foot of the hill, to the relief of De Trobriand, who at this time was beset by an overpowering force. Warren rode to him and detached Vincent's Brigade (the Third) from the division and led it back to take post on Little Round Top. Vincent's Brigade charged, not having time to load, and barely got upon the ground in time to prevent the enemy from scaling the hill. A desperate struggle ensued. Vincent fell. Our men, with great effort had dragged a battery (Hazlitt's) up the steep, ragged sides. Col. O'Rorke, with his 140th New York, went to this point to reinforce Vincent. He fell, as did also Gen. Weed.

The struggle was most desperate. Col. Chamberlain with the 20th Maine was on the extreme left. He saw the enemy trying to flank the position by pushing a column into the ravine between Round Top and Little Round Top. Refusing his line he resisted this advance with part of his regiment. The fight became one of hand to hand. The

enemy made frequent assaults, but were driven back, in places with clubbed muskets. Finally, as Chamberlain saw that his ammunition was running low and the enemy massing for a more furious assault, he ordered his left to charge on the enemy's host, not then 30 yards away. The sturdy men of Maine responded with a will. They rushed upon the enemy with such fury, with so sudden onset, as to astonish the Confederates. Many fled, and many threw down their arms in surrender. The Maine men pursued up the slopes of Great Round Top, shouting, "We're on the road to Richmond!" The other regiments of the brigade had fought not less gallantly. The enemy were not only repulsed but driven back; and Col. Chamberlain, on the arrival of reinforcements under Gen. Rice, made a charge and carried Great Round Top, which his regiment occupied during the next day's battle. As Hill says, in his report, "Hood's right was held as in a vise" by the troops on these two hills.

Let us return now to the fields below, between the Little Round Top and the Peach Orchard, the corner of Sickles' angular lines. Here the battle rages. Back and forth the lines advance and retire. Reinforcements are sent to Birney's Division (consisting of Graham's, Ward's and De Trobriand's Brigades). They go in and are crowded back and fearfully decimated. The Confederate Barksdale, leading his brigade in assault at the Peach Orchard, falls mortally wounded. The enemy carry the Peach Orchard, and Sickles' line, fronting on the Emmetsburg road, is enfiladed. The situation is most critical. The Division of Barnes of the Fifth Corps goes in, and is soon in the fiercest shock of battle. Caldwell's Division of Hancock's (Second) Corps was ordered in on the right of Barnes; but the right of our line on that front had been crushed in, through the Peach Orchard, and Caldwell's four brigades

made a gallant charge, driving back Kershaw's right; but Caldwell's advance only exposed both his flanks. Only with difficulty did he prevent two of his brigades (Zook's and Kelly's) from being surrounded.

Humphrey's Division of Sickles' (Third) Corps held the line along the Emmetsburg road. When the Confederates had broken in our angle at the Peach Orchard, Humphrey drew back his left wing, but his right still clung to the road. While the battle was raging to his left between Peach Orchard and Little Round Top, the Confederate Anderson launched his fresh Division of five Brigades (Wilcox's, Perry's, Wright's, Posey's and Mahone's) upon Humphrey's. His situation was desperate. Under the hottest fire of musketry and artillery he drew his men slowly back. Nearly half his division fell, killed or wounded.

Meantime, Ayres' Division of Regulars (the Second of the Fifth Corps) had been ordered in on the ground from which Caldwell had been driven. Ayres lost 50 per cent. of his command; but he drove back the enemy, who were preparing to assault Little Round Top. At the same time General Crawford's Division of Pennsylvania Reserves, as Ayres' Division was weakened, went to his assistance and gallantly charged upon the advancing enemy, hurling them back into and through the wheat field.

At about six o'clock, General Sickles, who had been in the thickest of the fight, was shot and his leg shattered. General Meade at once placed Hancock in command of the Second and Third Corps. At this point of time, the Division of Caldwell was falling back. Hancock set about "patching the line." He took good care to save the ridge from capture. Meade, meantime, had called on Williams (12th Corps) to leave his position on Culp's Hill and hasten to the left. Ruger's Division (12th Corps) was at

once put in motion across the fields to our left center. Geary's Division—leaving Greene's Brigade behind to guard its position on the hill—also came on, but, by mistake, wandered off and for the time being was lost. Lockwood's Brigade, which had been recently attached to Williams', moved forward also. These troops arrived on the field at the crest of the ridge, and Lockwood's Brigade took a gallant part in re-taking some guns which the enemy had captured.

But this stripping of the line on our right was most untimely. It was done just as Ewell, well under cover, was forming his lines to assault our right on Culp's Hill and the front between Culp's Hill and the village. The withdrawal of Ruger and Geary left only the Brigade of Greene of the latter's Division, which brigade was strongly posted well up on the crest of Culp's Hill. To his right, the strong breastworks made by Geary's other brigades and Ruger's Division were abandoned by the troops ordered to our left. Ewell had been ordered to attack at the same time that Longstreet and Hill had assailed the Union left, but not hearing their guns, as he says, he delayed, and made his assault just before sundown. Before doing so he had endeavored to plant six batteries on Benner's Hill, to the north of Culp's. These batteries had been driven away, with fearful loss in horses and men, by our batteries on Cemetery Ridge, Perrin's Hill and other elevated points in rear of our lines. Among the killed was Major Latimer, a distinguished officer of Stonewall Jackson's old Corps.

Just as the fight was well nigh over on our left, Ewell came on. His right struck Wadsworth, posted on the high ground east of Cemetery Ridge. His center Brigades (Jones' and Stewart's) were repulsed by Wadsworth, and by Greene's Brigade (of the Second Division, Twelfth

Corps). Greene was an accomplished officer and engineer, and he posted his men with consummate skill. The enemy made four distinct charges on his front, which were repulsed with frightful slaughter. With not over 1300 men in line, at any one time, he met the assault of at least treble his force. Greene's front was one of the most ghastly sights on the whole field. In killed, wounded and prisoners the losses of the enemy on his little front are estimated at 2400 killed and wounded.

But Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps found its path unopposed. It came on at the point where Geary and Ruger had a few minutes before vacated their entrenchments; and just at dark it was snugly ensconced on the southern slope of Culp's Hill, and within musket range of the Baltimore pike, our most important communication to the rear. Here it bivouacked, as the darkness in the woods at that point came prematurely on. Long after dark, when all was stillness on the left, the divisions of the Twelfth Corps were ordered back to their position on Culp's Hill. They moved back, knowing nothing of the wild things which had happened there in their absence. General Ruger threw out skirmishers on receiving an intimation that the field was not clear. The company sent out soon returned with twenty-three prisoners, willingly captured, who reported that Johnson and Stewart were on the side hill in the woods inside the entrenchments of Geary and Ruger. A new line was at once formed by Ruger to meet this state of things; and his weary troops sank down in the damp swale, only too glad to sleep. Our lines in places were in pistol shot of those of the enemy, and so formed as to be on the Confederate front and flanks. The Generals, though wearied with the terrible tension of the day, spent a busy night. While the weary soldiers slept, heedless of hunger or the dense fog that hung over

the low-lying lands, the general officers must prepare for the morrow.

General Meade called a council of his Corps commanders. They met in the little room at his headquarters in a little stone house on the Taneytown road. The point to be decided was whether the army should stay in that position or withdraw. General Butterfield, who was present, says that the brave soldiers of that council were as calm, as free from excitement as a board of commissioners met to discuss a question of the improvement of a street. General Meade proposed a few questions: (1) Whether the army should remain or retire. (2) It being determined to remain, whether to attack or await attack. The answers were unanimous that no retreat should be made. The general conclusion was to wait attack, at least until some change in the situation presented necessity or opportunity.

The results of the second day's battle had been "partial successes" to the Confederate side. On the left they had driven in our line, had crushed the angle at the Peach Orchard, had wrested some ground from us. The carnage had been fearful on both sides, and the field between Cemetery Ridge and the Emmetsburg road was a pitiable spectacle of the horrors of war. Thousands lay dead or dying, while the wounded, unable to move, lay suffering the tortures of thirst and pain, aggravated by the chills of evening. The ground was strewn with dead bodies of men and horses, and with the accoutrements and arms of soldiers. Here and there were cannon with crippled wheels. In some places bursted caissons with dead horses and cannon near by showed the terrible accuracy of the artillery fire. In one place a Union shell had burst amid a Confederate company and killed or wounded 30 men

out of 37, the company strength.* Everywhere were wounded and mangled men, left to die, because it was evident that no help of medicine or nursing could mitigate their pain or save their lives. Thousands of such lay moaning on the field.

But on the whole the Union men had, as things then seemed, ground for hope. The line from the Cemetery to Round Top was intact. Our forces were all up, and though the losses had been frightful, yet the *morale* of the men in the ranks was excellent. The feeling of the army was well expressed in the laconic words of General Slocum in the council of war: "Stay and fight it out." The enemy had put forth superhuman exertions; and though he had gained some ground, our position was, in the main, secure; and for the most part it was excellent for defense.

It was noticeable, too, that the Confederate's easy confidence in their power to overcome the Army of the Potomac had received a shock. This was evident to the wounded and prisoners in Gettysburg, among whom the Confederate officers freely mingled. Their southern boastfulness was gone. A troubled look of anxiety told that they realized the seriousness of the business in which they were engaged. It was becoming too evident to them that the "northern invasion," for which they had so enthusiastically clamored, was anything but a picnic.

The position of the troops on the morning of the third day (July 3d), after the line had been "patched" and put in readiness for assault was, roughly stated, as follows: On our right the line rested on Rock Creek, south of Culp's Hill. Here at daybreak Ruger's Brigade of Williams' Division (Twelfth Corps) rested its right on the creek. The Twelfth Corps formed a sort of angular line facing

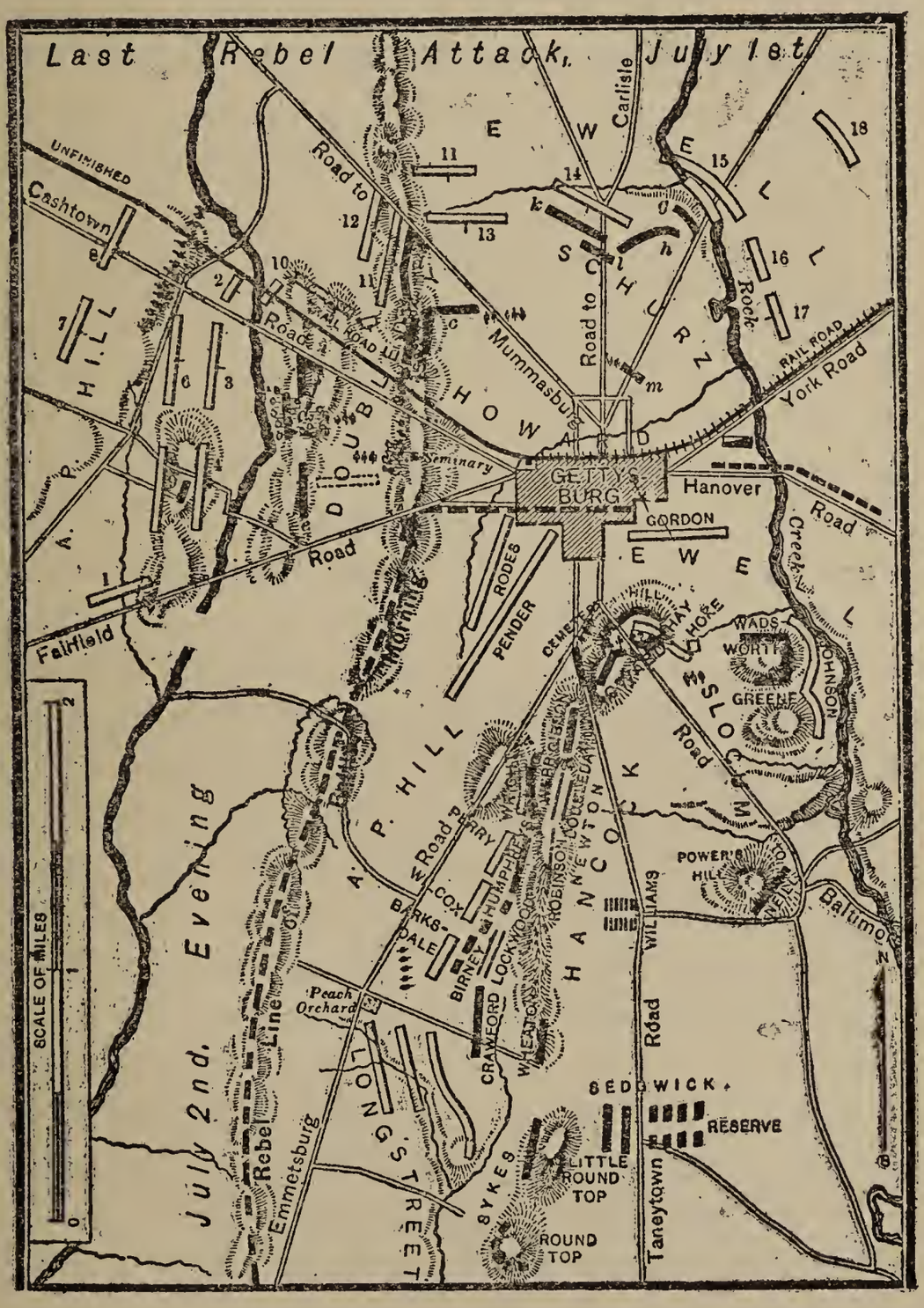
*Doubleday's "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg," p. 171.

toward Culp's Hill, and around its western base. Its Second Division (Geary's) extended up on to Culp's Hill, Greene's Brigade of that division occupying the position it had held so bravely on the previous day. Wadsworth's (First) Division of the First Corps, or rather the remnant of it, held a strong position on the eastward of Cemetery Hill. Howard's (Eleventh) Corps came next, facing northward towards Gettysburg and westward towards Seminary Ridge, conforming to the Cemetery Hill on which it stood. Robinson's Division (Second of the First Corps) was in support of its left. Joining on with the Eleventh came the Second Corps under Hancock, facing westward and extending southward toward Little Round Top. On Hancock's left Doubleday's Division (Third of First Corps) "patched the line." General Stannard's Vermont Brigade, quite new to actual service, had been temporarily assigned to this Division and was given place in the front line. Then, to fill up a gap, Caldwell's Division (First of Second Corps) pieced out the line. On the left of that, Torbert's Brigade (First of First Division of Sixth Corps) was lent by Sedgwick to General Newton, then commanding the First Corps, to compose part of the line on the front. The survivors of the Third Corps were massed in rear of the left of the Second Corps, close up, so as to stay the line when the assault came. The Fifth Corps furnished part of the left of the line and a stout reserve for the whole. The Sixth Corps, except as above noted, was held in reserve, and its divisions were sent to right, left and center to be used where need might arise. Thus the line in its general shape exactly resembled, as De Peyster observes, "a Limerick fish-hook." The position was generally good. That from Culp's Hill, to and around Cemetery Hill and

for some distance south on Cemetery Ridge, was especially strong. Where our left center was in line, and thence southward to Little Round Top, it was little more than a slight rise of ground. This line was well supported by batteries. On Cemetery Hill, over the graves of "the forefathers of the hamlet," six of our batteries—Dilger's, Bancroft's, Eakin's, Wheeler's, Hill's and Taft's—were planted under Major Osborne, and commanded a good portion of the field. On their left, in rear of Hancock, Captain Hazard planted five batteries—those of Woodruff, Arnold, Cushing, Brown and McRorty. Then came Thomas' battery; and on his left were eight batteries under Major McGilvery—Thompson's, Phillips', Hart's, Sterling's, Rank's, Dow's, Ames' and Cooper's. Farther to the left on Little Round Top, Gibbs' and Rittenhouse's (late Hazlitt's) batteries dominated a portion of the field. The position would permit of only 80 guns being placed in line, though the Army of the Potomac had on and near the field 67 batteries and 372 guns. The artillery reserve, but a short distance in the rear, replenished the line whenever a battery was weakened by loss of men or horses or injury to guns. The men generally along the line—except on the right—had their coffee and were steady in position, in most places rudely entrenched by stone walls, rail piles, stone heaps, or any little hummock or ridge to afford shelter to the person. The situation was such that but little shelter could be afforded to our artillery men or their horses. They were a fair, open target for the enemy.

The Confederate line, on the morning of the third day, may be briefly outlined thus: Of the three corps of their army, Ewell's was fronting Culp's Hill and Howard's Corps on the heights east of Cemetery Hill. Hill's Corps, in the Confederate center, was on Seminary Ridge facing

eastward towards Gettysburg and Cemetery Hill. On the Confederate left Longstreet's Corps prolonged the line southward from Hill's Corps along Seminary Ridge, a little westward of the Emmetsburg road. They faced westward to our right, eastward to our left.



Final attack of first and battle of second day. The first day's battle is north of the Fairfield and Hanover roads.

THE THIRD DAY'S BATTLES.

The third day's work at Gettysburg was three distinct engagements in different parts of the field: (1) The fight at the southern slope of Culp's Hill, to retake the ground into which the enemy had entered unopposed the night before. (2) The grand assault on our left center in the afternoon. (3) The cavalry battle some three miles east of the village. We will briefly touch upon these in their order.

I. We left the Twelfth Corps, in the narrative of the second day's battles, in the swale around the southern base of Culp's Hill. It rose at three o'clock, while a heavy mist hid it from view, and made dispositions to attack the enemy, well lodged among the great rocks that lie there like a herd of sleeping elephants. The Brigade belonging to Ruger (Third of First Division) was moved so that its right rested on Rock Creek, south of, and on the flank of the enemy's position. On the left of this Brigade, the First of the same Division, under McDougall, and Lockwood's (Third) Brigade, then just newly assigned to the Division, were formed around the base of the hill so as to connect with Geary's Division (Second of Twelfth Corps). Geary joined his left on Greene, whose Brigade was of his Division, who had remained on Culp's Hill and resisted so successfully the assault of the enemy the night before.

The enemy learned, early in the morning of the third day, the immense importance of the lodgment they had gained on Culp's Hill. They perceived that it was almost within musket range of the Baltimore pike. It was in rear of the Union position on Cemetery Hill and close to the main line of retreat of our army. It was near our reserve artillery. While yet the mist hid their movements,

the Confederates had crowded into that little rock-covered slope, the southern declivity of Culp's Hill, strong re-inforcements. Stewart's Brigade is there, Smith's Brigade of Early's Division, Rodes' and Daniels' Brigades—making seven stout brigades, closely packed, and so sheltered by the great elephantine rocks that scarcely a man could be seen. Their orders are to press forward and seize the turnpike. The orders of the Union force are to drive them out of that position. Hence the full light of day is to witness warm work at this point on the line.

When at last the mist lifted, the enemy prepared to press forward to the turnpike. He supposed that the solidity of the mass concentrated at that point could by sheer weight push its way. At least, Gen. Johnson, commanding the Confederate forces there, reports that he "renewed the assault with great determination." General Ewell reports that he ordered the attack to be made at daylight. But Johnson soon found that he had undertaken a difficult task. Greene's position it was impossible for him to carry. Johnson soon found himself assailed by Geary. Stuart's Confederate Brigade massed five regiments and undertook to force Geary back. They were met by such a storm of fire from our batteries and from the line in front of them that, as Stuart reports, they "suffered severely," found the Union position "impregnable," and that "any attempt to storm it would have been futile, and attended with great disaster, if not total annihilation." The battle was maintained here for seven hours with great determination. The heat as the day advanced was intense. The sun poured down its rays. The rocks became hot, and no breath of air fanned the grimy, sweating soldiers. The enemy made repeated assaults, and were as often hurled back to their fastnesses in the rocks. Our batteries from several hills pour in shell upon the

rebel position. The fire of musketry is incessant. On no part of the field during the great battle was the concentration of cannon and musketry fire so great on so limited a space.

One mistake on the part of those communicating commands to Colgrove's Brigade (Ruger's, he being in command of the Division) cost unnecessarily much bloodshed. Pursuant to orders, General Ruger directed Colonel Colgrove to try the enemy on his extreme right, our left, by sending in skirmishers, and, if practicable, to dislodge them by assault. Colonel Colgrove understood that this order required him to assault, as he could not send out skirmishers. In obedience, as he understood it, to the command received, he ordered two of his best regiments to charge across the swale. To the Second Massachusetts and Twenty-seventh Indiana fell this duty. The order was brought to Colonel Mudge, the Colonel of the Second Massachusetts. Said the gallant Colonel—one of the most accomplished of gentlemen, a son of an old Boston family of wealth, culture and refinement—as he looked at the frowning rocks beyond the swale: "Are you sure it is the order?" "Yes." "Well," said the brave gentleman, "it is murder, but it is the order. Up, men! Over the works! Forward, double-quick!" In an instant the two regiments rose, sprang over their works, ran down the declivity to the swale and moved at double-quick across the narrow meadow. To meet this movement, General Johnson had one regiment and one brigade so disposed as to deliver their fire from behind cover, while two other regiments enfiladed this advancing line. The carnage was dreadful, as may be imagined. The Second Massachusetts took into action 294 men and 22 officers. Of the officers two were killed outright, two mortally wounded and six others severely but not fatally. Twenty-one were killed

outright, 101 wounded, of the enlisted men. Forty-four in every 100 had fallen in a charge of five minutes' duration over a space of less than 150 yards. The Twenty-seventh Indiana, with less than 300 men and officers, lost 23 men killed, 8 officers and 78 men wounded.

This sacrifice was not altogether in vain, though the regiments in face of such odds could not carry the position. The determined assault, however, caused the Confederates to turn their attention and direct their fire to the south. At that instant Geary's men of the Second Division were thus given an opportunity to charge from the other angle of our line, which environed the enemy's position. They came on with a spirited charge and drove in the front before them. At the same time the remaining regiments of Colgrove's Brigade and those of Lockwood, as well as the two regiments thus decimated, advanced, and the combined assault wrenched from the Confederates the position, and restored the Union line in the entrenchments thrown up, as has been stated, the day before.

The struggle here closed at about eleven o'clock in the morning, having continued since daybreak. Some 600 prisoners and 5,000 stand of arms were taken. The losses in the Union troops engaged in this battle of the morning of the 3d of July and in Greene's Brigade the night before, were, in killed, 18 officers, 186 men; in wounded, 43 officers, 767 men; captured, 2 officers, 65 men; a total of 1081 in the Twelfth Corps, to which should be added 74 in Shaler's Brigade of the Sixth Corps. The Confederates reported a loss of over 1,300 killed and wounded in Johnson's Division alone, and over 400 prisoners. This prolonged combat of over seven hours was, says the Compte de Paris, "of the most desperate character."

All historians agree that the battle on Culp's Hill was one of great carnage and most obstinate persistence on

each side. The sight after the battle was over, on this part of the field, was most ghastly. The Confederate dead lay very thickly. In places, the writer could, after the battle, trace company formations by the dead sergeants on the right and left and the officers in their position, all lying as they had fallen under the close volleys of the Twelfth Corps. In others, wounded men were jammed in among the hot rocks, or lying prone upon the field. The woods, in which this struggle had taken place, were torn and rent with shell and shot. Every tree was perforated with bullets from its base some ten feet upwards. Branches shot off by shells lay on the ground. It is said that the trees were shot to death, and were leafless the next year, and many of them gave up their lives as did the brave warriors beneath them. This desperate struggle on the right has, in history and popular estimation, been to a great extent overlooked, by reason of the more momentous charge of the afternoon, which we shall presently record.

It was 10:20 A. M. when the enemy was thus dislodged from their nest in the rocks, crowded over the Union breastworks and down the slope across Rock Creek. The regiments of Geary's and of Ruger's Divisions at once reoccupied their breastworks, built the day before. Each man picked up as many of the loaded muskets of the Confederates, lying thickly about, as he could lay hands on, and had them in the breastwork before him, ready to deliver two, three or five shots to a charging enemy before stopping to load; for in those days of the muzzle-loading fire-arm, the loading of a rifle-musket after a dozen charges or more had been fired from it, was a slow and difficult task, even to one skilled in the manual of arms. To have two or three shots before stopping to load was a rare luxury.

The mid-day July sun now blazed down. The sur-

vivors of that eventful day remember always the intense heat that added to their discomfort. Hundreds of poor, wounded Confederates lay among the rocks, panting and groaning in the agony of wounds and of scorching heat. The Union stretcher-bearers were active for their relief, but moved about in constant exposure; for the opposite hill was covered with Confederate sharp-shooters, whose fire seemed more the rage of disappointment than that of sensible warfare. Meanwhile the Union batteries on Power's and Cemetery Hill, and Kenzie's Sixth United States and Muhlenberg's Fourth United States, which were well posted in the Union rear of Culp's Hill, prevented any attempt to plant batteries on Benner's Hill, or other eminences across the creek or in front of our right.

After the battle on the right had ended, all was silent along the line, except the frequent shots of the sharp-shooters; but all our people knew that some movement was in preparation. The silence boded mischief. General Hunt, Chief of Artillery on the Union side, perceived what but few of the generals or soldiers had noticed, that the Confederates were strengthening their artillery opposite our left center, which was along Cemetery Ridge. Theirs stood wheel to wheel along Seminary Ridge. As no one knew at what point on the line the enemy would make his assault, all were in readiness, the officers keenly alert, the men strangely silent. All knew that somewhere on the Union line a terrific assault was to be made. The soldier grasped his piece firmly, looked well to the percussion cap, and counted the cartridges in his box; and our men seemed to divine the Union policy of receiving, not giving attack, upon which our Generals, in council of war, had agreed.

II. We must now turn to the Union left center. The Confederates had spent the morning hours in putting their artillery in place along Seminary Ridge, facing east-

ward. By noon they had placed in line one hundred and thirty-eight pieces of artillery, of "all sorts and sizes." Lee had resolved to continue the battle. The "partial successes" of the day before encouraged him. Pickett, with three of his brigades, joined Longstreet on the morning of the 3d of July. One division and two brigades of Hill's Corps were ordered to support Longstreet on the Confederate right.* While less sanguine than before, he felt that it would not do to withdraw without a herculean effort to preserve and retain the Confederate prestige. Pickett's Division was placed directly opposite the Union left center, where Hancock's Second Corps was posted. Stuart's Cavalry, which had come in on the afternoon of the second day, was placed near the Confederate left so as to make havoc in the Union retreat, if the Federal line should be broken. In order to clear his path, Pickett caused the Codori house and some straw stacks in his front to be set on fire to make way for his advance.

At about one o'clock the Confederate General Longstreet gives the signal. Two cannon shots are fired from the Confederate right. This signal is known to both armies. It means "Be on your guard." Ere the smoke of these shots has blown by, the whole 138 Confederate guns open. The Union men expect it and are not surprised. The rebel guns pour in their shot, volley after volley. Our eighty guns wait fifteen minutes and then reply. Now, with the most terrific cannonade ever witnessed on this continent, an hour and a half is spent. Shells are bursting in air over the Union line, shot are plowing their way among our batteries. In the rear of our left center havoc is made. Thousands of the shots pass over to find their bed in Culp's Hill, where our men are standing in their entrenchments. General Meade's head-

*Lee's Report, Rebellion Records, V. 27, Part 11, p. 308.

quarters are riddled with shot, and many horses of his staff are shot down in the yard where they stand. Every kind of shells known to English or American gunnery are flying in the air, shrieking, whirling, buzzing, exploding. Our infantry hug the ground, but no man of the line leaves his position. Here and there the rearing of horses, the bursting of caissons, tell that our batteries are suffering severely. But how gallantly they respond! With better aim they inflict severe punishment on the enemy. His artillery suffers, his infantry are slain by hundreds; for they are needlessly exposed. Finally, after shooting away something over ten thousand rounds of ammunition the Confederate Chief of Artillery, Col. Alexander, deems it time to save the small remainder in his chests. He is deceived by the caution of the Union officer in charge of our guns. General Hunt, our Chief of Artillery, knowing this cannonade to be the prelude to an assault by infantry, sends word along our line to withhold reply. This leads the Confederates to believe our guns have been silenced. They are merely saving their shots for closer work.

On the Confederate side, Gen. Pickett's Division, a fresh body of the choicest Virginia troops, has been selected to make the assault on the Union left center. On Pickett's right the Brigade of Wilcox is to advance to the right and rear. On its left, General Pettigrew, with four strong brigades of North Carolinians is to advance. These constitute Heth's Division, this day commanded by General Pettigrew. Fourteen thousand men are to make a dash on the Union position. It is a sight to elicit admiration from friend and foe, when Pickett's Division—the Brigade of Kemper on the right, Garnett's in the center, and Armistead's on the left—begin their movement. They march forward quietly, in the splendid alignment and measured step that evidence to the military eye the training of true

soldiers. A strong line of skirmishers covers the front of the division. As they come out into the fields, it is noticed by Pickett that his line of advance will bring him too far to his right—our left—and he executed a left half wheel with splendid precision. This movement and their advance brings them out across the Emmetsburg road in good range of our batteries. And now they learn their mistake. Our artillery is not paralyzed; and McGilvery opens upon them forty guns with terrible accuracy. Pickett presses on, not heeding the fearful rents in his line caused by the Union guns. He crosses several fields to the base of the ridge he is to attack. Then, finding a change of front to be necessary, he executes a half wheel to the right and halts to rectify his fast-thinning lines. He is not receiving the support that should have been given. Pettigrew is too far behind on his left. His men, who had been roughly handled on the previous days, do not advance with ardor, but are seen to be wavering from the first. But they come on in four brigades—Pettigrew's, Archer's, Davis' and Brockenbrough's—with a strong skirmish line in advance, and in single line of battle. But the line is poorly maintained. As they attempt to join Pickett in his half-wheel, their lines are thrown into *echelon*, and come on feebly. Wilcox, on the right of Pickett, advances, but is too late, and moves too far to the right. The lack of his support is to cost Pickett dear.

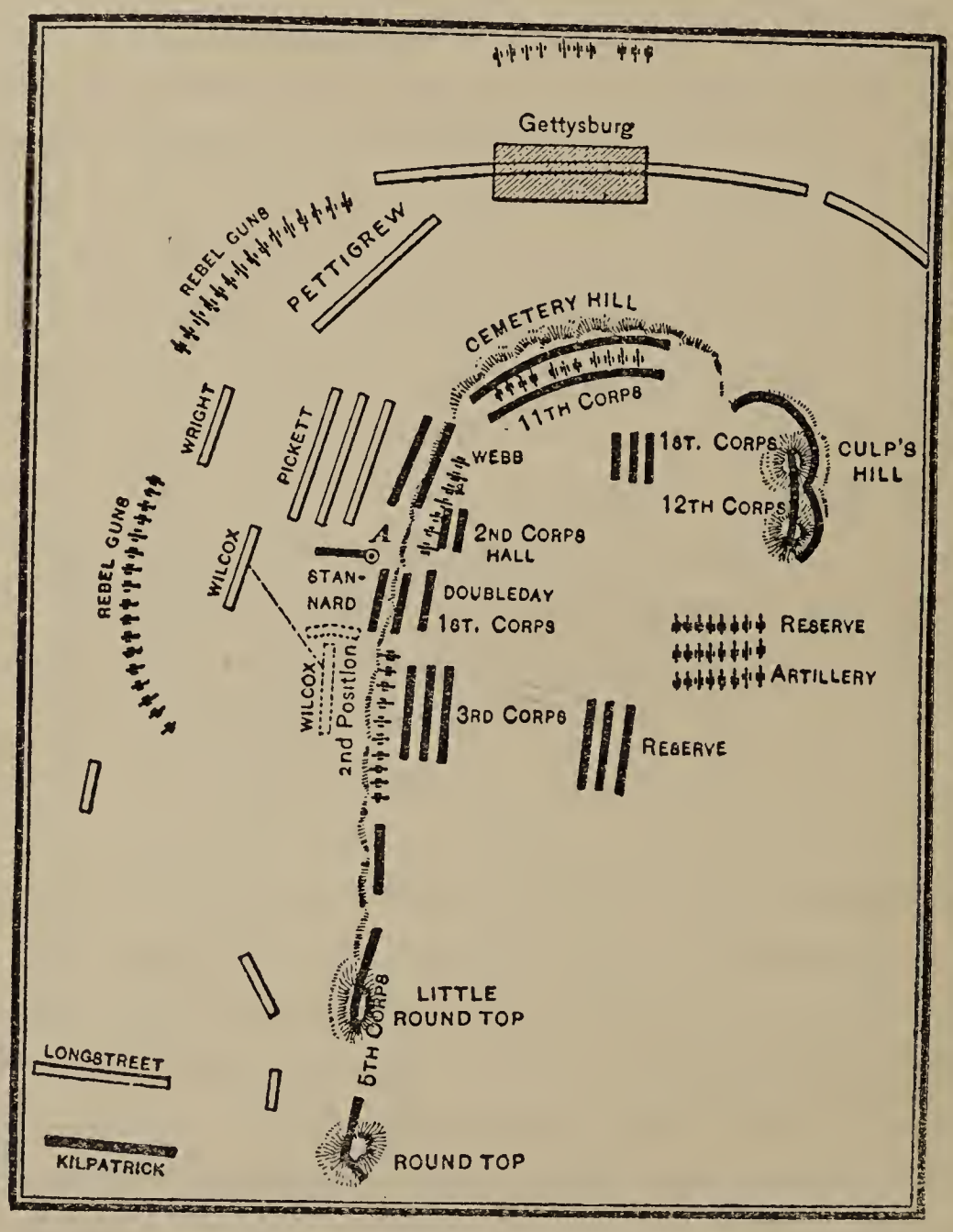
General Pickett, on reaching the base of the hill or slight ridge on which our lines are posted, calls in his skirmishers, and, without waiting to allow his supports to come up or his *echelons* to get into alignment, puts his troops in motion for the assault. But it is a terrible welcome they receive. The Union artillery and infantry open upon them. Bullets and canister rain into their ranks at a distance of two hundred yards. Great gaps follow

every discharge; and the incessant storm of bullets seems to pelt into the bosoms of that devoted band.

The men of the Second Corps under Hancock are directly in front of this advancing line. Pickett's objective point is the little clump of trees called Zeigler's Grove. The assaulting line extended from the front of Gibbon's Division of Hancock's Corps on our left to Hays' Division on the right of Hancock's Corps. From these the enemy received a most telling fire, intensified by the cannon shot, direct and oblique.

It chances that to the southward of the line of the enemy, as situated at this moment in our narrative, two regiments of Stannard's Vermont Brigade, attached to Doubleday's Division, are a little in advance of our main line. As Pickett advances he comes straight toward them, but his half wheel turns him so that the Vermont Brigade is on the right flank of Kemper's Brigade. The regiments of the Vermont Brigade are at once wheeled a little so as to fire directly into the enemy's right flank. The Confederates shrink away from this cruel fire, delivered with such deadly precision, and sweeping their line from their right to left. They huddle in toward the center, a movement which exposes them as sure targets for the deadly fire from the front. But they press on, crowded together, covered with blood, desperate and fast falling. To remain where they are is annihilation. Their only hope is to advance; and they rush forward at double quick straight for our line. By this time Pettigrew on Pickett's left comes up to his support. Pettigrew's Brigade and Archer's come near to the line of Hays', but fail to make a breach. Very soon the murderous fire that goes crashing through flesh and bones is too hot for any but troops of most tried temper. They break and fly to the rear just as Armistead, with his hat upon his sword, at the head of

his band of disorganized and huddled remnants of three brigades, makes a dash at our line at Zeigler's Grove. A few small regiments of Archer's and Scales' Confederate Brigades come in upon Pickett's left and rear to help as well as they can. It was a dreadful situation. Out of



The assault on Union left center, July 3d, by Pickett, Wilcox and Pettigrew.

four generals and 18 field officers, only one—Pickett himself—and one lieutenant-colonel are unhurt. Far more than half the attacking force have fallen under the deadly fire that centers upon them from scores of cannon and thousands of muskets. The division does not fall back. It

crashes against Webb's Brigade of three regiments, in position behind a slight rail breastwork. A thin line could not for a moment withstand such a rush of men in mass, and the enemy pierces our line. One or two regiments are borne a little backward by the momentum of assault. But this only adds to the terrors of the assailants, for they are nearly surrounded; and thousands of Union men throng in front and on their flanks. Appalled by the dangers which beset them, with men dropping, colors drooping, it is only a question of surrender or annihilation. The intrepid Armistead, who has led them to the mouth of our guns, falls in the last melee. A part of them turn to flee, but the dangers of that moment are not lessened by retreat. Hundreds that are flying fall under the deadly fire. Those in front, seeing their hopeless case, throw away their arms, prostrate themselves on the ground, and raise their empty hands in token of surrender. Out of the 14,800 in Pickett's Division, over 3,500 are sacrificed in that brave but fatal charge.

Wilcox comes on at last, but he is too far to the right (our left) and is too far behind to render any support. Reforming his brigade in some low bushes he advances up the ridge towards the ground where the Third Corps is in line. Our artillery begins upon them the same havoc that had greeted Pickett. The intrepid Stannard with his staunch Vermont Brigade, wheels to the left, and takes them in flank, at a distance of some two hundred yards. Wilcox halts to return the fire. With redoubled rapidity and accuracy the artillery plays upon his ranks. The hopeless isolation, a mile or more from any supports, with no guns of their own assisting, soon convinces them that they can move forward or remain only to suffer annihilation. They retire, fleeing in disorder, and fear lends speed to their flight.

Thus the crowning assault, the herculean effort of Lee, had been made, and had failed. Thousands of his best troops had been sent in and repulsed, with slaughter such as is seldom seen in modern war; and Hancock's Corps had swept in 4500 prisoners and many regimental standards. But the loss on our side was considerable. Hancock was severely wounded. The brave Gibbon was also borne sorely hurt from the field; and many of our officers and men were stretched upon the field.

Then rang out the glad Union cheer. It swept along the ridge, around Culp's Hill down to our right on Rock Creek, carrying joy into Gettysburg to our wounded who were there. All knew the momentous consequences that hung on the issue of the contest. All realized that the enemy must be beaten in this battle, or a fearful train of disasters would follow.

The battle was over, though towards dark General Crawford of Sykes' Division advanced on our left and pushed back McCandless' Brigade, making a handsome capture of men and arms; but best of all he recovered the ground where our wounded of the night before had lain, enduring the dreadful torture of that day of intensest heat.

Very busy were our men, our surgeons and medical force then, in gathering in the wounded. This humane work continued through the night. For, all along the line, in front and rear of it, the moans of the wounded, the piteous calls for help, could be heard from all sides, above the roar of the drenching storm that set in during the night.

III. We must now briefly mention two engagements in which the cavalry figured conspicuously and with gallantry. So confident was General Lee of breaking the Union center that he counted upon a rout of the Union army. He sent Stuart with his cavalry around to the

Union right, some two or three miles east of Gettysburg, with instructions to get into the Union rear, there to do havoc in case of retreat of the Union forces. He found our cavalry posted on the Union right, but determined to break through it so as to get in among our packed trains and artillery reserves. Had Lee's plans carried, Stuart would have had rich booty. But he found Gregg there with his Second Division of the Cavalry Corps, and Custer's gallant Michigan Brigade of the Third Division, whom he fondly called his "Wolverines." Stuart's force is met by a strong skirmish line, which checks his advance for a time. Having made his dispositions, Stuart puts General Wade Hampton at the head of a stout brigade to charge and break the Union line. Hampton comes on first at a trot, soon to be spurred to a gallop. But the alert Union men do not propose to stand still and receive this column with its momentum on their own ground. A counter-charge is ordered to "meet them half way." The Confederates reach the Union batteries. Their onset is gallant and brave, but Custer launches upon them at this moment two of his Michigan regiments. This is a surprise to the Confederates. They sheathe sabers and draw pistols, but in an instant the saber-strokes of the Union men are raining upon their heads and shoulders. They are literally pushed back. But Stuart, seeing this, sends in Fitz Hugh Lee and the remainder of Hampton's Brigade. Superior in numbers, the enemy push Custer back a little; but the advantage gained only adds to their perils. While the Confederates are, by their avoirdupois, bearing Custer's men backwards, Gregg and McIntosh, having gathered in their men, charge on both flanks of the Confederates. The sabers fly in air, and strong men hack at each other. Custer, in the front, falls back. Gregg and McIntosh, on each side, are gashing into the Confed-

erate column. As Custer falls back he unmasks the guns of Chester's battery. They let fly right into the solid mass, with an accuracy that Gregg reports he never saw surpassed. Before this storm the enemy gave way and speedily retreated. The Union side, in this spirited brush, lost 736 men, of whom 112 were killed outright. Stuart is foiled, and waits vainly for the Union retreat. He is soon called in to cover Lee's retreat from the ill-fated field where the main armies have fought.

Another episode of the battle of the third day is of sad but thrilling interest. Kilpatrick held the Union left to the southwest of Round Top. As the enemy were making their grand assault on the left center, on the afternoon of the third day, Kilpatrick deemed it a duty to make a diversion on the left, which should compel the Confederates to give some attention in that quarter. He ordered a charge of cavalry right in among the Confederate batteries and infantry on the enemy's right. Gen. Farnsworth, a young and gallant officer, but a few days before promoted to the rank of brigadier general, led the charge and fell at the head of the squadrons he led. His assaulting column consisted of about 300 troopers. They dashed through the enemy's lines, rode in among Confederate regiments, received the fire of whole brigades and much artillery. They were there to receive fire, not to fight, and gallantly the bold hard-riders bore themselves. It was a ride as perilous as the charge of the "six hundred" at Balaklava. It drew several Confederate regiments out of the line, and was executed with equal bravery and more intelligent object than the famous charge of Lord Cardigan, at which "all the world wondered."

The soldiers who rose, drenched, miserable and weary on the morning of the 4th of July, 1863, looked upon a scene of most depressing misery. Something near six

thousand dead men lay upon the field. Some twenty-five thousand wounded men of both armies were strewn about the field or gathered into the field hospitals, barns, houses or porches, or under the shades of umbrageous trees. Of the officers of the Union side, 246 were killed in battle and 1145 were wounded. The Union cause lost one major-general (Reynolds) and three brigadiers (Vincent, Weed and Zook) killed. On the same side seven major-generals (Sickles, Hancock, Doubleday, Gibbon, Barlow, Warren and Butterfield) were wounded, and also five brigadiers were wounded. The Confederates lost one major-general killed (Pender) and three (Hood, Trimble and Heth) wounded. Four of their brigadiers (Barksdale, Garnett, Armistead and Semmes) were killed, and six (Kemper, Scales, G. T. Anderson, Hampton, Jones and Jenkins) were wounded.

The story of the wagon train of wounded, which General Lee sent back to Virginia, is one that pitifully portrays the horrors of war, and the vast sum of misery that follows such a battle. It is one to "humble the pride of man by the exhibition of his weakness and cruelty." It presents a scene that should ever haunt those who for pride or ambition plunge a people into the needless, causeless strife of civil war. When Lee began his preparations to withdraw from Gettysburg his first care was to gather in all the Confederate wounded which were within lines or on ground he could reach. Those so severely wounded as to be unable to walk were placed in army wagons, without springs, without straw, on the hard bottoms, as thickly as they could be laid. The train, when extended upon the road, was seventeen miles long. It left the scene of conflict at 4 P. M., July 4th, in a terrific rain storm. Crossing the South Mountain on the Cashtown road, it then, at Greenwood, cut across by a rough

country road straight to the Potomac. The wagons were filled with men wounded in every conceivable way. They had had no adequate surgical aid. "Their ragged, bloody and dirty clothes rasped the inflamed lips of their gaping wounds." They had been without food for twenty-four hours. Tortured by pain and thirst, and by the hard, merciless jolting of the springless wagons, every vehicle was the abode of misery, and the groans, wails, cries of agony that came from each were enough to craze all who heard them. The flight was rapid. The teams trotted on in blinding darkness over a stony road. The desperately wounded died under this rough shaking, and those living, lying mixed with the dead, prayed for like relief from misery. Straggling amid and after the train were thousands with wounds on the arms or hands, or flesh wounds. The column of misery swept along a secluded country road. The simple-minded folk tell to this day how the wagons and footmen were thirty-four hours in passing, and all along in the wagons the inmates begged to be laid down by the roadside to die; how their houses were thronged with those who could walk, begging for water, a morsel of food, or for the good housewives to dress their wounds.

On the morning of July 5th, the army of Lee was in full retreat, and Meade's columns were leaving the gory scene by various roads in the hope to intercept Lee before he could cross the Potomac. His wounded, many thousands in number, not taken along in retreat, were left to the care of the surgeons, the hundreds of physicians and of nurses and Sisters of Mercy who came like ministering angels from the surrounding cities. As the shattered remnants of the divisions marched away, they left behind them the most memorable battlefield of the new world.

Tables of losses, as officially reported, are subjoined to the sketch.

TABLE OF LOSSES AT GETTYSBURG.

UNION ARMY.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		CAPTURED OR MISSING.		AGGREGATE.
	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	
Gen. Headquarters....	.....	.....	2	2	.....	.....	4
First Army Corps.....	42	624	262	2,969	83	2,079	6,059
Second Army Corps...	66	731	270	2,924	13	365	4,369
Third Army Corps.....	50	543	251	2,778	14	575	4,211
Fifth Army Corps.....	28	337	129	1,482	1	210	2,187
Sixth Army Corps.....	2	25	14	171	.....	30	242
Eleventh Corps.....	33	336	120	1,802	62	1,448	3,801
Twelfth Corps.....	18	186	43	769	2	64	1,082
Cavalry Corps.....	5	86	39	315	8	399	852
Artillery Reserve.....	2	41	15	172	.....	12	242
Totals.....	246	2,909	1,145	13,384	183	5,182	23,049
LOSS IN WISCONSIN TROOPS.							
Second Wisconsin.....	1	25	11	144	5	47	233
Third Wisconsin.....	.....	2	1	7	.....	.....	10
Sixth Wisconsin.....	2	28	7	109	.....	22	168
Seventh Wisconsin.....	.....	21	10	95	1	51	178
Twenty-sixth Wis.....	2	24	11	118	2	60	217
Co. G. Berdan's S. S...	.....	2	.....	2	.....	1	5
Total Wis. Troops	5	102	40	475	8	181	811

TABLE OF CONFEDERATE LOSSES AT GETTYSBURG.

CORPS.	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.	AGGREGATE.
First Army Corps.....	910	4,339	2,200	7,539
Second Army Corps.....	809	3,823	1,305	5,937
Third Army Corps.....	837	4,407	1,491	6,735
Cavalry Division.....	36	140	64	240
Totals	2,592	12,709	5,150	20,451

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE FIRST NEW YORK (LINCOLN) CAVALRY.

By Lieut. W. H. Beach, U. S. V.

[Read March 7, 1894.]

FORT SUMTER had fallen, and the loyal North was responding to the President's call for men. In the *New York Tribune* of April 16, appeared the card of S. W. Richardson making a generous offer to any one who would organize an efficient troop of cavalry for immediate active service. This led to a call for a meeting April 19, at which were present about 150 men. Other meetings with increasing attendance followed. Some of the men who attended these meetings had seen five years of cavalry service in the regular army. Some had served in the English army. One had been in the famous charge at Balaklava. There were capable men among them, men of professional character and high position, elderly men of military training and experience, young men of wealth, all anxious to serve the country in its hour of need. There were those who had declined prospects of good positions in infantry regiments because they preferred the excitement and dash of the cavalry service. All were intent on the work of organization. But there were many delays. The authorities at Washington were in doubt as to what forces would be needed. Gen. Scott's plan for putting down the rebellion would not require volunteer cavalry. Cavalry was expensive, and the war would be over before a single regiment could be properly mounted and drilled for effective service. Delegations were sent to Washington, and were

referred by one authority to another. The Secretary of War, it was said, was so busy studying the regulations that he could not give attention to the matter; or, if induced to listen to the delegation, he could give them no encouragement that the regiment would be accepted. Finally President Lincoln gave them positive assurance that their services would be accepted, and authorized Carl Schurz to complete the organization. It was the first regiment of cavalry authorized to be raised, and was independent of any state quota. It was to be known as the "Lincoln Cavalry," and for a time it was supposed it was all the volunteer cavalry that would be needed. There were four companies of Germans, many of whom had seen service in their own country. They made good soldiers.

At Germantown, Pa., some young men desired to organize an independent company. The company was speedily filled and accepted by the war department, which had come to feel the need of a few horsemen to keep watch across the Potomac.

In the meantime Bull Run had been fought. It was the cry that the dreaded "Black Horse Cavalry" was coming, that started the stampede. Orders came to hurry forward the regiment. The Pennsylvania company had been assigned to the regiment, and was early on the ground.

Carl Schurz had concluded to accept the appointment as minister to Spain, and was looking for some one to whom he could turn over the command of the regiment. Prominent men volunteered to look for the right man for colonel. Several men of ability and military training, among them the knightly Bayard, afterward General, were suggested, but the most of them stated that they had already offered their services and that their offers had

been declined. Phillip Kearney was suggested, but he had tendered his services to the Governor of New Jersey and had been assigned to a command. Kearney recommended A. T. McReynolds of Grand Rapids, Mich., who had served with credit in the Mexican war, and whose bridle arm had been disabled in a cavalry charge at the gates of the city of Mexico. He was chosen colonel, and a company was raised at Grand Rapids.

The Pennsylvania company, Capt. W. H. Boyd, had been ordered to report to Gen. Franklin, whose headquarters were near Fairfax Seminary, back of Alexandria. Early in August it received its baptism of fire. It was on a scout in the neighborhood of Pohick Church, and was marching by fours along a road that led through thick woods, when one of the advance came riding back in haste, announcing in a loud voice that there was a large force of rebels a little way ahead. A little trepidation on first drawing near to the enemy is excusable. Gen. Grant tells us that he experienced it as he was leading his first command toward the place where the rebels were reported to be. The trepidation increased as he proceeded, but reaching the place and finding that the enemy had fled in haste, he concluded that the other side felt as much dread of a fight as he did himself. This he always remembered. Captain Boyd's men began to fall back without orders, but the captain soon succeeded in rallying them, when another of the advance, a cool-headed young man, O. B. Knowles, who was afterward brevetted brigadier general, came back and assured the captain that the enemy's force was no larger than theirs, and he felt sure they could whip them. Once more they advanced, and when in sight of the enemy the captain ordered them to "charge and cheer!" The enemy fired and fled. The company lost Jacob Irwin, killed—the first enlisted man in the volunteer cavalry killed

in the war of the rebellion. The men never forgot the lesson of their first and victorious engagement.

The other companies, delayed by various causes, were yet in New York. At the muster-in there had been speeches and enthusiasm. One man especially, at the muster-in of the company of which he was to be captain, in an eloquent and dramatic speech urged the men to elect as officers those who would "lead them to victory or death!"

There was the grand ovation as we marched down Broadway. We were taken to Washington. Then came the camp of instruction, the getting accustomed to military discipline, the grand reviews that reminded one of pictures of Napoleon's great armies, the winter camps in Virginia mud, the waiting for the development of the anaconda-like strategy that was going to strangle the rebellion before it could fairly know what was being done. Picket duty and scouting kept the men reasonably busy.

November 12, Capt. Todd, of Co. B, and several of his men were captured, others were killed or wounded, as they were scouting through a thickly wooded region. Charles R. Peterson, left for dead by the roadside, came composedly walking into camp next day, bringing his arms and a rebel bullet flattened on the clasp of his sabre belt.

On the advance to Manassas in March a part of Co. H charged on a Confederate picket post. Lieut. H. B. Hidden, an ideal cavalry officer, led the attack with seventeen men and routed the enemy, but he was killed—the first commissioned officer in volunteer cavalry killed in the war.

We returned to Alexandria and soon afterward were taken down the Chesapeake and landed near Fortress Monroe. Then came Yorktown, Williamsburg, Mechanicsville, the Chickahominy—all historic ground. We saw the church spires of Richmond. But the things that we

had expected did not happen; things that we had not expected did happen. Then came the seven days of fighting and retreating, in the place of anticipated victory.

The regiment had been divided into squadrons and companies, and parts of companies, assigned to duty at the headquarters of different generals, and many of the men saw arduous and dangerous service. There were those who had found the realities of the service different from their ideas on entering it, and were not long in correcting the mistake they had made on entering it, by getting out of it.

At one time during the "seven days" our force was sorely pressed. There was a fear that we might be cut off from the rest of the army. A young lieutenant on a general's staff had injudiciously stated that McClellan had left the army and gone on board a gunboat, and that the army might have to surrender. Such rumors had their effect. The captain who, at the muster-in of his company, had so eloquently addressed his men, urging them to elect officers who would lead them to victory or death, was affected by these rumors, and although there was no enemy in sight, called his squadron to attention and made another speech, in which he spoke of the gravity of the situation and of the probability of the capture of the entire army, and proposed that they offer to surrender, as by being the first to surrender they would obtain better treatment than if they surrendered only when they had to. For a brief space the men listened in silence. Then a sergeant rode out from the ranks and said that the proposition of the captain was equivalent to relinquishing his command, and that *he* did not propose to be surrendered, and if any of the men were of his way of thinking and would come with him, they would try to avoid a surrender, at least until there was an enemy in sight. The other officers and

men emphatically expressed themselves in the same way. The captain saw his mistake. There was no more talk of a surrender. But the sergeant who had been so outspoken was reduced to the ranks for insubordination.

Another captain who had been a very considerable man in politics in times of peace, as the regiment was moving on the flank of Lee's army in Maryland, left the column and rode down a lane to a farm house, but seeing a single rebel straggler there, he came riding back at the top of his horse's speed, his hat lost, with one foot out of the stirrup, excitedly exclaiming, "There is a rebel down there, but I got away from him!" Lieutenant Bailey, borrowing a carbine, started down the lane, and he, too, quickly came back—bringing the rebel with him. Many a time afterward did Bailey go looking for rebels with a like result.

It took time for the free American citizen to get used to strict discipline; to learn that it was the duty of the soldier to obey orders instead of expressing opinions; that it was not the part of an enlisted man to reform all the things that needed reforming. Officers had much to learn as well as the men. In later campaigns they all learned better what to do, and how well they learned was attested by their promptness and success in hundreds of fierce fights.

In the Antietam campaign we entered Frederick as the enemy was retiring. The next day we were sent northward to watch his movements. We marched to Gettysburg, and rested a night on the ground that the next July was to be made historic.

We returned to Frederick and hurried forward to join the main army, marching all day toward the sullen roar of the battle of Antietam, arriving on the outskirts of the field just as the fighting ceased. There was a day's truce,—

and the escape of Lee across the Potomac. There was a fierce night fight with artillery at Williamsport. Wellington at Waterloo wished that Blucher or night would come. At Williamsport we wished for daylight or the end of that fight. To sit quietly on our horses, supporting a battery, with the intense darkness around and over us filled with spiteful, screaming, bursting shells, was a strain on the nervous system.

We went westward among the mountains, taking the road that Braddock had once taken. Our work was to hold a line about ten miles south of the B. & O. R. R. During the next three months there was hardly a night when there was not some picket post attacked, hardly a day when we did not encounter a Confederate band. Never had we known a necessity for such vigilance. Many a time did an attack on some outpost call out the reserve for a quick, long, generally fruitless, night chase over the mountain roads.

Bailey, leading the advance of a scouting party, came in sight of a Confederate camp at Capon bridge. Instantly he led the charge through the long covered bridge and into the camp, routing the enemy completely, and taking more prisoners than there were men in his own party. The men learned from such examples of prompt action that in cavalry fighting the chances were vastly in favor of the body that "got on the move" first, and that they could shoot before them more accurately than they could shoot behind them. They were successful or unfortunate, as they attacked quickly or waited to be attacked. They learned to depend on the sabre more than on pistol firing. In some ways the enemy had the advantage, knowing all the by-paths among the mountains, stealing upon the pickets without warning, and even coming into the towns where the reserves were, and hurrying off a few horses by night.

But our three months among the mountains were full of interest. We lived well. One day the men on picket shot a deer. There were many wild turkeys in the woods. So eager did the men become that they were not careful to notice whether it was wild turkey or a tame chicken. Calves, sheep, pigs and grown cattle were very apt to be mistaken for deer. We occupied two churches in Springfield, and the galleries were like markets, curtained off, and always well filled with the choicest fresh meat. An abundance of wheat was found in the barns, that looked as if it had been left on purpose. The men would have the wheat ground at the mill, always giving good toll, and would have the flour made into nice hot biscuits by the good families in the town, always giving a good share for the baking. Literally, we were eating our white bread. We were on the most friendly terms with the people, and regretted it when, in early winter, we were ordered eastward to the Valley. But we made ourselves at home, first at Winchester, and in the early spring at Berryville. It was a fertile and pleasant region, a land of fine farms and intelligent people. It was full of places of historic interest. We enjoyed it. Scouting was continual and often exciting. So desirous were the men to go on these scouts that they would ask, days beforehand, to be detailed on the next scout ordered.

There were premonitions of unusual activity and we were on the alert. The morning of June 13th, a strong force was out on the road to Front Royal. A fast rider was sent back to report that a strong Confederate column was coming. The report was sent to Milroy at Winchester. Trains were started toward the Potomac. There was not time for us to reach Winchester by the direct road. We made a detour. Crossing the Opequon, we looked back and watched the cloud of dust that

marked the enemy's advance. Col. McReynolds, commanding the brigade, made his plans judiciously. The enemy attempting to cross was beaten back with heavy loss, and went by another road, following the train. By speed and hard fighting the train was saved. The brigade reached Winchester at night in a heavy thunder shower. Some of us found an old hall where, in our drenched clothes, we lay down on the bare floor, packed in as close as we could lie, to sleep. At midnight an officer came into the crowded, steaming room, and said we must get out of there, for the enemy was all around us. We went up among the forts that Banks had built on the hills the year before. Here we stayed, shivering with cold, until daylight. That Sunday was a perfect day, but its holy calm was broken by the crackling fire of skirmishes on every road leading from the town. We were surrounded by the advance of Lee's army. Late in the afternoon the two forts to the west were captured. It was decided to abandon the artillery and wagons and, mounting the infantry on the horses and mules, try to escape. Shortly after midnight we silently moved down from the forts and moved out on the Martinsburg pike. A few miles out we found a superior force posted in a strong position to intercept us. We fought till daylight, when most of our men escaped, by going, some to the right and some to the left. The guard with the train skirmished with the enemy's advance all the way to Carlisle, Pa. At Greencastle, June 22, Corporal William H. Rihl was killed—the first Union cavalry man killed on Pennsylvania soil in defence of the Union.

Parts of the regiment had become widely separated, and during the Gettysburg campaign there were detachments east, north, and west of Lee's army. One detachment formed part of a force that worked around to his

rear, drove away the guard and cut loose his pontoons at Williamsport. There was intense activity. The detachments were hovering around on all sides, picking up foraging parties and stragglers. At McConnellsburg, Captain Abram Jones, now of Sing Sing, fell back at a lively trot before a pursuing force of Confederates. When they were well drawn out in the eagerness of their pursuit, he suddenly wheeled his command and charged, and with sabres for sickles, "gathered them in"—thirty odd, more than his own number.

At Mercersburg, with two hundred men of the 1st N. Y. and 12th Pa., from a favorable position he looked on Lee's train that was dragging its weary seventeen miles of length toward the Potomac. Watching his opportunity, he quickly distributed his men along the train, taking out a section of one hundred thirty-five wagons and two pieces of artillery, with six hundred horses and mules and seven hundred prisoners. Many of those captured were riding in the wagons, and were not in a fighting mood. Captain Jones lost one man killed and one wounded. Ride up to a driver, with a sabre drawn over his head, or a pistol aimed at it, and tell him to turn his wagon off on a by-road, and he is very likely to do so. The whole affair was quick work. One large covered wagon, drawn by six mules and filled with prisoners, had halted, and stood partly across the road. It had no driver. The captain seeing a negro standing by, said to him, "Can you drive that team?" "Yes, massa, I drive 'um." Jumping on the box he put his head inside and yelled out to the prisoners, "By golly, you toted me off; now I tote you off!" Then jumping from the box to the saddle mule, with a loud laugh and a yell at the team, he soon had the road clear. One man lost his horse in the melee, and seeing a Confederate guard approaching along the train

in the rear, was looking for a place to hide till the guard should pass. He went into a barn, but to his surprise found it was occupied by thirteen Confederates (he had leisure to count them) who had taken refuge there during the fighting along the train. They all threw up their hands and said, "We surrender!" "All right; stay right where you are." He went out, but did not return.

The Potomac was swollen by heavy rains. Lee's pontoons had been cut loose. One night we bivouacked near the light defensive works that Lee had hastily constructed. We were anxious for the morning, when the Union army, now strengthened by fresh troops, would close in upon the enemy, break over his light works, capture the entire army and end the rebellion. The morning came, and our hearts sank as we learned that during the night Lee had escaped across the Potomac.

We followed, and later made our winter camp at Charlestown. Our time was filled with exciting adventures. Mosby seemed ubiquitous, and we sometimes felt hardly toward him for interfering with our comfort. Since the war we have met him as a guest, here in our Loyal Legion rooms, and found him a quiet, peaceable, model gentleman.

The spring of 1864 came, bringing to all the conviction that the campaign was to be a decisive one. The persistent character of Grant was felt all along the line. As a part of the general forward movement Sigel was to advance up the Valley. He met the enemy at New Market, was checked and forced back. Here the regiment lost one hundred and forty men.

Hunter succeeded Sigel, and with an increased force moved up the Valley. He meant business. He left word as he went along, that if his trains were attacked he should burn the town near which the attack might be made.

From near Woodstock our regiment was ordered back, we did not know why. We marched rapidly. It began to be suspected that we were sent to burn Newtown, because Mosby had captured a train there. The officers were reticent. In the morning we moved into the long street of Newtown as silently as if we were a funeral procession. Old men and women, young boys and girls, stood in the doorways, mute and anxious, but resigned, as if they knew what their fate was to be, and were powerless to avert it. The column halted in the middle of the town. There were quiet but emphatic expressions of purpose not to obey any orders to burn, for such work was less agreeable than going into a fight. To my great relief I was sent out to post videttes. We looked to see the smoke rising from the burning town. After an anxious two hours the videttes were called in. The officers had held a conference with the citizens, and had decided to disobey the positive orders of Gen. Hunter. We felt better as we began our return march. Overtaking Gen. Hunter, Major Stearns, the officer commanding, went with some misgivings to make his report. Assuming a bold, gruff manner he reported: "General Hunter, I am the officer that was commanded to burn Newtown and didn't do it." The General seemed pleased to find some one as gruff as he himself was. Somewhat to his surprise, the Major was neither dismissed from the service nor placed under arrest.

Our march was through a most interesting country. We passed the house where lived a relative of President Lincoln, probably the home of Lincoln's ancestors; had a lively fight at the Natural Bridge; fought the battle of Piedmont near Weyer's Cave; crossed the Blue Ridge and came down between the Peaks of Otter.

Hunter made up for the non-burning of Newtown. The young cadets of the Lexington Military Institute had

behaved splendidly at New Market. Hunter burned the Institute. He stood looking at the burning building, saying as he rubbed his hands and chuckled with glee, "Doesn't that burn beautifully?" He burned the homes of Gov. Letcher and several others. A little later Early, in retaliation, burned the home of the Blairs near Washington, and Chambersburg, Pa.

The attack on Lynchburg was unsuccessful, and Hunter was compelled to retire. Early, sent from Lee's army, had cut off our retreat, and our only way led over the mountains to the Ohio River. The enemy hovered about us. We made forced marches. The country was destitute of supplies. For days we had little to eat. We would march till midnight, or later, and lie down supperless among the brush and briers on the hill sides, and dream of sumptuous dinners at our homes in the north, awaking to breakfast on birch bark and a handful of corn, then resume our march over the interminable mountains. One morning the pickets, when called in, brought along an old cow that was little more than a bait for crows—the forlorn hope of a regimental breakfast. Orders came to move. Word was sent to the General that we had found an old cow, and request was made that we might wait till the prize could be divided. The General granted permission with the request that we would send him a piece of the liver. Under all our hardships there was a disposition to joke at everything that could not be helped.

Reaching Parkersburg, we were taken over the B. & O. R. R. back to the Valley, where we found Early with Stonewall Jackson's old command. For a few days, under Crook, we confronted him at Kernstown. Late one afternoon he made a vigorous attack. Crook was forced back, and his left was turned and doubled up. I was sent in haste to bring in the picket that had been posted on the

hills to the west. I reached the picket but could not return, for the Confederates were sweeping over the road. I moved along the ridge overlooking the plains. All across the fields on either side of the pike were streams of men on foot, on horseback, hurrying to the rear. There was the rumbling of wagons and cannon driven rapidly along the crowded pike. Fences were thrown down to make room. Drivers were shouting and swearing and mules were braying. The Confederates were pressing on in swift pursuit. Clouds of dust were rising in the thickening gloom of the twilight. At Martinsburg again we were in fighting shape. After holding the enemy in check for a day, we crossed the Potomac, marched down the Maryland side, once more over the field of Antietam, across to Harper's Ferry and up toward Charlestown.

While the command was resting in a hot, weedy, shadeless field, I took a notion to call at the house of some acquaintances a half a mile or so distant across lots. I had a fleet mare that made little of fences, stone walls and ditches. In the road beyond I noticed a number of men that looked like Confederates, but who might be Union scouts. I rode on cautiously. The suspicious parties increased in number and activity. Still it seemed hardly probable that they could be enemies, so many, and so near our forces. I rode down a lane in the edge of a piece of woods that lay on my right, while beyond the fields on my left were the men of whose character I was uncertain. The lane led to the cottage of the overseer of the farm. About fifteen or twenty rods beyond, in a grove of fine, large walnut trees, was the family residence. The wife of the overseer was busy about the door. I stopped, and bidding her good morning, asked, "Are there any southern soldiers about here?" "None that I know of," was the reply, that seemed somewhat stereotyped.

We had found that it was very convenient for people at times not to know anything that was not at that instant in the direct field of vision. There was something in the tone of the answer that was not quite convincing. The conversation continued.—"How are the people up at the house?" "Why, they are pretty well. Who are you?" "I am a friend of the family, but have not been here for some months." "Are you Mr. Beach?" "Yes." "Are you, truly?" "Yes." "Then I'll tell you the truth. There were a dozen or more southern soldiers right here just a bit ago, and they are in the grove up around the house now." "Thank you." Not Harvey Birch, personating a minister, piloting the disguised British officer away from the guard house where he had been held under sentence of death as a spy, moved with greater care than did I, to avoid attracting the notice of those who were around and behind me. Trying to make myself invisible, I guided my mare slowly and with seeming carelessness over the softest parts of the grassy lane until around the corner of the woods. There might be some credit in being captured while acting under orders, but none whatever while scouting on private account.

At Charlestown Gen. Hunter burned the fine residence of Andrew Hunter, a relative, who, as district attorney of Jefferson County, had conducted the prosecution of John Brown. But we lost more than we gained by such burnings.

Commanders were changed. An excitable Frenchman had commanded the brigade. He was a good fighter, but we thought him too impulsive to plan coolly. He scolded, and threatened to dismount the regiment. The boys retorted by calling him frog-eater, and other names more pertinent than respectful.

Early seemed to be having his own sweet will in Mary-

land. We recrossed the Potomac, and marched and counter-marched until we did not seem to know what was going on anywhere, and our horses were getting worn out. Hunter reported to Grant that he did not know where the enemy was.

Averell had been a successful fighter and was an agreeable gentleman, and we were glad enough to have him as a commander in the place of the irascible Frenchman.

July 30, 1864, McCausland, in obedience to orders of Gen. Early, burned Chambersburg, Pa. McCausland had his own brigade and that of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, in all about 2,600 men. There was considerable confusion among the Union forces in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Gen. Averell now received orders direct from Washington to follow and fight McCausland. So severe had been the service that, leaving behind disabled horses, he could muster only about 1,300 men, one brigade of 900 under Col. Powell, of West Virginia, and one of 400 under Major Gibson of the 14th Pa. Cavalry. With this force he was in Chambersburg three hours after McCausland had left. The pursuit was prompt. There was a fight with the Confederate rear guard at Hancock, after which McCausland moved on to Cumberland, where Gen. Kelley had a strong force. McCausland turned back and crossed the Potomac at Oldtown. Averell crossed near Hancock, and sending back more worn out horses, hastened on through Springfield and Romney. The weather was very warm, but the march was kept up day and night, with brief halts for feeding and rest. On the evening of August 6th we halted on Mill Creek, thirteen miles south of Romney. Captain William Rumsey, A. A. A. G., now Judge Rumsey of the New York Supreme Court, a gallant soldier, prompt in action, and sometimes emphatic in speech, was posting the pickets when an elderly citizen

rode into the lines and asked to see Gen. Averell, saying he had a message for him from Gen. McCausland. Being taken to Averell he said, "Gen. McCausland sends you his compliments, and says if you will come on to Moorefield he will lick you out of your boots." Averell replied, "He won't do anything of the kind." We went to rest as if for the night, but were up and ready to start shortly after midnight. Few generals had more active and reliable scouts than had Averell. Calling his leading officers together, he informed them about where the two brigades of Confederates were encamped, and gave minute instructions. The column moved forward several miles and halted. The General himself, taking Capt. T. R. Kerr of the 14th Pa. Cavalry and a few picked men, went forward stealthily on foot and captured the two mounted videttes. From these they learned where the reserve picket was, and that it was commanded by a Lieutenant Carter. Captain Kerr, taking fifteen mounted men, made a wide detour, striking the road beyond the picket and approaching it from the direction of Moorefield. When near the picket he was challenged, and answered, "Relief." Then, dismounting his men, Kerr asked, "Where is your picket, Mr. Carter?" "Under a tree here in the field," was the reply. "Any straw?" "Plenty." Keeping up a conversation, Kerr and his men surrounded the tree under which the men were sleeping, and taking their arms which were leaning against the tree, passed them out of the way. "Any news, Mr. Carter?" "No; none of our scouts have come in lately. The last we heard of Averell he was coming on this side of Romney." Noticing Kerr's movements, he asked, "What's your hurry? What do you want? Who are you?" Kerr replied, "We're Yanks, and want you." Carter exclaimed, "My God! Averell's here!" After a little demonstration he surrendered. Averell

himself stepping forward said, "Mr. Carter, I am Gen. Averell, and I think you are not to blame for this. Gen. McCausland ought not to have placed you five or six miles out here when he knew I was coming near at hand." Carter, blaming himself instead of McCausland, said, "Oh, it is not so far as that, not more than two or three miles." "Well," said Averell, "then he ought to have sent out patrols once in a while to see whether you were all right." "He has done that, and I thought this was a patrol when I heard it coming." Leaving the prisoners under guard and moving in toward the camp, they met the unsuspecting patrol coming out, and captured it entire. The road was now clear, and the entire command moved rapidly forward. It was now near daylight. A heavy fog had befriended Averell, interfering with the enemy's hearing as well as seeing. The command in three columns, one in the road and one on each side, was riding over the camp before the Confederates, who were just bestirring themselves, could know what was being done. Capt. Rumsey, riding at the head of one of the columns, came upon a vidette, one of a line of videttes posted some distance in front of the camp. The vidette was sitting on his horse, holding the reins in his left hand, his cocked revolver in his right, a blanket pinned with a thorn over his shoulders, with his mouth wide open and his eyes open wider still. He sat there without moving a muscle until our men were right upon him. Even then he didn't stir, but looked at the men and said "Good mawnin'." The captain did not have time to stop and talk with him. He was a very civil enemy, and did not in the least try to hinder the column, which got into the camp before he did.

The three columns made quick and thorough work in the camp, but in the fog many of the enemy escaped to the

woods and mountains. This was the camp of Bradley Johnson's Brigade. McCausland's own Brigade was on the other side of the South Branch of the Potomac. This river was about one hundred feet wide, the water above the horses' knees, very rapid, with a bottom of rolling cobble stones. About one hundred twenty of the 1st New York, and less than one hundred of the 3d West Virginia Cavalry were ordered to ford the river and see what there was there. Capt. Abram Jones of the 1st New York led, both detachments being under the command of Major Gibson of the 14th Pennsylvania. We advanced about a mile in a flat, muddy road. On the left was a large field of corn that stood so high that, although we were on horseback, we could not see what was beyond. A few Confederates in front of us kept firing upon us and falling back. We reached the limit of the cornfield, and found on the left of the road a wide, level meadow land, and to our utter amazement, on the farther side of this field, was the rest of McCausland's Division, mounted and in line of battle, with a strong skirmish line thrown out and a large flanking party off to our left. There were from 1200 to 1500 of them in all, and less than 220 of us. But it flashed into the mind of every one, that if we were to fall back, or hesitate, they would run us down before we could get over that mile of muddy road and across that wide, rapid, stony river. There was a probability that they would not suspect the smallness of our numbers, and the surprise of Johnson's Brigade had probably had its demoralizing effect. Major Gibson, as quiet as if he were on parade, took in the situation. Capt. Jones was quick to think and act, and waving his sabre instantly commanded—"Forward! Forward! *Yell*, men, YELL!!" The men poured out of the road and into the meadow as if there were

5000 of them, and firing, swinging their sabres, and yelling as the like number of men never yelled before or since, charged straight for the center of the Confederate line. They did not wait for us to reach them, but broke and fled.

In the entire affair the Union loss was thirty-six killed and wounded, nearly half of whom were officers. The Confederate loss was about 150 killed and wounded, and 500 prisoners, four cannon and their wagons. Averell leisurely retired to New Creek. From July 30th, the day Chambersburg was burned, to the evening of August 8th, we marched 214 miles. We returned by the B. & O. R. R. to the Valley, and were engaged in another active campaign under Sheridan.

Some correspondence with Gen. Bradley T. Johnson elicited from him the following letter giving his recollections of the affair:

BALTIMORE, MD., May 7, 1895.

MY DEAR LIEUT. BEACH:

Your letter brings back to me scenes and feelings of a third of a century ago, and I long for "one hour of Bonnie Dundee." Said King Hal, on the eve of Agincourt:

> "Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot;
> But he'll remember with advantages
> What feats he did that day."

It seems to me an honest human feeling that old soldiers should recount their adventures, their achievements, their victories and their defeats. I do not envy the people who grudge them their indulgence in this natural pleasure.

In August, 1864, I was in command of a brigade of cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia, and with Gen. McCausland and his brigade, was sent to exact tribute from Chambersburg, Pa., or, in default of payment, to burn that town in retaliation for the burning by Gen. Hunter, of the homes of R. W. Lee, A. R. Boteler and Gov. Letcher, and of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. Early's intention was to make Chambersburg pay Lee, Boteler and Letcher. We, McCausland being senior, crossed the Potomac, went to Chambersburg and demanded

$100,000 in gold, or $500,000 in greenbacks, and in failure of payment promptly burned the town. On our return Averell, with a brigade of Union cavalry, in which was the First New York, overtook us at Hancock, two marches from Chambersburg, and attacked our rear guard, which was from my brigade. He made no impression, and when we got ready we moved leisurely up the National pike to Cumberland, where Kelley had a lot of infantry and blocked our way. Turning back, we crossed the Potomac at Oldtown, where we captured a block house held by Col. Stough of the 154th Ohio—one hundred days men—I think, 150 of them. We pushed on to Romney, and next to New Creek, which place we attacked but failed to carry. Thence we went to Moorefield, where we camped the evening of the 6th of August. We had been marching day and night since August 1st. We had not camped nor taken off our clothes, so we were reasonably tired. I was sound asleep at daylight, August 7th, when my adjutant jumped into my room. I was on the second floor of the McNeil House with my jacket and boots off, lying on the floor with my head on my saddle. "General, the Yankees are in the camp!!" In one twist I was in boots, jacket and hat. I am thus particular, for I heard a fellow once tell a very interesting yarn, how "General Bradley Johnson was playing poker one night, when Averell ran him out, and he swam the South Branch of the Potomac in his night shirt." The story elicited great applause, for the auditors knew me and the narrator didn't. But the climax came when Wade Hampton said, "Let me introduce you to General Bradley Johnson!" Said the man, "Great God! I thought I knew him." "I was sure you didn't," said Hampton, "for to my certain knowledge he never had a night shirt the whole war, and never played a game of cards." Anyhow, I reached the ground floor in two jumps, and was out of the front door. But along the road, ten steps off, was a column of horsemen in blue, at carry sabre, moving at a trot. I turned for the back entrance. Five or six gentlemen in blue came bouncing up the steps and into the hall, pumping their Spencer carbines at every jump.

Well, there are many gymnastic exercises and many plans of getting men into condition for speed, but my observation then was that five Spencer carbines ten yards behind a man, pouring

five continual streams of bullets around and over him, are the most exhilarating tonic that was ever invented. I went down the steps in one jump, over a four and a half foot fence in another. As I got into the open, a man fell from his horse. I was on the horse in a breath, galloping to get ahead of the Yankee column to my command, yet untouched. I reached the 8th and 21st Virginia, crossing the south branch of the Potomac. I formed the 8th and held it for, say fifteen minutes, while the 21st was forming in the rear. The momentum of the blue horsemen was irresistible, though. They rode over everything; they rode over me with the 8th; they rode over Peters with the 21st, wounded and captured him (he is now Professor of Latin in the University of Virginia), and nearly routed McCausland and me off the face of the earth.

I consider it a very amiable thing in me to write this for your amusement, but I have never blamed myself for the disaster. Averell surprised my pickets by a *ruse de guerre*, and he is entitled to the credit of a very brilliant exploit, for which I do not think he ever received proper credit. He was a chivalric and gallant soldier, and you "like a man after you've fought him." That's old Colonel Beauseant in the Lady of Lyons.

I am yours very truly,

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

For the next three months there was hardly a day without a battle or a skirmish. There were long scouts and wild chases.

A detachment watching its opportunity slipped in behind a Confederate advance guard. The men fought hard to get back to the main column that was following. There was a hand to hand fight. A red-headed, wiry Federal was singled out by a stalwart Confederate. Their sabres clashed in a plucky encounter. Both were expert swordsmen, and it became a question of endurance. The Confederate tired first, and cried, "I surrender!" The Federal was just getting warmed up to his work, and with more emphasis than "mercy toward a conquered foe," shouted, "——!! I don't want you to surrender!"

In another like occurence, the men of the Confederate advance were chased to a safe distance from the main body, and all were captured. They were imprisoned temporarily in a corn crib which was packed so full that there was standing room only. The Confederate lieutenant was a good fellow, but after the excitement of the chase and capture he wanted some whisky. His captor said he should have some if he, the Federal, only knew where to get it. The prisoner wrote a note, addressed to a farmer in the neighborhood, stating his condition and asking if he would please fill his canteen with whisky. The Federal taking the note and the prisoner's canteen found the farmer and in general terms asked for some whisky. The farmer denied having any. The Union officer presented the note from the prisoner. The farmer then brought out a large jug and funnel and filled the canteen. The officer then asked the farmer to fill his canteen, too. This he refused to do, when it occurred to the Federal to enquire whether the revenue tax on that whisky had ever been paid. There being no visible proofs of such payment, he formally, and in the name and by the authority of his Government, confiscated the whisky and the jug. A more friendly lot of enemies than those captives and their captors was never seen. They all reached the Union camp, hilarious but safe.

The vile "apple jack" that was made in the South was a worse enemy than a Confederate in arms. Men would be affected in different ways; some would sing and be merry, in others their martial instincts would be stimulated. One tall, large, heavily-bearded, hoarse-voiced son of Erin would be inspired with the spirit of Daniel O'Connell. Mounting a stump or a barrel, he would harangue an audience, real or imaginary, until he was exhausted. Another would cry over his soldier-brethren's hardships

and his country's woes. With copious tears pouring down his cheeks he would weep uncontrollably, lifting up his voice so loud that all the camp, and even the picket line of the enemy, could hear.

We were sometimes short in officers. It is said that at Cold Harbor a captain commanded for a brief time all that was left of an entire brigade of infantry. An orderly sergeant commanded his company during almost the entire campaign of '64, and in Sheridan's battle of Winchester, September 19, commanded a squadron, two companies, and the squadron fought well from early morning till the final charge. An Irish private had to act as corporal in charge of a picket post. No major general ever more fully realized the responsibility of his position. He turned out the guard at "Grand Rounds," and with a flourish of his sabre, saluted with a military presence and command that attracted the special attention of the officer of the day, who asked him his command and rank. "Oi'm sanior proivate, sor," was the acting corporal's reply.

Another private was the most unlucky man in the regiment—except possibly two or three of the officers—in getting into difficulties, but he was never at a loss in finding a way to get out of them. He was captured again and again, but every time he contrived to escape. Mosby had hanged some Federals. Custer hanged seven of Mosby's men. Mosby selected seven prisoners by lot, and executed them. Powell ordered seven Confederates to be taken out and shot one morning before breakfast. Mosby duplicated the number. Powell was out on a long scout, and left a Confederate hanging by the roadside labeled, "In retaliation." At such a time our unlucky comrade was missing. We thought this time he was gone for good—or bad. He was picked up by the enemy. He realized that it was not a good time to be taken prisoner, and that he

would need to use all his wits to escape hanging. He thought of the advice of Hámlet, "Assume a virtue if you have it not," and he assumed a stupidity that he had not —a stupidity so profound and impenetrable that his captors could make nothing out of him. He was so stupid that he was not worth the trouble of hanging. As slippery and quick as an eel, he glided from among them in the wink of an eye, and after a wearisome jaunt over the mountains he found his way back to camp.

The tedium of periods of inactivity was relieved by various entertainments and improvised diversions, that cannot be adequately reproduced in writing.

Several congenial comrades, occupying a Sibley tent, were passing the evening. An iron socket, holding a tallow candle, stuck in the center pole. Around the pole on a heap of straw, were the saddles, blankets and arms. It was a jovial company. A sudden impulse seized one of them. He arose, and in a full voice and impassioned manner, began to recite a selection that he had learned to "speak" when a school boy. First one, and then all, turning upon the speaker a startled, frightened look, began to creep toward the outer parts of the tent. With heads thrust under the flap, and legs wildly sprawling and kicking as they were frantically struggling to crawl out under the sides of the tent, they presented a scene that was too much for the gravity of the orator.

The night of September 17, 1864, the regiment was picketing the right of Sheridan's army. The reserve was resting in a piece of thick woods. George G. Peavey, now of Brooklyn, and Pliny F. Nelson were patrolling the line of pickets. Riding silently along a road through the woods, their suspicions were excited by the action of their horses. Drawing and cocking their revolvers, they rode cautiously on. All at once a large number of Confederates

silently stepped out from the shadows of the woods, closed in around them, and in suppressed whispers ordered them to surrender. It flashed into Peavey's mind that if they surrendered without giving the alarm, the entire reserve would be surprised and captured. Without an instant's hesitation he fired his revolver among them. Nelson did the same, when both, in the midst of a volley, wheeled their horses and dashed through the enemy. Nelson was shot through the body and soon after died. Peavey escaped unharmed. The reserve was alarmed and saved.

This incident was afterward reported to a Secretary of War with the suggestion that it deserved a little special recognition. But the Secretary, who had not been a soldier during the war, replied that what these two men did was nothing more than what all soldiers were expected to do.

The 19th was a memorable battle day, when Sheridan struck Early so hard a blow that the latter was sent "whirling" up the Valley. Three days later at Fisher's Hill, Crook and Averell, on the right, doubled up Early's left, cavalry and infantry together rushing over his earth works, while Sheridan attacked in front, and Early was sent staggering still farther up the Valley. Then came the advance to Harrisonburg, and on the return, the destruction of all visible supplies; the battle of Cedar Creek and a gallant fight, cavalry against cavalry, at Nineveh. We made ourselves a comfortable winter camp at Winchester. In February a small part of the regiment was left to look after things in the Valley while the rest, in Custer's Division, went with Sheridan, meeting Early for the last time at Waynesborough, and going across the country to join Grant. At Charlottesville, some of the men who were printers, took possession of an office and issued a paper, advertising, with the old-time cuts of runaway slaves,

offering a large reward for the finding and return of "My boy Jube" and "My man Rosser."

The regiment participated in Grant's final movements. At Sailor's Creek Captain Edwin F. Savacool received a mortal wound while waving with boyish glee a battle flag that he had just captured; a slight-built, fearless boy, who, as a scout, had single-handed brought in more than seventy prisoners. At Appomattox Station fell Lieutenant Joseph Walter, a typical German soldier, one of the last commissioned officers killed in a general engagement. The regiment looked on at Lee's surrender.

In the midst of the general rejoicing there fell upon us the unutterable sadness at the news of the death of Lincoln.

We took part in the grand review, and finally, early in July, at Hart's Island, New York harbor, we were mustered out. The men had all gone on their way to their homes. The tents we had occupied were left standing for other regiments. I stayed yet one night alone in the camp. The long lines of white tents were silent. There was no sound but the rippling of waves among the boulders along the shore. The full moon in a cloudless sky was shining down on the deserted camp and upon the untroubled waters of the Sound, where ships and schooners with full-spread sails were slowly moving before a gentle breeze. I strolled among the tents and along the shore, with no fear of a night alarm. No bugle sounding "boots and saddles" would call us to another day of battle. It was a picture of perfect peace, with a receding background of four terrible years of war.

MOSBY AND HIS MEN.

By Captain J. A. Watrous, U. S. V.

[Read February 2, 1887.]

IT was my fortune to serve nearly four years in the Army of the Potomac. Like all men who served in that army, I heard a great deal about our mild-mannered guest, Colonel Mosby. A great many of our comrades not only heard of, but saw him, and to their deep regret, and they parted with him with still deeper regret, for the Colonel, though not a railway official, gave his Yankee acquaintance free passes to Richmond and tickets of admission to Libby Prison, where they were treated less courteously and fared less sumptously than while under his protection.

On one occasion, while in company with Companion Major E. M. Rogers, I had what might be termed a passably fair opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of Colonel Mosby. It is needless to add that I have never had occasion to regret that such an acquaintance was not effected in 1863, and I contented myself to wait until 1887, long after he had shed his stars, bars and spurs.

It was in June, 1863, while Hooker was on his way to Pennsylvania to keep an engagement with General Lee, that a portion of the army spent a couple of days in camp near Guilford Station, Va., on the Leesburg road. Major (then Lieutenant) Rogers and myself, thinking that a "square meal" in a Virginia mansion would relieve the monotony of hard tack and fat pork, rode out in the country a couple of miles and were hospitably entertained. After tea, while chatting with members of the family in

the front yard, a fine appearing southern gentleman joined the group. As we learned afterwards, the fine southern gentleman with a military air was Dr. Alexander of Mosby's Rangers. Half an hour before sunset we took leave of our Virginia entertainers. We had to pass through a forest. The first half mile ride in the woods was very deliberately done, but not so the last half. While our horses were walking along and we were discussing the probable outcome of Hooker's campaign, we saw, off to the left, a company of six or eight men and as many horses. They saw us at about the time we did them. Their uniforms were gray. Quick as a flash they were in their saddles and rushing in our direction. Not caring to make the acquaintance of so many of Mosby's men all at once, we wheeled in our saddles, gave them two or three shots from our navy revolvers, and put spurs to our horses. This incident explains how it happened that, in the matter of speed, the last half mile of that ride in the woods has no legal or moral right to be compared with the first half mile.

Colonel Mosby will remember, probably, that while the army was at Guilford Station, at the time mentioned, he and a small party of his daredevils rode through Wadsworth's Division of the First Army Corps, but the Yankees did not know it until the next day, after the Ranger had picked up what information General Lee wanted and was off for Loudon, or another of his hiding places. With all of his bravery, skill and dash, and his zeal for the Confederacy, there are thousands of Army of the Potomac soldiers who believe that he did the Union cause about as good service as he did his own side. That he and his Rangers had a bad reputation in the Army of the Potomac goes without saying. It was such a reputation as made Union soldiers in no wise anxious to fall into his

hands, and rather than incur such a risk, there was very little straggling from 1863 until the curtain was rung down at Appomattox. Thus, you see, Mosby and his men were very good file-closers for the Union army; thus, you see that he was very useful to the national government. It is due to our guest and the men who followed his lead in Virginia, that neither he nor they were anywhere near as black as they were painted. As one soldier of the Grand old Army of the Potomac, I take this occasion to thank our guest for his efficiency as a file-closer of the Union army.

Mr. Commander, there was a time when our companions who were of the Army of the Potomac, would have hesitated to venture into such close proximity to Colonel Mosby as they find themselves to-night; but that time was brought to a close well on to a quarter of a century ago, and for years McClellan's, Burnside's, Hooker's, Meade's and Grant's men, and "Stonewall" Jackson's "foot" cavalry, Lee's hard-hitters and Mosby's Rangers have met and mingled as citizens of the one great model Republic of the world, and they all, or nearly all of them, sincerely rejoice over the firmly established government, and love its one beautiful emblem, the dear old stars and stripes. They have met, as we meet here to-night, on friendly terms, loyal subjects of the nation, the one as ready to defend its honor as the other.

Old Time has proved himself a skillful physician. He has smoothed ruffled tempers and healed gaping wounds; he has smothered feelings of bitterness and revenge; he has plastered and splintered the bloody chasm; he has welded the Union soldiers so firmly, that they stand as of old, shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart,—fairly Siamese-twinned them. Dr. Time has done still more than this, and in the near future we shall witness other evi-

dences of his skill and the effects of his remedies. The day is coming when the gray-haired men of the war of 1861-5 will meet and fraternize as soldiers, scarcely halting to ask each other whether they wore the blue or the gray, being content to know that they were soldiers in the same war; their dim eyes and trembling hands will speak the same language. The Northern soldier who came into contact with Southern soldiers never hesitates to say that he met heroes and brave men. Soldiers of the South are quick to denounce an intimation that they fought armies of cowards. Both marched over the same dusty, rough, or muddy roads; both camped and slept with only the million-eyed sky for a covering; both braved death on the same battle-fields; both buried their dead, as soldiers like best to be buried, where they fell, and closed their eyes for the long rest and endless sleep; both wept over dead comrades; both went hungry and poorly clad; both have their friends with an empty sleeve and a single foot—with shattered bodies and mental eyesight gone; both were brave men, and if during the next five or ten years a foreign power, or a cluster of foreign powers, see proper to assail the American nation, both will be found most useful servants in defeating and driving back the visitors from abroad.

Fifty or one hundred years from now, as our descendants of the North and South visit the battlefields of the War of the Rebellion, the little mounds will be spoken of, not as the graves of the men who wore the blue or the gray, but as the graves of American soldiers. The ashes from the bones bleached for long years through storm and sunshine and then crumbled into dust, will be held sacred by all alike; will be thought of as the ashes of as brave men as ever went to battle.

While I believe that this will be true as to the soldiers

who fought in the great civil war, I am equally firm in the belief that the arch-conspirators of 1860 and 1861, who precipitated the war, and were careful to avoid the battle front after the blood-letting commenced, the inhuman fiends who had charge of prisons, and the home guard who murdered vanquished foes, but never saw a line of battle, will ever live in the memory of man as unworthy of citizenship in the nation that a Washington established and a Lincoln preserved.

IN AND OUT OF THE WISCONSIN ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, 1862–1866.

By Companion Augustus Gaylord, "War Adjutant General" of Wisconsin.

[Read May 2, 1894.]

RETURNING by way of the La Crosse and Milwaukee railway from Northern Wisconsin on an early morning in January of 1862, the late Governor C. C. Washburn (then Colonel of the Second Wisconsin Cavalry) in passing through the car where I was seated, surprised me with a military salute, and a "Good morning, General." The point of the joke, if such was intended, was not clear to me, and in response to my request for an explanation, he handed me the morning paper announcing the staff appointments of Governor L. P. Harvey, including myself as Adjutant General of the state.

My intimate association with Gov. Harvey in labor upon the allotment fund to the families of volunteers which was begun in 1861, and also as his confidant in the gubernatorial campaign of that year, led me to anticipate my appointment as Private Secretary to himself as Governor, but that of Adjt. General of the state was little less surprise to me than was the rebellion itself. Arriving at Madison I at once made my way to Gov. Harvey's office, seating myself with only a "Good evening, Governor." He met my inquiring look with a smile and after some delay said, "Well?" I replied "Well, is it? I am unfamiliar with the duties of the office to which you have appointed me. Will it be well, for either you or me, that I accept it?" "We are all new at this business," he replied;

"you can learn as well as another. I expect you to do it, and wish you to stand by me in it."

Thus mustered into the service I was reappointed by the three succeeding Governors, Salomon, Lewis and Fairchild, until my resignation in May, 1866.

I have, at the request of Companions of this Commandery, prepared this paper giving some of my experiences in the duties of the office, which I read under the title of "In and Out of the Wisconsin Adjutant General's Office, 1862–1866."

The title itself recalls an incident of the evening on the day of the interview with Gov. Harvey before mentioned. My genial and witty friend and predecessor, Gen. Utley, had some scruples about being retired from office, and was being waited upon in his room at the old Capitol House by some boon companions, who jokingly toasted him as "the first man pardoned out of office," with other equally encouraging remarks. Opening a fresh bottle the General gave in reply, "Gentlemen, here's to the *vacancy* occasioned by the removal of the Adjt. General." Before-time friends, I afterward retained his personal friendship and enjoyed his wit no less than others.

No record of Wisconsin in the war would be complete that does not recognize the ardor and fidelity of Gen. Utley in his services, both as Adjt. General, and subsequently as Colonel of the 22d Wisconsin Infantry. The Legislature had, just at the close of the annual session in 1861, passed an act authorizing the Governor to take such measures as should enable him to respond in the most efficient and speedy manner to the call of the general government. The first call for troops pursuant to the proclamation of the President of the United States, and directing the organization of one regiment from Wisconsin, was answered by our people within ten days with

the number requisite for five regiments, and so great was the enthusiasm that strife was engendered between companies in their endeavor to secure position in the service. Sharing in the not uncommon belief that the government would have need of a larger body of troops than indicated in the first call and proclamation of the President, Governor Randall directed the organization of five additional regiments which he uniformed and equipped at the expense of the state. The legislature at an extra session in May authorized additional regiments, to be held as a reserve force for muster into the service of the United States when called for by the general government, so that at the close of 1861 there had been organized, equipped and sent from the state, ten regiments of infantry, one company of cavalry, and one company of sharp shooters, exclusive of the three months regiment, and there were remaining in the state in process of completion, nine regiments of infantry, three regiments of cavalry and ten batteries of light artillery. I review these statistics to record not only my sentiments of respect and esteem, but my appreciation also of the services rendered to the state by Gen. Utley in his work, without precedent, and without experience in such an unparalleled condition.

It would ill become me in this presence, and I shall not attempt to portray the experiences, individual or aggregate, of the volunteers in these and the subsequent organizations which went from our state, nor talk of hairbreadth escapes or thrilling experiences of the battlefield. I salute *you* as actors in that struggle, upon whom with all the other heroes of that time, living or dead, I invoke the unstinted rewards and unending honors of a saved and reunited nation.

Nor shall I discuss the character or cause of the rebellion which so signally startled and unified the people of

the North. That surprise at the result of their action came to some in the South as well, is shown by authenticated incidents like the following: "South Carolina, sir, is too large for an insane asylum, and too small for a republic," was the answer of Senator Pettigrew in the autumn of 1860 to the inquiry of the eminent sculptor H. K. Brown, "if South Carolina could seriously contemplate secession."

The "fire eater," W. L. Yancy, of Alabama, notwithstanding his expressed desire to "fire the southern heart and precipitate the cotton states into a revolution," is reported to have assured his constituency just prior to the outbreak of the war, "I pledge my honor that I will pay all the expense of this war with a ten cent piece, and will wipe away with my handkerchief all the blood that will be shed."

The Rev. Dr. Junkin, a line officer and chaplain in the Confederate army, said, so late as February, 1890, in my hearing in a public gathering, that not until President Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand men, and its quota from Virginia, his native state, did he, with others, find the question of loyalty to the Union sharply put and the personal decision imperative.

And at the Union League Club dinner in Brooklyn in January, 1892, commemorating the birth of Abraham Lincoln, ex-Congressman John S. Wise, of Virginia, said: "The nomination of Mr. Lincoln I pictured in boyish fancy as the elevation of a bad man, by an insane faction, with a cruel, quixotic purpose. The idea that he or his followers could or would prevail against the power of the South, seemed to me utterly preposterous. I laughed in my heart, as a school boy tripping along to school in the springtime of 1860, at the thought that anything could uproot and destroy the whole social and political fabric

by which I was surrounded. Within five years from that time I stood upon the same spot a paroled prisoner of the army of the dead Confederacy."

Such expressions as these and from such sources may, I think, be accepted as evidence that with few exceptions the southern people were not prepared for, nor contemplated seriously the fatal step, much less the actual conflict with all its attendant horrors.

This paper will be but a rambling conversation, and the last words of the former sentence lead me naturally to a subject lately revived in a leading magazine, which I wish might not have again been made a matter of discussion, to awaken bitterness of heart in the remembrance of Andersonville. I refer to the treatment as charged of southern rebel prisoners in northern barracks. On April 12th, 1862, I received from Brig. General W. K. Strong, commanding at Cairo, Ill., a telegram stating that six hundred and ninety-five rebel prisoners had that day been forwarded by steamboat to Prairie du Chien for safe keeping within this state, which, with two hundred and fifty more from the same place, and four hundred from Chicago soon after, made a total of some fourteen hundred men. They were mainly from Alabama and Tennessee regiments captured at Island No. 10 and Shiloh, and included the inmates of a rebel hospital, from among whom the subsequent deaths principally occurred. Camp Randall afforded the best facilities, and to this the Confederates were assigned under guard of the 19th Wisconsin Infantry, Col. Sanders commanding.

Under the immediate direction of Col. (then Capt.) N. B. Van Slyke, Assistant Quartermaster U. S. V. at Madison, these prisoners of war received the same subsistence and medical care as our own troops. They were assigned to barracks which our regiments had left in going to the

front; the sick were permitted the attendance of rebel (prisoner) surgeons from Chicago, in addition to our post surgeons, and were supplied with all needed medicines and sanitary stores. Their dead were decently buried adjoining our own "Soldiers' Rest," a head board indicating the name, company and regiment, and date of death of each individual. I briefly present these facts because of the attempt at this late day to palliate the horrors of Andersonville by charging similar brutality in Northern prison camps.

I cannot pass the death of Gov. Harvey without mention, occurring, as it did, in earlier months of my official life. Our friendship was close. At his request I was at his home while he was preparing to leave on his visit to Wisconsin regiments immediately after the battles of Shiloh and Pittsburg Landing. It seemed certain he would lose the train, he was so dilatory in movement, and during the time he made me a confidant of personal business matters, with the remark, "You know, General, life is uncertain, and if I should not return, I want you to remember these things I have told you, and tell them who have the settlement of my affairs." I was finally compelled to call a passing wagon to get him to the station in time, and saw him step upon the last car of the moving train. On the following Monday I received this telegram from Gen. Strong at Cairo, Ill.:

CAIRO, April 20th, 1862.

TO ADJT. GEN'L GAYLORD:

The painful intelligence has just reached here that Mr. Harvey was drowned last night about eleven o'clock at Savannah on the Tennessee River, while passing from one boat to another. Every effort was made to recover his body, but without success.

W. K. STRONG,
Brig. Gen'l Commanding.

The body of Governor Harvey was two weeks later

recovered, and funeral services were held in the state senate chamber, with an address by the Rev. Dr. A. L. Chapin of Beloit College. The obsequies and interment in the Madison cemetery were attended by delegations from the principal cities and towns of the state, bearing testimony to the high esteem in which Gov. Harvey was held, and the general feeling of personal loss occasioned by his death.

I find myself at once facing a difficulty in this paper for lack of incident with which to relieve a sombre tone, but war is a serious matter, and looking back over those years I seem to remember first and principally the serious work of it. There was undoubtedly much of joy in daily life, or we should not have survived, and we probably made a little of it go a good way. An incident occurs to me in the troublous times of '64, when gold had reached a high premium. One night, in returning home from my office at a late hour, near the park I passed two soldier boys in hilarious mood, out on a pass for the evening. One shouted, "Rah for Lincoln! rah for Lincoln!" "What's the matter with Lincoln?" growled the other. "Rah for Lincoln! He's the first President that ever made a gold dollar worth two dollars and seventy-five cents." Of course there were humors of the camp—of that *you* know. Mine were rather grim as remembered. The Confederate General J. B. Gordon, in an address delivered last winter at Carnegie Hall, New York, referred to this subject pleasantly, and gave some illustrations from which I quote. He said, "The grim humor of the camp waged eternal warfare on the general despondency. On one occasion a prayer meeting was held in camp, and one of the soldiers was called on to pray. "Oh, Lord," he said, "we are in the midst of a terrible battle and in an awful lot of trouble. We hope you will take a proper view of the matter and

give us the victory." In the midst of a battle the General saw a man running from a very close situation. "What are you running for?" demanded the disgusted General in a stern voice. "Golly, General," said the fleeing man, "I'm running because I can't fly."

We hadn't much red tape in military matters in 1862, and, in fact, rather prided ourselves upon its absence, I think. The general government was represented in our state by a local official, whom we, of course, held in proper deference; first by Maj. Howard Stansbury, U. S. A., an elderly man, who, with Col. Bonneville, made the Salt Lake exploring tour under great hardships in the early forties, a true soldier and noble man. Our wants from the government, of both information and supplies, in these days were urgent, and we were, at times, a little impatient with delays for conference and department red tape. The dear old Major helped us out wonderfully. He was short in stature, and after hearing my requests would walk briskly back and forth, both hands under his coat tails, setting them up like a turkey-cock, and would turn sharply with, "It may not be according to regulations, General, 'tis common sense; I'll do it." His death occurring in the autumn of '62, his successor, Col. C. S. Lovell, of the 14th U. S. Infantry, was long with us, and no less helpful were Colonels Green and Giddings, with all of whom my relations, official and personal, were of the most pleasant character. At a little dinner, given by military officers to Col. Lovell at the time of his leaving us, General (then Col.) D. B. McKibbin, U. S. V., presided as toast master. A young cavalry officer of a Wisconsin regiment was also present and was called upon to respond to a sentiment to his arm of the service. He would have responded more readily an hour earlier, but steadying himself, quoted some authority in effect that the cavalry and artillery were the eye and

the arm of the service; and unfortunately inquired what else remained. Col. McKibbin gave answer as quick as a shot, "The infantry—the brains, you —— fool." The cavalry retreated.

I recall in connection with the publishing of one of my reports in a state paper, the very proper remark by a Milwaukee editor, "What a pity our public men cannot condense." Dear man, he did not know how hard we were trying to; but it does amuse me now in reading over some of the earlier orders of the Adjutant General's office in the formation of regiments, to read the peroration of a somewhat lengthy general order in which "the Governor confidently expects that Wisconsin will promptly furnish the quota of the state under the latest calls of the President. Let the sacredness of the cause we would render triumphantly successful, and the waning strength of the rebellion inspire us anew with a fervid devotion, and secure a response from Wisconsin which shall aid in the speedy overthrow of traitors and the return of peace to the land;" all of which was very much in earnest and perhaps well, but the change of tone in less than a year was very marked, as follows:

"I. The Governor directs the immediate organization of the —— Regiment of Volunteer Infantry.

"II. The general plan of organization will conform to the provisions of General Order No. 1, current series from this office.

"III. The camp of rendezvous is hereby designated at Camp Randall,"—which indicated and was accepted as meaning "business."

Turning now for a little inside the office, at first located in the "State Journal" building, and upon adjournment of the legislature transferred to rooms off the Senate Chamber, those connected with this office

might very properly be accredited with "active service" in a change of base no less than five times in two years, before finding permanent place in the present rooms of the west wing of the Capitol.

Whether from motives of economy or the conviction of the State Executive that the new Adjutant General would single-handed soon bring the war to a close, a reduction was made of the office force as it existed prior to his incumbency, and he commenced with an assignment of two clerks, and one messenger as the cavalry arm of the office. The first apparent necessity was a systematic record, other than the muster rolls, of all the volunteers from the state, giving the residence, date of enlistment, time of service and other information for reference; which was now for the first time commenced.

The recruiting and completion of the several regiments and battalions yet remaining in the state had moved but slowly during the autumn and early winter of 1861. Many of those in the regiments then encamped had been three to four months without pay, their families in some instances suffering from want of provisions and fuel, which might be alleviated in some manner if the volunteer could get home. In this state of affairs Gov. Harvey instructed me to make arrangements with the railroad officers at points where the regiments were encamped, for the transportation of volunteers at reduced rates, and if possible, upon my personal responsibility, in such way that the state should not be liable in the matter. It gives me great pleasure to remember at this day the spirit of liberality in which I was met by the officers of the several railroads, and it was agreed that all passes be issued from my office, countersigned by an officer designated in each regiment, an account of travel upon the passes to be sent me monthly by the railroad. I agreed that at the time of payment of

the men, I would use all diligence to collect the amount due from each volunteer, and pay to each railroad the amount collected upon the passes issued over it, the state to be absolved from all responsibility in the matter.

Referring to the receipts still held by me I find that there was paid the several railroad companies over $11,000, and a failure to collect, through various causes, only about $1,000. The result afforded the desired aid to the volunteer, and proved satisfactory to the railroad companies.

It is at this point pleasant to refer to the letter of Gov. Edward Salomon, addressed to the commandants of old regiments, on the 8th of July, 1862, expressing his earnest desire to testify his appreciation "of the fidelity, gallantry and soldierly qualities of the non-commissioned officers and privates in the regiments which had been longest in the field—and do justice to some, at least, of the gallant heroes who have left Wisconsin homes to peril their lives at the call of their country." In compliance with this request the names of one hundred and seventy-one men were reported from the various regiments for promotion, and of this number sixteen were commissioned in the old, and fifty-five in the new regiments then being organized. This course was closely followed to the end of the war, and the advantages resulting from it, particularly in organizing new regiments, were manifest from the beginning in giving proper instructions to the volunteer, and also as affording an opportunity of bestowing honors fairly earned upon many reported for promotion.

Another policy was early adopted by our state in regard to old regiments. It was from this time (in 1862) the endeavor, so far as possible, to recruit old regiments from the volunteers, and to organize new regiments only in keeping alive enthusiasm of the people and as the

reward of active recruiting. Whatever disappointments may have occurred to individuals at the time, it is safe to say in looking back at it now, that the course was justified by the results obtained. How it was esteemed by one great commander, let me quote from Gen. W. T. Sherman, than whom Wisconsin soldiers had no warmer and truer friend. In a published interview November 17, 1871, in New York City, just prior to his trip to Europe, discussing the army he directed in 1861 to 1865, he said, "My boys never wanted urging; they were always on hand. You should have seen them." "I saw them, General, I was with them," replied his companion. "Ah, then you know. What, sir, could be more magnificent than the conduct of our boys at Chattanooga, Resaca and Atlanta? Did you notice the Wisconsin fellows? They behaved grandly, and their state officers were equally patriotic. Without reflecting on any other state, I must say, now that you have suggested the topic, that Wisconsin was conspicuously wise, prudent and generous during the war. The state had splendid regiments in the field, and instead of making new battalions it sent recruits to those at the front. Some states made more show, but none did more work."

In November, 1879, the Atlantic Monthly published an elaborate and interesting article entitled "Our Military Past and Future," in which the author, after paying high tribute to the volunteer forces in the War of the Rebellion, adds: "And yet, the organization of the volunteers was incomplete and in some respects vicious. There was no proper system of recruitment; the sterling old regiments of 1862 were suffered to dwindle into skeletons; when more men were needed new battalions were raised, battalions green throughout, and of course ill fitted for ser-service. Wisconsin alone had the genius, the firmness, and

the patriotism, to establish a strict conscription and thus keep its veteran regiments full; the result being that Wisconsin troops had a uniform character for steadiness, and that a Wisconsin brigade was nearly equivalent to an average division." As soldiers and state officers share alike in the foregoing encomiums, I shall surely, in this Commandery, be pardoned in the quotations.

It ought, perhaps, to be said that conscription had small place in fact in the recruitment of our regiments, and, while it was eminently just and necessary in the case of some districts which did not furnish their quota of volunteers, the actual results were relatively small. The ranks of Wisconsin regiments were, with little exception, those of volunteers.

Visits to different points of the state, consolidating squads and quickening recruiting service, were infrequent, so that within the state my duties were largely at office and camps of rendezvous. My campaigning was brief, at different times, in Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi and Virginia, in all of which I learned to appreciate somewhat the experiences of the soldier. I had several short lessons also in the "music of the spheres," and bobbed my head incontinently before (or behind) the "ping" of the sharp shooters' bullets in my visit at Vicksburg; in doing which I but followed the example of Gen. Grant, in whose company I visited the trenches.

Returning from Vicksburg in June, 1863, we had arranged for the transfer of several Wisconsin sick and wounded on the steamboat City of Memphis to northern hospitals. A young lieutenant of the number too much exhausted for the transfer, died during the second night from a gangrenous wound. The surgeon in charge asked that the body be taken from the boat, and in the morning the captain put the bow of the boat to the shore just below

the junction of the White with the Mississippi River. The body was decently coffined and buried, quite regardless of points of compass, at the foot of a tree stump at an elevation from the river. That I might give to the family some specific information of the spot of burial, I blazed a small place upon the stump and was left alone cutting the initials, when I heard the sound of hoofs coming at a canter through the undergrowth on the bank, upon a trail which ran within a few feet of the new-made grave. The steamboat being some distance below was not visible from the bush, and soon turning a short angle came an old negro and the inevitable mule, the former with ragged trousers, shirt and hat, the brim of which flapped over the darkey's face, the mule wearing a harness bridle only. It was hard to tell which was most surprised, but the negro at once took in the situation, as he jerked the rein and shouted, "'Fore God! who ever heard of buryin' a man with his head to the norf?" Only this, and nothing more. He continued on the trail, and I returned to the boat.

Of several visits to Washington, the incidents of one, made during August, 1864, may have interest. Those were dark days; hard fighting, heavy losses, anxiety everywhere, and the political situation disturbed by factional opposition to Mr. Lincoln in the ranks of his own party. Gen. Early, a month before, had made his demonstration before Washington, and retreated from Maryland after destroying the bridges of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and altogether a hot day in Washington was unpleasant. But Wisconsin wanted credit for 4,352 men already in the service two years, which the War Department had not allowed in its call for new regiments, and to correct this it was necessary to show the department the discrepancy of accounts between its own bureaus. Promises of correction had been made to both Gov. Salo-

mon and Gov. Lewis on the occasion of their visits to Washington, but the discrepancy appeared every time a new state's quota reached the Adjutant General's office at Madison, and I was sent by Gov. Lewis to "stay" until the credit was made. Wisconsin was not the only state affected wrongly by the figures from the Provost Marshal General's office. As late as September, 1891, the Boston Transcript had a graphic article from Mr. Alpha Child, who personally visited Washington the summer of 1864, with a committee from the New York Legislature, sent to secure a correction of methods with that state, in which he shows the Provost Marshal General's office in a most unfortunate light. The Provost Marshal General was apparently yet disturbed by the New York interview, and it was not until after a day or two that I was referred to the head of a bureau to examine our claim. Early attention and reply within three days was promised. The reply came to me at Willard's Hotel, and if my successors have taken the care of it I did, it is on file in the Adjutant General's office as a curiosity. If not, it is no loss, as it had no bearing upon the matter whatever. After a sleepless night until two o'clock in the morning, I determined to assume the reins of the general government in disposing of the matter. I arose from bed and pencilled the order I wished to get from the Provost Marshal General, covering the credits of the several congressional districts of the state. I called upon the official the next morning, thanking him for the prompt reply, and if not presuming too much, would he kindly embody the memorandum I handed him in an order from the Provost Marshal General that I might take to Colonel Lovell, Assistant Provost Marshal of our state, that he and the Adjutant General might carry out the order in unison. I was very much gratified, and more surprised, to receive the

following day a verbatim copy of my pencilled order. My errand was accomplished, and success assured in this, my first and last attempt to "run" the Provost Marshal General's Department at Washington.

Much has been written and said of Secretary Stanton's treatment of official and private individuals having occasion to visit his office. Without entering into any discussion, I have to say, that in personal interviews about matters upon which it seemed proper to consult Secretary Stanton, I never received a discourteous or even brusque reply, and to my surprise, on one occasion especially, in response to my card, the messenger ushered me in from a room in which twenty or more prominent persons were waiting for an interview. With Secretary Stanton at the time I found Senator Wilson, Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, with both of whom, after disposing of my business, some little time was occupied in discussing Wisconsin in the war.

A most careful review and just estimate of Mr. Stanton's official life and character is given by Mr. L. E. Chittenden, Register of the Treasury under Lincoln, in his "Reminscences" lately published, written from exceptional opportunities for study and judgment of the character of the great War Secretary.

The Adjutant General's office would scarcely have been deemed the field of romance, and yet there was material for a very pretty story in the confidences of an Indiana maiden in her anxiety for her Wisconsin lover, whose long silence gave rise to fears, and in her distress, to letters to me for information. I really became quite interested in the woes of the maiden, and, after little delay, was able to trace her soldier boy in a gallant charge with his company, in which action he was desperately wounded. My letter of information explained to her his silence, and

gave the locality of the hospital where he then was. She evidently had no further use for an Adjt. General, and the chapters of our correspondence closed at a very dramatic point, as you see. The hero did not die, and I submit this skeleton of a story to companion Watrous for elaboration.

The information obtained from the monthly regimental reports made to my office, naturally brought many anxious inquiries in person from the homes of volunteers as to the fate of too long silent ones. I will not, on an occasion like this, harrow your feelings with incidents growing out of this fact, but the witnessing what I of necessity did, will ever lead me to hold in supreme exaltation the patriotism, heroism and patient endurance of the women of that time. The work of soldiers' aid societies,—the more conspicuous work of Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Bickerdyke in the west, with Miss Barton and others equally efficient in the east, supplemented by thousands of women only less conspicuous as hospital nurses—all alike honorable and honored—bear testimony to the efficient service which could be rendered only by women. "And this without reward or hire or expectation of it; their only recompense the consciousness of obeying the mandate that makes charity our duty, their only reward the knowledge that they were aiding to maintain the government and preserve the integrity of the stars and stripes."

Detracting not one whit from the meed of praise due to all these, my thoughts turn to the larger unrecorded service of the mothers, wives and sisters throughout the towns and hamlets of the land. The soldier, parted from his home, was at once thrown into new and novel surroundings, of travel, the camp of rendezvous and all the excitement of preparation for active service; and at the front by varying duty, and in companionship had his

mind actively filled with the passing events of the day. In many instances in this state the enlistment meant the departure of the mainstay of the family, and the taking up by the women of the household of the active labor of the shop, the office or the farm, as the only means of support. But as time went on and rumors of sickness and the hospital came, or a letter written on the eve of certain battle on the morrow, these labors became as nothing in the long and dreary waiting and the agony of suspense in which "love and fear multiplied every engagement and enlarged every rumor," until waiting and suspense were possibly both alike ended in the brief death notice from a comrade on the field or in hospital. Exert myself as I will, I cannot cope with this subject as it stands revealed to my consciousness. For many years I have watched for the tribute of some man or woman treating this topic in its entirety. It has furnished underlying sentiment in many works of fiction, in which the facile pen of our esteemed companion Captain Charles King has been conspicuous,—and also for stage representation; but so far as my observation goes, there is yet here an unoccupied place in literature in which history may yet be written, honorable alike to both the subject and the writer.

In the year 1864 the original term of service of the earlier organizations from our state expired; the members of these regiments were given a furlough, and returned to the state. From these thinned ranks 5,782 re-enlisted as veterans. What this meant to the volunteer is best known to him only. To the state it meant just that number less to be volunteered or drafted to fill the quota of 14,000 then pending. It meant also unwearied patriotism after the sharp experiences of the hardships and the perils of three years in the war, and another lengthened absence from the joys and comforts of home, and it meant

that nothing but a love of the cause you fought to uphold could animate or induce such personal sacrifice. "You don't go into such a hole because you like it," explained a trooper, describing a dash through a cannon-swept valley; "you go in because you are ashamed to go back on the boys." This spirit of self respect and a noble feeling of comradeship, united with patriotic devotion, prompted re-enlistment.

The ebb and flow of returning and departing regiments this season made the state a scene of unwonted excitement and activity, especially at Madison and Milwaukee, at which places the returning regiments were received and furloughed. It is unnecessary for me to rehearse these incidents to you, who were the actors in the scene, and of whose soldier life they constitute individual memories.

Vibrating between reverses and successes, the conflict wore on into the winter of 1864 and '65. The army in unremitting exertion was sustained by the hearts of the people in an unwavering belief that He who had founded and brought the nation thus far in its progress and development, would not permit it to fall asunder into petty factions, or that the principles on which it was founded should cease to influence, or fail to accomplish their beneficent purposes upon the people of the land and the nations of the earth.

The total number of troops furnished by Wisconsin under all calls of the general government during the war of the rebellion amounted to 91,379, and an excess of 1,263 of the entire quota assigned to the state. An *average* of the population of the state under the census of 1860 and that of 1865 gives the sum of 822,278. The total number furnished, i. e., 91,379 was therefore (omitting fractional figures) one in every nine of the entire pop-

ulation, and one in every five of the entire male population of the state; or taking the presidential vote of 1864 as a basis, more than one in every two voters in the state.

In this, Wisconsin in common with her sister states, aroused to activity by the contest, bore herself right nobly in every department, through her soldiers in the field and her patriotic men and women at home. Her sons went forth manfully, achieving for themselves, and reflecting honor upon their state from every battlefield. Whether in the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, or the Gulf, or in the more remote and less conspicuous array, her soldiers stood shoulder to shoulder with those of other states, equal with any and second to none in deeds of heroism and devotion to our country's cause and flag. In every department of sanitary and christian labor, through public channels and private munificence, her people at home gave unceasing and unwearied labor to sustain their sons and brothers at the front, and to maintain and secure the perpetuity of the national government.

The events commencing with "the march to the sea," the subsequent capture of Petersburg, culminating in the fall of Richmond, and followed by the pall of darkness which covered the land at the death of Lincoln, constitute a series of dramatic events which no 'prentice hand may attempt to portray.

The grandeur of the scenes of the 23d and 24th of May, 1865, the days of the grand review at Washington, will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness them. I was most fortunate in having a seat on the stand directly opposite President Johnson, Secretary Stanton, Generals Grant and Sherman, and the *corps diplomatique;* a point of vantage from which to see the military display at its best.

Under a beautiful sky, for six hours, on the 23d, the bronzed heroes of the Second and Fifth Corps and Sheridan's Cavalry of the grand Army of the Potomac, marching twenty abreast along the lordly avenue, passed through the city, seventy-five thousand strong. General Meade headed the column, splendidly mounted, his color bearer just behind him with a purple silk flag ornamented with a golden eagle, and draped in mourning for the dead President, the General saluting from side to side, returning the cheers of the assembled thousands.

Following came the members of his staff and escort; and a little later General Geo. A. Custer at the head of his cavalry troop. He rode a beautiful chestnut, which, with prancing steps, took both sides the avenue until within a little distance of the reviewing stand, when General Custer struck the horse savagely with his spur, at which, with a tremendous leap, the horse started on a run, causing Custer to lose his hat, and with his long hair streaming in the breeze, Custer passed the reviewing officers with a jerky bow. Bringing his horse soon under control, the General again took the head of his column and repassed the President, saluting gracefully. It was such a beautiful little bit of dramatic action that I could hardly forgive the remark of one near me, "Just like Custer."

After the cavalry, the artillery; and then the long line of infantry, bronzed and battle-scarred, drooping their tattered flags in answering salute to the cheers, hand-clappings and kerchief-wavings of the multitude, for six full hours the human tide flowed on.

On the 24th the western armies followed their great commander on an equally propitious day. Promptly came General Wm. T. Sherman, at the head of the column, grim and immobile, carrying a bouquet, giving little recognition to the plaudits with which he was greeted during

the entire route. His horse bore a wreath of flowers from the pommel of the saddle, covering his neck and breast like a floral collar. With easy dignity the General saluted the President, and reining his horse at the end of the stand, assumed his place in the review by the side of General Grant.

Having constantly occupied my place on the stand for the entire preceding day, I left it after a little on the second, and made my way toward the Capitol as far as the Treasury Building. From this point the view down the avenue was exceedingly grand. Having been carefully swept and sprinkled, there was neither mud nor dust on this avenue of one hundred and sixty feet in width, and as the ground rises gradually from the Capitol to the Treasury, a distance of about a mile, the view was unobstructed. The avenue was fringed with trees made bright and green by rains but two days before, the sky was of the clearest blue, the air fresh and balmy, with just enough of breeze to float the banners and guidons in the right direction. The steps and windows of houses, the sidewalks and platforms the entire distance, were a mass of spectators, the women in gala dress, by whom quantities of roses and other blossoms were scattered among the regiments. I arrived at this point as the head of the infantry column reached it, and just as an improvised chorus upon the stand at that place started the familiar strain of "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground." It was at once taken up by the advancing column, regiment after regiment, until it became a great wave of sound rising and falling in rythmic cadence. The long vista glittered as a river of fire, with the sunlight reflected from the thousands of bayonets undulating with the easy, swinging stride of the western troops. The sight and the refrain combined came upon eye and ear in bewildering, and I confess, to

me, overpowering emotion, which to this day I can hardly control in the memory of the incident.

For twelve hours this triumphal procession of the two days rolled through the broad avenues of the capital, one hundred and fifty thousand strong, thirty miles in length, bronzed and rugged in feature, stalwart in form, with uniforms weather-stained and faded, bearing tattered banners telling the tale of prolonged hardships and the evidence of toil and struggle. Glad and gay, with lightsome hearts, their trials ended, their work well done, their victory fairly earned, their homes secure, their nation saved, they were now marching home to take their places again in the paths of industry and peace.

> "'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
> One glance at the array."

But what of those, their well-loved and trusted comrades, who, shoulder to shoulder with the same patriotic impulse, left at the call of their country, and who now sleep under the mounds of every battlefield, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, from the Ohio to the Gulf?

> "We welcome back our bravest and our best:—
> Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,
> Who went forth brave and bright as any here."

"Will you think it strange, that, as I watched the tramping army here visible; overhead, seen only by the spirit eye, another army seemed sweeping on, filling the whole heaven with harmony, and that, chief among that cloud of witnesses, appeared our martyred Lincoln?"

THE OLD ARMY.

By Major Moses Harris, U. S. A.

[Read October 3, 1894.]

TO you, Companions, "The Old Army" is that magnificent organization under whose banners you marched to victory thirty years ago, whose achievements you recount with glowing hearts, and the memories of whose glories become dearer to you as, year by year, the frost of time whitens your locks; that noble army which was the nation's shield and defence when treason raised its horrid front, and whose dead hallow the soil of every southern state. But my theme this evening is of another army, one that existed before the nation was called upon to meet the supreme peril of secession, that little force which was the model after which the Grand Army of the Union was built and fashioned, and whose devotion to duty fixed that high standard which has since been so nobly maintained. I will avoid any formal division of my subject, simply endeavoring to give you such impression of its distinguishing characteristics as the passing years have left most vivid in my memory.

The army of the *ante bellum* days was the creature of necessity, and the conditions of its existence were those of constant activity and conflict. Numbering, as it did, scarcely more than fifteen thousand men, it was charged with the task of protecting the advancing tide of civilization throughout that whole vast region from the Missouri to the Pacific, over which roamed countless hordes of savages, the most warlike which the continent has produced.

The conditions of its service exerted a powerful influ-

ence upon the character of the officers and enlisted men that were found in its ranks. It was no place for idlers or those who found attraction in a life of quiet and ease. Its officers were, first of all, men of action; zealous, energetic and intelligent; imbued with the passion for strife and conflict, but not students of the art of war, and making only incidental use of such text-book knowledge as they might possess. Unceasing contact with a wily foe gave exercise to the intellect and enforced the necessity of alertness and vigor. Dispersed, as they were, at isolated posts and in the command of small detachments, the incidents of their daily lives inculcated a sense of responsibility and self-reliance, and if in some instances this freedom of action gave rise to something approaching martinetism and an undue sense of self-importance, even you volunteers of the Union were at last forced to give full recognition to the soldierly qualities of the officer whom you at first looked upon with suspicion, and characterized as "a d—d regular."

The enlisted force was most heterogeneous in its character. The system of recruiting then in vogue was a drag-net that brought to the surface all sorts of material, that could only be moulded into working shape by the application of rigorous rules of discipline. While there were found in the ranks many representatives from the ignorant and depraved stratum of society, there was also a large class composed of educated, intelligent and self-respecting young men of American parentage who, with a youthful love of adventure, had been attracted into the ranks by the dangers and uncertainties of a soldier's life beyond the borders of civilization. This class exercised a controlling influence upon the moral tone of the rank and file, and furnished an excellent corps of non-commissioned officers.

Methods of discipline partook of the harsh and vigorous character of the soldier's daily life. Remoteness from headquarters, the difficulties of communication, the fragmentary character of the commands, and constant field work, all tended to render officers intolerant of the slow methods of courts-martial, and the commanding officers of companies and detachments exercised an almost unlimited power in the administration of punishments. The natural desire to avoid the exercise of a disagreeable duty very generally resulted in giving the non-commissioned officers an undue amount of power, which was not always exercised with judicial calmness of temper, and the life of the private soldier who shirked his duty or failed to properly respect the rights of his comrades was not a happy one. A man charged with theft or other disgraceful acts was likely to be brought before a self-constituted court, composed of the influential members of the company, and if found guilty, was soundly flogged and driven out of camp with the admonition not to return on pain of further punishment. He was carried on the morning report as a deserter and, even if the truth was suspected, officers were seldom disposed to interfere, believing that the service was benefited by this summary disposal of a rogue. These methods of discipline cannot from a military standpoint be defended, yet, under the peculiar conditions that existed, they were probably unavoidable, and it cannot be denied that the effect on the moral tone of the ranks was in the highest degree salutary.

At the close of the Mexican war the permanent military establishment was fixed at eight regiments of infantry, four of artillery, one of mounted riflemen and two of dragoons. In 1855 Congress authorized the organization of two new regiments of infantry and two of cavalry. This continued to be the organization of the army until

1861, when the regular army was increased by the addition of one regiment of cavalry, one of artillery and nine of infantry, the designation of all the mounted regiments being changed to cavalry. Thus the 1st and 2d Dragoons became the 1st and 2d Cavalry, the Mounted Rifles the 3d Cavalry, and the 1st and 2d Cavalry became the 4th and 5th Cavalry. The uniforms of the artillery and infantry were about as you remember them at the outbreak of the war. The dragoons had orange facings, the rifles green and the cavalry yellow. The mounted regiments that were deprived of their distinctive facings by being merged into the cavalry, did not cease for several years to mourn their loss. With reference to the subject of clothing, it should be remembered that previous to 1860 but one uniform was issued, which was used under all conditions of service—in the field and in garrison, in winter and in summer, through all the variations of climate from the Gulf of Mexico to the British line. Fortunately there were but few commanding officers who were so unwise as to require the regulation uniform to be worn in the field, though I have known officers who forced their men to march through long campaigns with coats buttoned to the chin, wearing leather stocks and the heavy uniform caps of the period. The hand-sewed boots and shoes were of fair quality and comfortable to march in, but you remember what a delusion that old army overcoat was, as a protection from the blasts of winter. Overshoes were unheard of, and the soldier who did not care to risk freezing his fingers in a winter's campaign was obliged to hand over to the sutler a good portion of his month's pay for a pair of indifferent gloves. In the army of to-day each soldier is provided with no less than three suits of uniform, a good overcoat, warm gloves, arctic overshoes, and for winter field work, fur caps and buffalo overcoats.

The years immediately preceding the outbreak of the rebellion constituted the transition period from the smooth-bore to the rifle system of small arms. Various kinds of improved arms were tested experimentally, and finally the improved Minnie rifle, manufactured at Springfield arsenal, was adopted as the infantry arm, and was generally in use when the war broke out. In the cavalry the experimental stage lasted much longer, and it was not until several years after the war that uniformity of armament was finally secured by the adoption of the breech-loading Springfield carbine, cal. 45. In 1857 the old smooth-bore musketoon, and at least four or five different kinds of breech-loaders were in use by the mounted troops. My regiment, the First Cavalry, had three or four kinds of small arms, among them a, so-called, "pistol-carbine," in which a carbine stock was attached to a long-barreled pistol by a catch and spring, which, working loose, caused the gun to wobble in a very annoying manner when it was brought to the shoulder. The importance of target practice was not generally appreciated, though an excellent system, devised by Captain Henry Heth, Tenth Infantry, was adopted by the war department in 1858. The encouragement given to hunting, and the abundance of large game in the wild region occupied by the army, was, however, an excellent substitute for the formal instruction of the range.

The introduction of rifled fire-arms had necessitated a corresponding change in the tactics of the infantry, but the transition from the old to the new systems was very gradual, and at the period of which I write the systems of Scott, Casey and Hardee were all in use. The wide dispersion of the troops made field maneuvers, and even battalion drills, quite impossible save in exceptional instances, but such drill and instruction as was possible

was very thorough, and I have never seen better drilled companies than some of those of the "old army." Among the best of these was Company F, 6th Infantry, commanded by Brevet Major and Captain Lewis A. Armistead, afterward a staunch Confederate brigadier, killed, I believe, at Gettysburg. This company, when stationed at Fort Riley in 1858, was accustomed as its daily exercise to march in double time, without a halt, a distance of six miles. Its members had also reached a high degree of perfection in the bayonet exercise. I believe also that no better cavalry ever existed than the American cavalry of this period. Its drill was of that thorough character which is essential to the proper development of the cavalry arm, and fatal casualties on the drill ground were not infrequent. In the spring of 1857 I witnessed, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a review and drill of the First Cavalry—Sumner's regiment—and the impression made upon my mind by its splendid efficiency will never be effaced. Its evolutions, conducted with faultless accuracy at the trot and gallop, were concluded by a charge in line of its five squadrons for a distance of over two hundred yards, in which the alignment was perfectly preserved. Magnificently mounted, commanded by that veteran dragoon, gray and grizzled "Old Bull Sumner," assisted by Sedgwick and Emory as majors, with such officers as Delos B. Sackett, Thomas J. Wood, James E. B. Stuart, George D. Bayard, Eli Long, L. L. Lomax, Robert Ransom, and others perhaps equally talented, whose names are not so widely known, it was an organization unsurpassed in its perfect fitness for the uses of war. The dragoons and cavalry were armed with sabre and pistol in addition to the carbine, and the inefficiency of the last named weapon caused a greater reliance to be placed upon the sabre and the charging power of the troops, careful attention being

paid to the instruction of the troopers in the use of the sabre and the exercise of the charge. The tactics then in use were a translation from the French, adapted to the ten-company organization which then existed. Two companies were combined in double rank to form a squadron of from 48 to 64 files, formed in four platoons. This made a compact and forceful unit of attack, the penetrating power of which, in a charge, was far beyond that of the present four-company squadron in loose single-rank formation. The aim of the drill manual was in the direction of simplicity and directness, all unnecessary and superfluous movements being avoided. It is not the province of this paper to criticise our present drill regulations, but I believe there will be found but few experienced cavalry officers who will not admit that in the changes made since the war, the charging power of the cavalry has been sacrificed in the effort to develop its dismounted and dispersed action. The subject of cavalry efficiency very naturally suggests the name of that leading cavalry commander of the Confederacy—J. E. B. Stuart. He was the first lieutenant of my troop, and as the captain was a civilian appointment who did not relish the study of the drill book, the instruction of the troop was left almost entirely to the lieutenants. I am not one of Stuart's enthusiastic admirers. I found in him faults of character that rendered it impossible for me to yield him full respect. But I may truthfully say that as a cavalry leader and instructor I have never seen his equal. He loved cavalry drill, and had that magnetic quality of imparting his enthusiasm to those whom he commanded. He was a rigid and stern disciplinarian, and yet those men who hated him cordially were delighted to drill under him. His voice had that sharp metallic ring which rendered it easily distinguishable over the clamorous noise of charging squadrons, and his

quiet "Steady, steady, well in hand," served to control the most headlong charge. He was a most excellent instructor because he had the patience to point out faults, and to try the same movements over and over again until perfection was attained. He was ambitious to excel, and strove to bring the troop with which he served, and of which he was the captain when he decided to join his fortunes with the Southern Confederacy, to the highest point of perfection. Our second lieutenant was also a distinguished cavalry officer—George D. Bayard, who, in the flower of his youth and promise, gave his life to the nation's cause at Fredericksburg. He also loved his profession, even the drudgery of it. But his nature was too impetuous in its quality to make him a good instructor, and he had the faculty of worrying both men and horses on the drill ground until everybody was heartily glad when the ordeal was over.

During this period of intense military activity there was no favored arm of the service, and the artillery, whose function it now is to garrison the sea-coast defences, was called upon to perform its full share of field duty. The light batteries were often converted into cavalry, while the dismounted batteries, from Florida to Oregon, marched and fought as infantry, their services under all circumstances being performed with that zeal and efficiency which was the common standard of the whole army. The frontier military posts of the period, by courtesy styled "forts," were of the rudest possible character. In the large majority of instances they were simply such rough structures as had been improvised by the labor of the troops to provide shelter for men and supplies during the season of winter, when field operations were impracticable. No funds were appropriated for their construction, and as far as comfort was concerned, they were but

little superior to the tepees of the Indians. In September, 1860, after a summer spent in a vigorous campaign against the Kiowa Indians, Major John Sedgwick, 1st Cavalry, was ordered to establish a post for the shelter of his command on the Arkansas River, near Bent's Fort, an Indian trading post. The whole command went vigorously to work, every officer and enlisted man toiling daily from daylight till dark. Quarries of sandstone were found in the vicinity, which were easily worked, crowbars being improvised by taking the tires from the unused wagons; mud was used for mortar, poles and brush covered with earth answered for a roof, and before the beginning of winter the whole command, four troops of cavalry and two companies of infantry, were snugly housed with hardly the expenditure of a dollar. It is true that the quarters were not very well lighted, the dirt floors were hard to keep in order and the roofs would leak, but the winter was passed without serious discomfort, and in the spring the quartermaster's department managed to provide a strictly limited supply of doors, windows and other building material.

Of course officers avoided bringing their families into the midst of such rude surroundings, and the presence of ladies at a frontier post was unusual. The laundresses, however, soldiers' wives—four to a company—never failed to put in an appearance with babies and wash tubs whenever the command halted for a week or two, bearing very cheerfully all the hardships and trials of the soldier's life. The sutler also was sure to be on hand with a choice stock of cheap and trashy goods, by means of which he secured the largest portion of the soldiers' hard-earned wages. The commissary department, which in recent years has supplied so bountifully the wants of officers and enlisted men, at that time provided hardly anything for sale

except the component parts of the ration, and whisky. The last named article was cheap and abundant, and in the absence of the restraining influence of woman, and in the isolation and monotony of life at a frontier post, the officer, unfortunately, found a strong temptation to its excessive use. As the quality was, however, almost uniformly good, the evil effects were reduced to the minimum, and he was spared the necessity of resorting to more deleterious compounds. Its sale to the enlisted man being restricted, he was plundered and poisoned by the vile concoctions of the sutlers and camp-followers. It should not, however, be assumed that excessive drinking by either officers or men was the rule. If the claims of hospitality and the potency of the commissary whisky sometimes imparted a somewhat gay and hilarious tone to the garrison assemblages, it was, perhaps, a needful relaxation of the ordinary rigid rules of discipline, and no special harm resulted. In the long evenings of winter such histrionic talent as could be found in the ranks was utilized in the production of plays and minstrel performances, and as the audiences were not disposed to be unduly critical, they were usually brilliantly successful in spite of the absence of ordinary stage properties and costumes. But it was the sports of the field and the chase that were most popular, and no weather was so severe and boisterous as to restrain hunting parties from venturing upon extended expeditions, which were successful in providing a welcome variety to the messes of both officers and men.

So completely has the large game of the west been exterminated that it is difficult to realize how abundant it was in the days "before the war." The plains were dotted in every direction with herds of antelope and white-tailed deer, while in the foothills of the Rockies vast herds of elk roamed at will, scarcely molested by the

Indians, who preferred to subsist on the flesh of the buffalo that could be taken with much less trouble. It would be difficult to exaggerate the numbers of the buffalo that at this time moved ceaselessly in immense herds, to and fro, from Texas to the British line, over the region embraced between the 100th and the 110th degrees of longitude. They were to the Indian of the plains "the gift of God" that rendered possible his wild, untrammeled life. They gave him, with little effort on his part, his shelter, clothing and subsistence. With their disappearance his fate was sealed; he must adopt the ways of the white man or perish from the face of the earth. The season of the chase, from July to September, was the time within which, without labor or fatigue, but in the enjoyment of the highest form of pleasure his nature knew, he made provision for the wants of his family for the next twelve months. It was once my fortune to witness the attack of a hunting party of Cheyenne warriors upon a large herd of buffalo. Having approached within convenient distance of the herd a halt was made under cover of a low ridge in the prairie, where, stripping for the fray, they mounted fresh horses, and leaving the squaws in charge of the village impedimenta, concealed by the sinuosities of the ground, approached to within striking distance of the unsuspicious herd, when, with a wild yell, like one of their own swift arrows from the bow, they were in the midst of the flying, frightened mass. Each warrior singling out the particular fat cow that he fancied, sent arrow after arrow into her bleeding side until her staggering gait assured him that she was meat for his squaw, when he dashed on to secure another victim. Soon, a train of staggering, bleeding and dying forms was left in the trail of the panic-stricken and fast-disappearing herd. Then the squaws, following after with

frenzied shouts and cries, and wranglings for the possession of the slain, the ownership of which was indicated by the totem mark on the warrior's arrow, began the bloody work of skinning and cutting up the carcasses of the slain, besmearing themselves with blood and revelling with mad delight in the horrid work. It was not a pleasant sight, but a perfect picture of savage life. I know of no more pleasurable excitement for a good horseman with a willing steed, than a buffalo hunt. There is in it that spice of danger which is necessary to give vigor and directness of action, and when the huntsman finds himself alongside of his selected animal, in the midst of the compact mass of black and shaggy brutes, moving at a pace that tries to the utmost the powers of the good steed beneath him, his sight obscured by the thick dust of the moving mass, and realizes that one false step of his horse means his sure destruction, he feels that both horse and rider have need for all the nerve power that the Almighty has given them.

But I must not weary you by dwelling longer on these memories of the past. I could find pleasure, as what old soldier does not, in relating the incidents of past experiences. I could recount the heroic deeds performed by faithful soldiers and comrades, tell of toilsome marches, sufferings and hardships cheerfully borne, and of lonely graves in the yet unbroken solitudes of the far west where lie nameless heroes who gave their lives because duty called them. But no record of mine could cause these incidents of the past to assume other form than the infinitesimal particles which they now are in the grand mosaic of our country's history.

The little army of 1861 did not escape the fury of the storm that swept over the nation's fortunes at that fateful period. Much has been said about the defection of those officers of the army who followed the fortunes of

their seceding states. I have not the figures at hand, but I fear that we are prone to exaggerate their numbers in our minds, and do not always remember with the respect which we should, those faithful patriots who, like George H. Thomas and Philip St. George Cooke, held their country's flag dearer than home and kindred. Considered as an abstract question of right or wrong, we members of the Loyal Legion can have but one opinion to express in relation to the course taken by these officers, but when we take into account the circumstances which surrounded these men as individuals, we are permitted to give to our hearts the sweet luxury of charity. To us who were taught from the cradle's side that our devotion was due to one flag and one country—that the nation was supreme—doubt or hesitation was impossible. But those who were united by the sordid bond of a common interest in human slavery taught their children that, not the flag of their country, but slavery was supreme, and the insidious doctrine of state's rights was invoked to weaken that loyalty to the nation which is instinctive in the heart of every free-born American. On the one hand was the simple duty of the soldier, to respect the commission under which he served and obey the orders which he might receive, and thus to retain the respect and companionship of his fellows with whom he had fought for the honor of his country's flag. But coupled with this was alienation from home and friends and the certainty that he must bear arms against them, together with the contempt of all the friends of his youth; while on the other side he was called by all the interests of fortune, by the love of home and kindred, by the desire to merit the respect of his neighbors and by loyalty to his state, which he had been taught to hold supreme. To the conscientious southern officer who, at a distant frontier post, removed from

touch with public life, beset by every incoming mail with letters from his loved ones at home, all urging him to come to their assistance, the question as to which path he should take was not one that could be decided without some cruel rendings of the heart.

But while his officer was torn with conflicting interests and emotions, the enlisted man had no doubts or misgivings as to his path of duty. His simple creed was to obey orders, and he could conceive of but one source from which orders might emanate. His military education had taught him to yield implicit obedience to his officers, but he was quick to see where the authority of the officer ended, and his instinctive loyalty prompted him to repel the base attempts that, in a few instances, were made to swerve him from his allegiance to the flag. And it is in the steadfast and loyal soul of the enlisted soldier that we find exemplified the animating spirit of the "old army," which was faithfulness to duty.

KING'S DIVISION:

FREDERICKSBURG TO MANASSAS.

AN EPISODE OF POPE'S VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

By Lieutenant Theron W. Haight.

[Read November 9, 1894.]

ON the 28th of September, 1862, Gen. Rufus King, who during the preceding summer had commanded the First Division of the First Corps of the Union army, wrote to Gen. Pope's chief of staff a letter containing the following: "When I turned over the command of the division to Hatch, all the papers were left with him, including the reports of the several brigades as to the operations during the latter part of August, and the battles of the 28th, 29th and 30th." What may have become of the papers so turned over to Gen. Hatch, history does not record, though it is probable enough that they were lost during the Bull Run disasters; but, at any rate, the fact remains that in all the vast amount of material gathered and published by the United States government, and comprising the documentary record of the war for the Union, there is nothing whatever in the nature of an official report, from parties immediately concerned, of anything done by King's Division, or any part thereof, for the three weeks beginning with the 8th day of August, 1862.

On that day two of its brigades, Gibbon's and Hatch's, returned from a three days' reconnoissance southerly to the head waters of the Mattapony River. This reconnoissance had comprised a great deal of march-

ing under a sweltering sun, and more skirmishing with detached fragments of the rebel army; and the return to camp found us so badly fatigued that a little rest seemed absolutely necessary, although orders had apparently already been received for our force to join the main body of Pope's army, in the vicinity of Culpepper Court House. So, on the next day, while the battle of Cedar Mountain was being fought, we of King's Division were resting on the banks of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, in preparation for the long march, which we knew would begin on the morning of Sunday, the 10th. Saturday night was sultry, and the sleep of the soldiers was not so deep and restful as would have been the case under more favorable conditions of temperature. At three o'clock in the morning, however, we were called up from our couches of pine boughs and bidden to prepare ourselves for the march. As in many other instances, the call was somewhat premature in this case, and after strapping together our light baggage and eating our breakfast, we waited wearily for an honr and a quarter longer, until five o'clock, before being ordered into line. That Sunday was not characterized by any exhibition of religious devotion on the part of the soldiers of the division. A sultry morning had followed the super-heated night, and had found us in that weakened state of body and mind which is sure to accompany such climatic conditions.

Gen. King himself was suffering from a severe illness which had already afflicted him for several days and from the effects of which he never entirely recovered; but the hope of a decisive battle under the fighting commander fresh from Western victories, whose headquarters had been officially proclaimed to be in the saddle, spurred us all on to our best endeavor in order to reach the appointed rallying place. The long columns stretched away over the Fal-

mouth hills to the northwest, following the course of the Rappahannock, and during the early hours of the day presented a beautiful as well as a magnificent spectacle. The average age of the men who set out from Falmouth on that Sunday morning probably did not exceed 22 years, and the buoyancy of youth was visible in every movement of every company. They were well disciplined and possessed an esprit du corps which impelled them to take the best care of their uniforms and equipments, so that their appearance in their lines of march, so long as they were able to keep strictly in line—the dark and the light blue of the infantry relieved by the overtopping gleam of shining muskets, the occasional scarlet and orange trappings of the artillery and cavalry, and the burning bronze of howitzers or the dead black of rifled Parrots—was something never to be forgotten after having been once seen. The music of familiar hymns and songs was lifted up, too, by thousands of voices and added to the fascination of the spectacle.

But as that scorching Virginia sun climbed higher towards the zenith, there were marked changes in the aspect of the moving columns. The atmosphere was like a great hot sponge, which sucked the moisture out of every pore of the soldier's body. From under the feet of thousands of men and horses, and from under the wheels of baggage and ammunition wagons and artillery, arose clouds of impalpable dust, which seemed to intensify the heat of the broiling sun to the men who marched, and which covered them gradually, but surely, with a lime-like coating, and dimmed the burnished metal surfaces of guns, belt-plates and buttons, besides making its way into the mouths and nostrils of the troops, as well as permeating to the skin through the warp and woof of every uniform. The horses dragged themselves and their burdens wearily

along, and at intervals more and more frequent, men who could no longer keep up the march were lying supine on the roadside gasping for breath. I remember seeing one body of a dead soldier who had been prostrated by sunstroke, so that he fell in his tracks and was run over by the wheels of a gun carriage. When a streamlet or spring was reached it was lined with eager soldiers scraping the muddy bottom with cups in order to provide for their exhausted canteens. By midday the columns had become straggling multitudes of soldiers, with officers and men of all the infantry commands mingled together in apparently inextricable confusion.

At one o'clock we were halted at the banks of a little mill-stream which was still utilized for the purposes of the primitive flour mill standing near, the headquarters of the various regiments being sufficiently designated to bring each command into some sort of order. Here a long rest was taken while waiting for the stragglers to come up, and the men improved their time as they thought most advantageous for them, lying on their backs, or making coffee, or bathing, as they saw fit. In the middle of the afternoon a thunder storm occurred, which left no coolness in its wake, and at 5 P.M. the march was resumed to Kelly's Ford, where we crossed the Rappahannock after dark, and at ten o'clock lay down in a grain field to sleep, after a day's work of so exhausting a character as could hardly be imagined by one who has not experienced something of the same kind in his own person.

Our sleep lasted about four hours, when reveille again aroused us. As on the preceding morning, two hours were spent in waiting for the order to fall in, so that our second start was made at "the first blush of dawn." This day was very much a repetition of Sunday in its general character, our halt at Stevensburg beginning at 2 P. M.

and lasting until 5, when we again moved forward until, at 10 o'clock in the evening, we were permitted to lie down to sleep in a field about two miles from the battlefield of Cedar Mountain. On Tuesday morning we were permitted to sleep as long as we desired, and spent the day at our ease. In the course of it many went over the Saturday's battle field, the stench of which, especially from slaughtered horses whose bodies were half burned or left entirely untouched, pervaded the surrounding atmosphere for miles.

Late in the day we were ordered to pitch our shelter tents, which we found to be very necessary for anything like comfort, as the night of Tuesday turned out to be the beginning of that series of intensely cold nights which were experienced during the rest of the Virginia campaign. Very few of the enlisted men were provided with blankets for the reason that they were unable to carry them on the tiresome marches. Some had thin rubber ponchos in addition to their sheets of tent cloth, but even these were in the minority, as the greater number of soldiers found that they were unable to go through the day's march with anything more than their rations and ammunition, the arms and accoutrements which they were obliged to carry, and their single tent cloths. The changes from intense heat during the day to almost freezing cold during the night were therefore very destructive to the health and strength of the soldiers.

We continued in this camp for three days longer, until the succeeding Saturday, when we were removed to a point at the foot of Cedar Mountain and were fortunately able to obtain straw to use as bedding, so that we remained there in tolerable comfort Sunday and Monday. On Monday night, however, we were not permitted to undress, but lay down to sleep with all our accoutrements

and in line of battle. At 2 o'clock Tuesday morning we were called up and made to wait for many long hours before getting fairly started on our way. At noon we had covered about two miles of the road, and from that time until midnight marched northward towards the railroad crossing of the Rappahannock. Our bivouac was at Brandy Station, and before starting on again in the morning, we found that we were covering the retreat northward of the whole army, the only troops in our rear being a few squadrons of cavalry. About noon we crossed the Rappahannock, and a few hours later observed with interest a hand to hand sabre fight between our own cavalry which had not yet crossed the bridge and the advance of the enemy's horse. The latter soon retired, however, and the few regiments of Hartsuff's Brigade remaining on the south side of the river continued to hold their position there. The tents of King's Division were pitched upon the north side, the operation being a simple one, so far as we enlisted men were concerned. We were ordinarily grouped three men to a tent, each furnishing one section of the cloth, and two muskets being used for the front and rear uprights. By this combination we secured a covering at the rear and on each side of our respective little habitations, about six feet by four in dimension on the ground. As we had obtained our knapsacks from the baggage wagon during the afternoon, we were able to use them for pillows and to make ourselves comparatively comfortable for the night. This was the only night of our three weeks' campaign, however, in which we enjoyed so much luxury. At 4 o'clock on Thursday morning we were awakened and ordered to replace our knapsacks in the baggage wagons bound for Catlett's station, to which place it was understood that we were soon to follow. While doing some letter-writing in the course of the morn-

ing, I was surprised by the explosion of a shell directly over my head, which was followed by others coming from the direction of the rebels, who were soon answered by our own batteries a little in the rear of ourselves. Directly afterwards we learned that a rebel cavalry regiment had just crossed the river at Beverly Ford, a mile and a half further up, capturing a few prisoners and muskets.

The whole division was therefore moved up the river, Hatch's Brigade (in one of the "K" companies of which I then occupied the distinguished position of junior corporal) lying down in a line just close enough to the crest of the elevation near the water so that we would not be seen by the enemy unless we should lift up our heads. Naturally, most of us elevated our heads frequently in order to see what the people across the Rappahannock were doing, Stuart having taken back his cavalry regiment before our advance arrived at the ford. It is needless to say that we found out what we were looking for. Though the batteries in our rear were exchanging shot over our lines with the batteries in our front, the latter took frequent occasion to shorten fuses for our especial benefit, and our ears were frequently greeted with the buzzing of iron fragments in their vicinity, one piece of shell having been caught in the haversack of the soldier lying next me, after tearing an entrance hole into that receptacle. Another soldier, a little further away, while resting his chin upon his hand, was struck full in the face by a ricocheted shot, which scattered skull and brains for a long distance. There were but few casualties in the brigade, however, and by the time we were relieved, in the afternoon of the next day, we had become so accustomed to the incessant cannonading above us as to regard it with utter indifference. During the day we were alternately saturated by showers of rain and dried again by the intense heat of the intervening hours.

At night we lay down to sleep in a piece of woods a little to the right and rear of the ford, and my slumbers were so heavy that I did not awaken next morning—that of August 23—until the light of the sun, then nearly an hour high, had been reinforced by the dropping of cannon balls in close proximity to my resting place. Most of our men had stepped outside the woods into the open fields to see what was the new trouble, and many breakfast fires had been left, at one of which, on the safe side of a huge oak, I set my own coffee to boil, and while waiting had the honor of the conversation with Gen. Gordon of Banks' Corps, which he afterwards thought worth recording on page 47 of his "History of the Campaign of the Army of Virginia." The General's report of the talk is more entertaining than accurate in its details, and I must offer an especial protest against the sort of dialect in which he clothes my remarks. "Gin'ral," he makes me say, "I've made a little cal'clation about this place and I've found that the rebs has two batteries a-firin' on us, and that their fire crosses jest abeout three feet behind my tree. Gin'ral, you ain't in the safe angle; jest step up your hoss a little and you will be out of range." One man killed and three wounded were all the casualties in our brigade of which I heard that morning, and in less than an hour the firing had ceased. At the same time it became evident that we had not been holding all of Lee's army in front of us by our demonstrations of the past three days, but that all of Jackson's force, at least, had slipped further up the river, and was getting in our rear by the fords and bridges near Warrenton, ten or twelve miles further north. So we were ordered to put three days' rations on top of the sixty rounds of cartridges in our haversacks, and to start in the direction of Warrenton.

By ten o'clock of Saturday—the beginning of the last

week that many of us were to see in this world—the heat was sufficiently powerful to make it expedient for us to move on. Our clothing had been taken off but few times during the past fortnight, and was to be worn continuously thenceforth for at least another fortnight, in the case of those surviving the approaching Bull Run battles. It consisted of woolen stockings and broad-soled shoes, light blue trousers of coarse woolen cloth, a thin woolen blouse of dark blue, a woolen shirt, and hat or cap as the soldier might have chosen, or as his commanding officer might, in some regiments, have ordered. On the soldier's waist belt was a brass plate in front, a sheath holding his bayonet at the left side, and the heavy leathern case with forty rounds of cartridges behind. Over his right shoulder passed the straps of his canteen and haversack, the former filled with water or some other liquid, and the latter holding as much of provisions as could be crowded above sixty additional rounds of cartridges. Over his left shoulder was his tent canvas rolled tightly, with the ends of the roll tied together, and his heavy musket rested on one or the other shoulder, or trailed in one hand, as he might choose. This was the minimum of the soldier's load and was supplemented in many instances by other articles which were thought desirable by individuals, but which began to be unloaded after a few miles marching, so that the roadside along the line of march of that August day often had the appearance of a depository for miscellaneous goods. Among other things that I saw strewn along the route on this blistering Saturday was an antique bible, well preserved, and published in England more than 200 years before. The temptation was too great and I carried it along for several miles in the hope of finding some way of securing it for future use. The flesh was too weak, however, and I finally had to follow the

example of my predecessor in the possession of the book, and leave it for some following soldier to try his strength upon. Before night more necessary things than books were discarded by the tired marchers and in addition to the luxuries previously thrown aside, cartridges, pilot bread and salt meats were often seen scattered on the ground.

At 10 P. M. we bivouacked in the vicinity of Warrenton and were lulled to sleep by the distant cannonading along the river, notwithstanding the effect of the night cold upon our drenched clothing and mud-besmeared shoes. On Sunday we marched through Warrenton and made a temporary camp at the north side of the village, where we remained over Monday, replenishing our commissary supplies from the neighboring farms. Then we were moved out to Sulphur Springs, and had an artillery fight lasting till Tuesday night, with a little infantry exchange, across the river. The mud of the roads had now dried, news of Jackson's raid on Catlett's Station was everywhere circulated, and the huge columns of dust a few miles to the north, reaching out towards Manassas Junction, made it evident to all the rank and file that the rebel army was outflanking us. Having slept awhile in the woods, the morning of the 27th found us on our way towards the same railroad junction, and we plodded along as fast as Sigel's wagon trains would permit. That night we slept among the stones lining the turnpike near New Baltimore, and were up before daylight of the 28th in obedience to an order for immediate progressive movement. We were unable to start for an hour longer, however, on account of Sigel (a little in advance) not getting out ahead of us. So we chewed hard tack, and waited in momentary expectation of orders to fall in. When the orders came, most of the soldiers had fires built and were

trying to boil coffee in tin cups. Such as the decoctions were they were seized by the boys who did their coffee cooling on the march, as well as their coffee drinking. I think that the last time I ever saw Gen. King near at hand was that morning, and his haggard face showed that his illness was aggravated by every day of this killing work. He stood by a log fire trying to absorb warmth into his chilled body, and his staff also were standing near. The dawn struggling with the darkness, the back-ground gloomy with the woods from which we had just emerged, the long column of troops in the road, and the red fire light shining upon the staff uniforms, made a picture which never fades from my memory.

A few minutes after we had passed, an interminable wagon train came up and insisted upon going by us because it had to reach Sigel immediately. So I found a fire and boiled my coffee while we were all waiting for it to pass. As the sun rose the booming of cannon began to be heard again, and from one quarter or another continued to be heard throughout the day. Following Sigel's wagons we ran across a few hundred rebel stragglers who had been corralled by the advance, and deposited under guard at the Buckland Mills church. They looked more worn out than the worst fagged of our men, and it didn't seem possible for men of their appearance to be effective in a fight. All the way to Gainesville we kept picking up these tired-out Confederates who had been dropped along the same road by Jackson not many hours before. The trail was certainly getting very fresh, and our anxiety to overtake the quarry was correspondingly heightened. From hour to hour we moved forward for a mile or two, stopped and waited for investigations in front and then moved on again. At noon we turned south from the Warrenton pike, stacked arms and got dinner and a two

hours' rest. In the middle of the afternoon we returned to the road and moved farther toward Centerville, Hatch's Brigade in advance, then Doubleday's, and Gibbon's (afterwards famous as the Iron Brigade of the West) next, with Patrick's following at a considerable interval. The rebel videttes were in sight as we were passing Groveton, and our brigade did a little investigation with sharpshooters and artillery in our front, but elicited no response, and finally continued along the road pursuant to previous orders. When Gibbon's Brigade arrived at the same point, however, the rebels had got ready to demonstrate, and the three days' bloody fighting of Pope against Lee was fairly inaugurated. A description of those battles is not within the scope of the present paper, although at some other time I may offer you something in the way of personal experience there. What I have desired to accomplish here is the filling to some extent of a hiatus in official reports, by a narrative of events viewed from the standpoint of an enlisted infantry soldier. There are many listeners present to-night who have the experience neccessary to pronounce an intelligent judgment upon the effort, and to them I submit it for such criticism as it may deserve.

GAINESVILLE, GROVETON AND BULL RUN.

By Lieutenant Theron W. Haight, U. S. V.

[Read Nov. 6, 1895.]

PROBABLY no battle that has been fought anywhere on the face of the earth up to and including the present time, with the possible exception of Waterloo, has been written about so voluminously as that which was begun on the Warrenton turnpike near Gainesville on the 28th of August, 1862, and was concluded five miles easterly, on the same highway, near the banks of Bull Run, on the night of the 30th. And perhaps there was never another fight which influenced more evidently the futures of so many of those of its participants who survived. It fixed in an enduring place the fame of Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet and Lee among the southern generals, and it brought dire disaster upon Pope, McDowell and Fitz-John Porter immediately, in the northern army, besides incidentally bringing about the downfall of Burnside and Hooker, by forcing them into positions beyond their ability to sustain, and of McClellan, by adding to the critical judgments which he had otherwise to bear, the stigma of doubt as to his faithfulness to the Union cause, at a time when that cause rested upon the shoulders of one who was not his friend.

For the purpose of rendering justice of one kind or another to all these soldiers, tens of thousands of pages have been printed and weeks of eloquent denunciation and advocacy have filled the halls of Congress. Every hill and wooded lot, every road and pathway, every house and barn, and almost every other isolated obstacle to the free

movements of troops upon that field of slaughter, have been reproduced in myriads of maps and charts, published by the government, by historians, and by advocates of this and that theory, and scattered broadcast throughout the country for the information of all, so that it would be a work of the merest supererogation for me to attempt to make an addition to this class of literature by a paper no more extended than should serve to fulfill the requirements of such an occasion as this. So, instead of history, I propose to give you, as impartially and as faithfully as I can, the impressions of a lad who carried a musket through that struggle, and to refrain from critical comment upon the conduct of our general officers, either in the way of laudation or in that of condemnation.

Centerville, where General Pope had his headquarters at the beginning of this battle, was a straggling, measly-looking hamlet on a hill, about twenty miles west of Alexandria. From Centerville to Manassas Junction, nearly south, the distance is six miles, and from Centerville to Gainesville, a station on the Manassas Gap railroad, with a general air of disreputability (and also a small village), there is a good highway running a few degrees south of west in a line almost exactly straight for the whole distance of nine miles. In traversing this section of road the first notable object that one sees is the old stone bridge across Bull Run, where the first battle of that ilk began, and where the later one was ended. This is three miles from Centerville; and a mile farther on is the crossing of the Sudley road, in the near vicinity of which a good deal of the fighting of both battles was done, while still another mile brings one to the cross-roads with three or four houses, collectively known as Groveton, though no one would suspect, unless he were familiar with Virginian usages, that the location had any name at all. Indeed,

the appellation of cross-roads is rather more dignified than the appearance of the place would seem to warrant, since the so-called road which crosses the Warrenton pike there is really nothing more than a narrow lane leading from a point on an old east and west road, a mile south, to the church at Sudley Springs, two miles northerly.

Half a mile westerly from Groveton the turnpike passed through a piece of woods for about eighty rods, the road being otherwise well exposed to view from the numerous hills on both sides of it from the stone bridge to Gainesville. Its course was comparatively level as it followed the valley of a creek which has its source between Groveton and Gainesville, and empties into Bull Run near the stone bridge. This stream was locally known as "Young's Branch," and is a very crooked branch, crossing the turnpike half a dozen times in the course of its brief career among foot hills, which, in some instances, rise more than 200 feet above the level of the stream. Another important feature of the locality, as was proved within a day or two, was a line of about a mile of isolated railway grade, lying some 200 rods northerly from the turnpike at Groveton, and diverging farther away in going towards Centerville. This grading comprised a cut through a considerable distance of high ground, and also the excavations from the cut, which had been used to continue the level of the proposed railroad across the low land at each end of the excavated portion of the line, thus presenting an admirable defensive fortification, almost complete for military use.

The position of King's Division, on the Warrenton turnpike, as it was moving towards Centerville late in the afternoon of August 28, 1862, was, beginning at the head of the column, first Hatch's Brigade, with its right touching Groveton; then Doubleday's following closely; then

Gibbon's, with Patrick's barely out of Gainesville; the whole division just about completely filling the highway for the whole three and a half miles between Groveton and Gainesville, with as fine a body of young men, physically, intellectually and morally, as was ever found together in an equal number in the history of warfare. The line officers averaged but very little older than the youths who made up the bulk of the rank and file, and few of the field officers, even, had reached middle age. The different brigades of the division were united by innumerable acquaintanceships of individuals with each other, and all were anxious to test their mettle as an aggregate in a hotter fight than they had yet seen. In a fair contest, with equal advantages, I doubt whether any body of men of like number could have been found in the southern army that could have stood up before us to the end. But of this splendid organization at least two brigades were destined to be led to slaughter on that field, with hardly a chance of striking an effective blow at the enemy. The first so to suffer was Gibbon's "Iron Brigade," comprising three regiments of the best blood of Wisconsin, as well as one Indiana regiment, and the usual contingent of artillery. I was in Hatch's Brigade of New York troops, near the head of the column, and consequently more than a mile away from the men who were to bear the brunt of that evening's fight. Between five and six o'clock our brigade was entirely clear of the patch of woods through which the division was passing, about 7,000 strong, in full view of Jackson's 20,000 troops, posted along the abandoned railway grade and on the wooded ridge just beyond it. Suddenly we caught a glimpse of a rebel battery rushing into place three-quarters of a mile away, and our own "Battery B," of the 4th U. S. Artillery, swung in upon a knoll by the side of the

road and planted a shell among the rebels before they had time to fire. A yell of laughter from our lines at the way the enemy fell on their faces and scattered themselves about, was hardly heard before they had recovered themselves, and we heard the clang of a shell bursting directly over our heads, followed almost immediately by the report of the cannon that sent it, mixed in with the screech of the lacerated air, and succeeded by the humming whir of the fragments of cast iron driven far past us by the momentum attained before the explosion of the missile. Within two or three minutes this exchange of metallic compliments had become very profuse indeed; a thin skirmish line had been advanced into the fields at our front, and the main lines of infantry had been ordered to lie down in the hollow roadside between the traveled track and the fence, an order with which we complied without any unnecessary delay. I often wonder whether others can have felt that exquisite peacefulness of mind and calm serenity of soul which always possessed me when occupying a hollow spot of ground in front of one of our own batteries in action. So far as I am able to remember, such a situation was the only one in which I felt that there was absolutely nothing farther to be desired, and that a soldier's heaven might appropriately comprise a comfortable excavation with artillery eternally pealing overhead. In the course of the firing one shell cut off the leg of a mounted artilleryman, and another man at one of the guns was killed outright, as were a few horses, but these events made little impression on my mind.

Soon, however, came the rattling of a volley of musketry at our left, followed by a continuous clatter, like that of hailstones upon an empty barn. The woods were between us and the unseen combatants, and I could not then realize that bright young lives were going out at

every instant like tapers in a wind, and that the passing moments were carrying sorrow and gloom to hundreds of northern and southern homes. Gibbon's Brigade and two regiments of Doubleday's were engaged in a death grapple with two brigades of Talliaferro's and two brigades of Ewell's Division of Jackson's army, and we could only lie there and listen so long as daylight lasted, not venturing to withdraw ourselves so as to visibly uncover the flank of our line. But when darkness was over us, and we could change position without attracting the attention of the enemy, we were called to our feet, and moved back to that part of the road directly in the rear of the field where the fighting had been going on, but had now subsided, the surgeons' knives being busy by the flickering light of candles in the old orchard in our front. There O'Connor had died at the head of the 2d Wisconsin, and both Ewell and Talliaferro on the other side had been desperately wounded, while the Colonels of the 2d and 33d Virginia were among the more than 200 killed in Ewell's two brigades, and as many, perhaps, in Talliaferro's command. Gibbon had lost 133 killed and 539 wounded, with 79 missing (of whom persumably the majority were killed) out of his brigade, which must have numbered less than 2000 men in line of battle. It is not extravagant to assume, in the absence of figures in detail, that the four rebel brigades and the Union brigade and a half actively engaged in that evening's battle lost in killed and wounded nearly, if not quite, one-third of their combined forces, the rebel casualties having been more than twice as great as our own.

But we lay down there and slept with our muskets beside us until told to fall in for another march. This was about two o'clock in the morning, as nearly as I could judge, and from that time until the middle of the forenoon we moved along the lanes running southerly towards

Manassas Junction, at the rate of a mile an hour. When we reached a point near that station we found beef, salt pork, hard bread, coffee and sugar, of which we were sorely in need, and replenished our haversacks as well as our stomachs. While we were eating, Fitz-John Porter passed by us with his troops, going up the railroad towards Gainesville, and after an hour or two of rest we were formed in line again, and hastened forward, with the occasional sound of cannon in our ears, towards the crossing of the Sudley Springs road and Warrenton pike, half way between Groveton and the Bull Run bridge, as noted before. When we reached the top of the hill south of that crossing and about a mile from it, our march was deflected to the left, where we were drawn up in line of battle parallel to the turnpike, and afterwards directed to rest at ease. The view from this point was magnificent. The hot, blue sky shone over and around us, while beyond the turnpike the smoke of occasional musketry volleys, of cannon and of bursting shell, lazily dissipated itself into the shimmering atmosphere over the brown fields and the green trees. There was no indication of hard fighting, and we watched the intermittent evidences of battle with no great interest. We did not know, of course, that General Longstreet's Corps had occupied the position beyond Groveton vacated by us fourteen hours previously, and that he had prolonged Jackson's line away to the southwest of the pike, along one of the lanes which we had followed that morning on our way to Manassas Junction. It rather looked as though our forces in the valley were feeling for rebels and unable to find them. By and by there came an interval of complete quiet. The infantry, which had been gliding about the fields like blue serpents, subsided into favorable positions near hills or clumps of woods, and the sound of artillery ceased. We wondered if Jackson had

finally disappeared, and on receiving orders to fall in and to march towards the turnpike crossing, we rejoiced at the idea of being on the way to find out where he was. McDowell and a crowd of officers on horseback greeted us as we crossed Young's Branch, at the entrance upon the pike, and filed to the left towards Groveton, telling us that we must make haste if we wanted to overtake the rear of the retreating rebel army. So we actually made the next half mile at double quick, notwithstanding the intense heat, but after accomplishing that, many of us were unable to resist the temptation of a fine roadside spring, where we hastily filled our tin cups and drank as we pushed forward. A few rods short of the Groveton crossing our column was turned towards the left, into a valley which formed the hypothenuse of a triangle, the other two sides being the pike and the Groveton lane. The head of the column was therefore a few hundred feet away from the turnpike, and but a very few rods from the lane, behind which, and stretching away for a long distance to the south, was the unexpected corps of Longstreet. It was now sunset, and as our line was being rectified, the crack of musketry in front of us, and almost in our faces, informed us that we had been mistaken in the nature of the work to be performed. Instead of pursuing a flying enemy, we had been brought into a place where we must act on the defensive, against troops who knew just where we were, but whose own whereabouts we could do little more than guess at. Our brigade immediately returned the fire, however, and the two cannon which accompanied us lent their effective assistance. Almost instantly, it seemed to me, the darkness gathered around us, and we could plainly see the fire-flashes that were accompaniments of the musketry. Men were falling on all sides, and our line formation was practically lost. We were a mob,

whose only unity was in blazing away at the line of fire at our front.

Suddenly a body of troops was seen moving towards us from among the trees along the lane at our left, and we were in doubt whether they were enemies or friends. They shouted, "Don't fire at us, boys, we're coming to help you;" and some of us felt reassured, while others incredulously cried, "Don't believe 'em; they're rebels," and ran towards the rear. I was among those who remained until the light of their blazing volley across our part of the field revealed the gray of their uniforms, on which I stood no longer upon the order of my going, but rushed back across the little stream behind us, only stoping long enough to scoop up a few handfuls of water, from among dead horses and men lying between its banks, as I went over. Perhaps a hundred rods to the rear I found the nucleus of my regiment, and sank to the ground into a sound sleep. I had been through a focus of carnage, only to be exceeded, in my experience, by that of the next day. I had heard the *chug, chug, chug*, of bullets plunging through human flesh, and had been imbued with the tigerish insanity of a fight to the death, while oppressed with the instinctive feeling that neither myself nor any of our officers had any clear conception of what was wanted to be done. On awakening late the next morning I felt that I was much older than on the previous morning, as well as far wiser; that I had, in fact, outgrown my boyhood, and become a man, by virtue of standing up in the midst of a slaughter like a conflict of wild beasts. We ate our breakfasts at our leisure, and during the forenoon had ample opportunity to consider the general situation. A good many of our men were missing, and which of them were wounded and prisoners, and which of them were dead, was a question at that time incapable of

solution. Our shattered brigade was marched down and across the pike with the rest of the division at about noon, and we ate our midday lunch of hard tack and cold, boiled salt pork, with such water as we could get, in the open field north of the Warrenton road. There had been no firing of noticeable effect up to this time, and until still later on. It must have been between two and three o'clock when Porter's Corps of 8,000 or 9,000 men marched down and formed in a column of a dozen lines or so at our left, we having been massed into a similar column ourselves. The two forces were then ordered on, and our portion of the column found a piece of woods in our front and went right along through it, moving slowly as we heard the whirring and whistling of bullets about our heads, and discovered a line of our skirmishers lying on the ground and pegging away at something beyond the further edge of the woods, which we were unable to make out. As we passed the skirmishers they withdrew to the rear, and the sound of shrieking and exploding shells which we had heard during the preceding few minutes suddenly ceased. Once more our line, the foremost one then of King's Division, was ordered forward, and directly the left of it emerged at the farther extremity of the wood.

Just in front of ourselves was an old-fashioned rail fence, such as I had been familiar with in northern New York. On the other side of the fence was an open field, and beyond that, forty or fifty rods from us, was the rail-road embankment, of which I have spoken before, apparently twelve or fifteen feet high, directly in front of the place where I was standing. This grading lay at an angle of forty-five degrees, I should think, from the right of our brigade. Above it, at the rear, was a rather abrupt hill. Between us and the grading were a few dead bodies in

blue uniforms, but otherwise there were no signs of war immediately visible. More careful scrutiny, however, revealed things entirely at variance with the first aspect. Along the top of that railroad embankment there was a gleam of musket barrels, as they were aimed towards us and resting upon it. Behind each musket was a slouch wool hat, and a pair of eyes under its brim. That was all we could see of the enemy, but it was enough to afford us reasonably correct information of what we were to encounter. Quick as a flash every one appeared to comprehend what it was necessary for him to do, as well as the general object of the impending charge. The embankment of broken stone and gravel had been reconstructed into a most formidable work of defense by cutting the other side of it down straight for about five feet, leaving a ledge there for standing room, so that those aiming over the top of the grade exposed nothing of their persons below their shoulders. We were to rush across the open field through the fire of the enemy, drive them from their lodgment, and capture the position.

We leaned hard against the fence and pushed it down sufficiently to enable us to jump over, and leaped into the open meadow. For half a mile or more to the left of us a long line of men in blue was marching forward with the same object. Now the bullets began to fly about our ears, and men to pitch forwards or backwards, out of the line, to the earth. Artillery from unseen locations back of the enemy's infantry line opened upon us, and the shouts and yells from both sides were indescribably savage. It seemed like the popular idea of pandemonium made real, and indeed it is scarcely too much to say that we were really transformed for the time, from a lot of good-natured boys to the most blood-thirsty of demoniacs. Without my being in the least degree conscious of any such thing,

the bottom of my haversack had been torn away by a fragment of shell, and a bullet had pierced my canteen, relieving me of the weight of all my provision and drink, and my hat had somehow been knocked off my head on my way from the woods to the railroad grade, while a comrade at my side had been shot through the sole of his foot by a bullet which cut the flesh clear across just above the lower cuticle (a very sensitive place, as everybody knows), and was surprised, after we had reached the embankment, to see blood flowing from the bullet hole in his shoe.

I mention these things as tending to convey a slight impression of the intense eagerness for slaughter that is apt to possess a soldier in the fury of a battle. Since that day I have had no difficulty in understanding the feeling of a fighting bull-dog, which would rather die than let go his grip on his antagonist.

There was some firing on our part on our way across the field, because the line did not move fast enough (on account of the diagonal fence) to keep us busy otherwise. Undoubtedly we would have been able to get across with much less disaster to ourselves, and with practically as much damage to the other side, if we had rushed right on, without stopping to fire at all. But all battles are made up of blunders on both sides, and the party that has the least opportunity for blunders is usually the one that comes out with the ultimate advantage. The man who, like Commander Cushing in his attack on the Albemarle, can preserve a perfectly level head, with imminent death threatening him on every side, is so rare as to seem almost like a *lusus naturæ*, and it is never to be expected that he will appear just where and when he is needed, and therefore a little unexpected fence to be pushed down may turn the tide of a battle. Comparatively few of our num-

ber arrived at the embankment—probably not a dozen of my own company. Some of those who had been shot less seriously than the young man of whom I just spoke, were not endowed with his fighting enthusiasm, and had run back to the woods on feeling the sting of bullet or of broken iron. But many, very many, were lying on the ground behind us, dead, or yielding up their young lives with the blood that was oozing from their gaping wounds. Those of us who were on the embankment were too few to even attempt to drive out the troops on the other side of it, and accordingly lay as flat to the slope as we could, crawling occasionally to the top, and discharging our muskets, held horizontally over our heads, in the direction which seemed to afford a chance of hitting somebody on the other side of the grade. In the meantime a second line of troops attempted to come across the field from our side, and the din instantly became so infernal that I desisted from the feeble efforts I had been making against the enemy, in order to see what was happening in our rear.

As I looked back, I saw our line making a grand rush in our direction, many of the men holding their arms before their faces, as though to keep off a storm. Bullets were pouring into them from the infantry beyond us, but worst of all, Longstreet's batteries, freshly posted on a rise of ground a mile or so to our left, were enfilading the approaching troops with solid shot, shell, and sections a foot long or more, of railroad iron, which tore up the earth frightfully, and was death to any living thing that they might touch on their passage. Our second line gave way before this terriffic storm, and ran back to the cover of the woods, leaving us on the embankment to our fate. As for ourselves, we still kept up the desultory fire that I have described, with no serious effect, I presume, after the

brief intermission mentioned. But shortly there came an unlooked-for variation in the proceedings. Huge stones began to fall about us, and now and then one of them would happen to strike one or another of us with very unpleasant effect. By this time all my friends on the rebel work at my side were badly wounded, and I had received a few scratches and bruises for my own part. The enemy kept up the showers of stones, and we were returning the favors to such extent as we were able, and bullets intended for the rebels from our soldiers back in the woods were striking the ground about us, and at least one of them struck a comrade at my elbow, wounding him in the back, and fatally. Young Oliver Ayer, whose injury in the foot was mentioned before, now received an additional bullet wound, disabling his right arm, from which he subsequently died in one of the general hospitals at Washington. Both of these disabled companions of mine entreated me to do something for their relief, in the helpless and dangerous position which they occupied.

It was a puzzle to decide upon any course of action, and I took time to cut away Cotter's shirt, find that his hurt was one that I could not relieve, and replace the garment with my own, and also to place a bandage about Ayer's arm, before finally deciding to try running over the embankment in the hope of obtaining a cessation of hostilities at that point, in case of my getting over alive. I was fortunate enough to be permitted to jump down from the top into the rebel line before anybody got a successful shot at me, and made bold to ask the further favor of being allowed to bring my wounded friends over the work. This request was not granted, and I probably owe my life to the refusal. The stone-throwing ceased there, however, and I helped bandage up the wounded arms of a few of their soldiers who had been retired into

the ditch at the foot of the grade. Shortly afterwards an officer seized me by the collar, drew me to my feet, and bade me look at the greatest soldier, he said, that ever lived. It was indeed Stonewall Jackson, who was riding down the line, a stalwart figure, in rusty uniform, his slouch hat in his hand, and accompanied, of course, by a retinue of mounted officers. He was greeted with hearty cheers, but his own aspect was rather pre-occupied, as though he were thinking of something out of the range of present vision.

Soon afterwards a soldier was detailed to accompany me to the rear, at Cross' farm, on the bank of Catharpin Run, near its junction with Bull Run, at Sudley Spring. My wounded friends were brought along on stretchers somewhat later, and by nightfall there were more than a thousand prisoners, mostly wounded, gathered together at the same place, something more than a mile north of the field where the hard fighting had occurred. At my own request I was adorned with a white strip, tied about my arm, and ordered to help attend to the wounded who were coming in, and about a dozen of whom were from my company, and assumed as my especial charge. One of them had been shot eleven times, but he eventually recovered. A minute description of the wounds observed while at this place would be horrible beyond the belief of the inexperienced in such matters. Bullet and shell had no regard to consequences or to appearances. Eyes were gouged out by them, the brain laid open, or hideous holes made in the neck or abdomen, with the same ease and celerity as legs or arms were torn off, or mangled into shapeless pulp. I stayed among these horrors for a week, and until the refuse pile of amputated limbs near the bank of the stream had grown to the height of my shoulders, and had become of such suffocating putridity as to per-

meate the whole vicinity with its odors. Then, having seen the last of our men started on towards Washington by ambulance, and having been paroled myself, I held on to the final ambulance and went on through the field where the great battle had been fought. Our dead were still unburied. The meadow that we had crossed on our way to the embankment was covered with corpses of those who had been dashing and gallant soldiers only a short week before, but whose bodies were swollen, blistered, discolored to the blackness of Ethiopians in most instances, and emitting odors so thick and powerful that it seemed that they might have been felt by the naked hand. There was little of the semblance of humanity about these corpses, except the uniforms in which some of them were clad. Many were naked, their clothes having been taken from them by the neighboring farmers, or perhaps by the less comfortably clad of the opposing army. The faces of the dead were so black that my first thought on seeing them was that there had been a slaughter of negroes there since my departure from the field, and the abdomens of all were distended to the point of bursting, if they had not already passed that point. Maggots were wriggling in their eyes, noses and mouths, and filled the original wounds, in whatever portion of the body they might have been. I held my breath as much as possible in passing through the battlefield, and on approaching Centerville met a regiment coming from the direction of Alexandria, with pick-axes, shovels and other implements for burial of the dead.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Memorial Meeting, February 6, 1895.

ADDRESS BY BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS,

Bvt. Brig. Gen., U. S. V.

HERO worship is grounded on human nature. We want excellence embodied, ideas incarnated. Principles are grand, but principled personalities are infinitely grander. We may think in the abstract, but we love in the concrete. We may throw a halo or self-created splendor about our hero and idealize and well-nigh divinize the departed great one, but it is simply the homage paid to the inherent dignity of our own being. It is bringing out the best that is within us. It is simply the letting fly the angel with folded wings for emancipation in the innermost sanctuary of every human soul. History, it is said, is but the biography of great men, and an institution the lengthened shadow of one man.

There are men, appearing at rare intervals, of commanding greatness, who, standing almost alone and seemingly independent of human sympathy, yet bear the pressure of nations and shape the destiny of the centuries. The pallid cheeks of fearful surrounders only serve to crimson their own. The relaxed fibers of other men's courage only appear to harden theirs. The palpitation of other men's hearts only renders the beat of their own more steady. The fiercer the blast the deeper the roots of their resolve strike into the sustaining soil. You cannot coax them, you cannot cajole them, you cannot bully

them, you cannot buy them. They will fling back into the teeth of those who dare make it the statement of that English prime minister, "These men about us have their price," changed into that infamous libel on our common humanity, "Every man has his price." You could sooner turn the sun from his course than these Fabrician heroes from the path of honor. Be their ancestry what it may, they are kings crowned with a diadem no blood or descent can purchase. It is placed there unasked by the universal suffrage of the race. They hold the courts of royalty for the widespread empire of man. Their way to the throne may be by the Via Dolorosa, the sorrowful way of sacred sacrifical agony and grief. But, kings of men, they will wear chains or bracelets and stripes upon their backs as blue and scarlet adornings. They will make dungeons palaces, and temples, and shrines. The draught of poison is the elixir of life. The assassin's dagger but points the way to an earlier immortality. Flames but light a smile upon the face, and scaffolds are but speedier and sublimer steps to glory. Such men we build our love around as an arch of triumph as they pass us on their way to immortality. And about one such man, the name we honor to-night, gather some of the most magnificent chapters of the annals of time.

Born in poverty and raised in obscurity, he proved by his triumphant ascent that circumstances are not the masters, but the servants of man. They are not the creators, but the mere conditions of the all-conquering mind. He was emphatically the child of the people, the man of the people. Sprung from their loins, he was never separated from them by distance of official position. The simplicity and heartiness of his life were never spoiled by the stiffness and formality of an imported court etiquette. No man among us ever captured so completely the popu-

lar imagination and won so enthusiastically and enduringly the popular heart.

"Character, the diamond that scratches every other stone," was of the purest quality in him. Napoleon schooled his looks and discharged his face of expression that no man might read his thoughts. But our Lincoln needed no such veil over his rugged face to hide that honest soul which he fearlessly threw open to the gaze of angels and men. Grant was the world's leader in war without an oath, and Lincoln the world's leader of all leaders without deceit. His honesty was so pure, so transparent, that friend and foe were compelled by the might of its irresistible majesty to bow before it.

> "Shame was ashamed to sit upon his brow,
> For 'twas a throne where honor fair was crowned
> Sole monarch of the universal world."

With Aristides the Just will go down through all the ages "Honest Old Abe."

Hope, the prophet in every heart, was king and priest, besides, in his. It ruled his life and consecrated his deeds. Other men turned their backs in despair on the republic's future. He, through the densest darkness, saw with steadfast gaze the glory of the coming day.

To some of his friends he was a root out of a dry ground, and there was no beauty that they should desire him. But if the soul of a seraph dwelt in the form of a satyr in glorious old Socrates, in the ungainly figure of Lincoln dwelt the resplendent beauty of virtue unequaled in living man before.

In him the quality of mercy was not strained. It was the passion of his being to forgive and reinstate. The most exquisite tribute to this noble attribute, the highest attribute of God himself, was the wreath at his funeral, sent from Boston by the sister of a soldier boy he had

pardoned when condemned to death for sleeping at his post. It was justly placed directly above that heart so cruelly stilled in death, which beat only with love to mankind.

He had supreme self-reliance, that iron string to which all hearts vibrate, and yet was not self-willed. Men used to talk of masters in the cabinet, but all the masters there combined could not move that one master from his purpose when he felt duty was at stake. In non-essential things he was as pliable as a reed, in essential things as immovable as the everlasting hills. Other men were trying to hurry the march of events and demanding that the supreme action of his life should be taken. He waited until the hour of high noon in American history had struck, and then with the sweep of his pen sent a whole race to freedom and to fortune. He rose to the height of every occasion, and yet in doing so it was easy to see that half his strength he put not forth. He knew, while using every plan for peace which human persuasiveness could prompt, that the rebellion could not be put down with rosewater. He knew it would not answer to use the rap of a kid-covered knuckle or the buttonhole touch of a superannuated remonstrance as some desired, but the fist of authority rimmed with iron. And so we sang—

"We are coming, we are coming,
We are coming our union to restore,
We are coming, Father Abraham,
One hundred thousand, two hundred thousand,
Three hundred thousand, six hundred thousand more."

And we would have gone on singing, if need be, "Still There's More to Follow."

Without compassing the realm of literature, he yet went confessedly to the head of all the masters of English expression and threw all classic literature into the shade.

It was said of his last inaugural, by one of the ablest English journals: "It is the most remarkable thing of the sort ever pronounced by any president of the United States. Its Alpha and its Omega is Almighty God, the God of justice and the Father of mercies, who is working out the purpose of His love. It is invested with a dignity and a pathos which lift it high above everything of the kind of the Old World or the New."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widows and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Companions of the Loyal Legion, in what more fitting language can we consecrate ourselves anew to the momentous, unending work of the Republic?

> "Freedom's battle once begun,
> Is bequeathed from sire to son."

These words should be written in letters of gold in the White House, for every administration to read and recognize, and I will not, of course, except the present administration.

The firmest, truest friend the workingman ever had, he uttered these words of truth to men at the summit of his power. Let them be recorded in letters of silver in every labor and trades' assembly room in the land:

"Nowhere in the world is presented a government of so much liberty and equality. To the humblest and poorest among us are held out the highest privileges and positions. The present moment finds me in the White House, yet there is as good a chance for your children as there was for my father's. Again, I admonish you not to be

turned from your stern purpose of defending our beloved country and its free institutions from any arguments urged by ambitious and designing men. To save these institutions for our children, to keep these paths of privilege and preferment open to all, there must be no despotisms here, not even for beneficent ends. Workingmen want no other weapons than liberty and light. By peaceful and orderly measures they will the more speedily and surely gain the ends they seek; by any other measures they will undermine and shatter the civil structure which is the shelter and the defense of all they hold dear."

Some men said, "Liberty, with or without the Union;" but Abraham Lincoln said, "The Union, with or without slavery." He was right and they were wrong. For he knew after that first shot against Sumter that freedom and union would ultimately have the grip of life, never to be unloosed by the hand either of secession or slavery. With the Union, slavery had ultimately nothing to hope, and without it, it had nothing to fear.

About this man of our love and reverence gathered a splendid galaxy of military heroes. Without them his work could not have been made perfect. His pen wrote the emancipation proclamation, but the swords of a Grant, a Sheridan, and other mighty leaders, with the great host of the boys in blue, re-wrote it, their cannon thundered it, their musketry echoed it, their bayonets punctuated it, and Appomattox put the final, irrevokable amen of God and man upon it. But, great as some of these men were, magnificent though they were, matchless each in his sphere, they were but the superb setting of that peerless jewel in the American treasure house, the people's president, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ADDRESS BY HON. W. D. HOARD,

EX-GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.

CERTAIN men are like mountains. They possess the same scenic character; the same lofty headlands of exalted duty; the same fertile valleys of love and sentiment, where humanity can live and find sustenance. Within their bold and rugged outline are spots of most exquisite beauty. Alpine violets and flowers of rarest perfume bloom above their timber line. They bear their own distinctive verdure. Only to him who shall explore them with a heart loyal to the sacredness of nature, will they disclose the beauty of their heights and depths.

The gold and silver that all the world wants lie hidden in their inmost recesses. There is mystery and solitude, marvelous light and appalling darkness, wonderful cataracts and delightful stretches of quiet streams, eternal snow and melting sunshine, untold wealth and the barrenness that starves; all these elements belong to great men and great mountains. It is always refreshing to leave the dull and dusty plain and seek renewed courage and vigor in their inspiring presence.

Thank Heaven for mountains that are like men, and men that are like mountains!

Did we ever look at a mountain and call it awkward? Its greatness carries it beyond such criticism. Yet an ant-hill fashioned in the same outline would meet with contempt. Hence let both men and mountains maintain the shape that God gave them, and be content.

Since the earliest records of human achievement we note that the men who have been rugged, powerful and

ample, have become the repositories of confidence and leadership among their fellows.

Lincoln, both physically, mentally and morally, was of this type. Contention, from earliest childhood, with a most grudging fate, taught him what smaller souls rarely learn, to look lightly on hardship, to patiently endure what he could not cure, and make friends with poverty and privation. This discipline of soul made him tolerant and catholic. He despised only human meanness. He was instinctively a man of reason. Because of this he was broadly conscientious, not only morally, but intellectually. The intellectual perception of the reason of things must be right, or the moral perception will be wrong. Hence he was first ethical and then worshipful. Reverse the operation and you have a bigot and a fanatic. Fortunate is the human soul that starts right, and from the foundations of reason builds to himself a broadening view of God and the obligations of life.

All enduring greatness must have an ethical foundation. The aim of all human effort, of government, of trade, commerce, politics, and its resultant law, must be to establish the right. The man who makes of himself a part of this great scheme, and serves it grandly, shall partake of its immortality. Such men cannot be judged with a microscope nor analyzed by the gravimetric process.

The Hindoo said of such a man: "For it is because of thy fullness that thou art become as meat and drink to thy fellows."

All true greatness can come only through great sacrifice. Nature abhors cheap effort everywhere. She is laboriously perfect, even in the smallest detail. Before all heroic souls stands humanity's altar, on which must be laid all considerations of self.

Christ was not Christ in the fullness of his Son-ship

until the supreme moment of sacrifice came, when he could pray as man never prayed before, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

There was much of this Christ-like quality in Abraham Lincoln. He strove undaunted until the fulfillment of his sacrifice, and always with a forgiving soul. For this the whole world has laid his memory to its heart of hearts. Liberty dwelt with him as she does with the mountains; she fed his soul, inspired his genius, entranced his vision, broadened his judgment, and finally, pointing to the crouching slave, said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, my brethren, have ye done it unto me." This was enough for a whole history. Here again does the man and his destiny rise to a lofty altitude, and the dead level of human greed and base ambition sinks out of sight.

Said his Elder Brother: "He that would lose his life shall save it."

Lincoln was a born leader among men. To this born faculty he added a wonderful comprehension of the true principles of Republican government with the object of securing the best exercises possible of individual liberty, public order, and the promotion of a sense of justice among men.

This comprehension is the basis of statesmanship. The man who possesses it in a large degree must have integrity and courage. "He who sails a ship must be obedient to the stars." He who would lead the people must be faithful and honest with himself, with principles, and with the people who trust in him, and he must have staunch courage. How few cowards there are on the battlefield and how many in places of public duty! It is about time a Loyal Legion was formed whose purpose it shall be to encourage and commemorate exhibitions of

civic courage and faithful adherence to civil duty. Call it, if you please, the Lincoln Legion, and make of his life and services a particular study for the encouragement of bravery in matters of public service.

Lincoln was one of the greatest politicians of American history. His forethought, skill and ability in the management of large masses of men, politically, was phenomenal. All these qualities are needed in politics, for they are the sum of all that Solomon prayed for—wisdom. There have been too few imitations among the politicians who have succeeded him, because Lincoln was honest, truthful, and far-seeing. It was the fashion in those early days of the Republican party to strive for a principle, to steadfastly maintain it, and wait for the people to see it. There are a few still left in the party who are so old fashioned as to believe that this is the true political doctrine, and that a defeat in defense of a righteous cause should never mean enlistment under the flag of the enemy.

As a politician, Lincoln strove to establish confidence in his leadership by being honest. The political profligacy of these times has come by abandoning time-honored traditions and principles. Colton, in the preface to Lacon, has aptly characterized our present condition:

"In an age when free thinking consists not in free thinking, but in being free from thinking; when independence of principle consists in having no principle at all to depend on; when patriots will hold anything but their tongues, keep anything but their word, and lose nothing so patiently as their character; in an age like this, to improve is difficult, to instruct is dangerous, and he stands no chance of amending it who cannot at the same time amuse it."

Lincoln trusted the people, believing that when they saw the right they would do right. He always carried

that rare sense of being the servant of the people, not their master. How different from the modern political boss. The low arts of lying and duplicity, and all that "foul brood that gnaw from within out, leaving a man hollow to the whitewash," he knew nothing of. He reasoned simply and directly, and still how powerfully, to this proposition, "If I lead the people to the truth that shall make them free, I must be truthful to myself"; and so he became the mouthpiece of God and the people.

We are in the midst of many troubles and serious misgivings. The labor question and all sorts of questions are resolutely clamoring for solution. Lincoln's way of solving the problem would be to accord justice. Greed, arrogance, money, and political bossism will never cement and preserve the American people as a nation. Simple justice will. Let us have justice and honesty, rather than ostentatious charity and falsehood.

I will speak of one more feature of this wonderful character, and close. It was his harmonizing sense of mirth and humor. There is profound philosophy in this quality of mind. It is the sweetening and tempering quality. A sense of the ludicrous is always essential to prevent us from becoming ridiculous. Lincoln used this sense with rare skill, and in obedience to the widest reason.

What could be finer than his reply to a body of querulous critics who visited him in the dark days of 1864, to complain of the conduct of the war. Not a word of suggestion or help did they offer. Nothing but criticism. It requires but very little brains to be a critic only.

Lincoln listened patiently, then said: "My friends, you remind me of my old friend, Jack Armstrong, down on the Sangamon bottom. It was a time of unfathomable mud, and Jack wanted a drink of whisky. He lived three miles from the grocery. Finally he managed to get

to the drinking place and imbibed several drinks. After dark he started home, and between whisky and deep mud he was having a hard job to make any progress. There came up a terrible thunder storm. It was pretty much all thunder. An occasional gleam of lightning would have been useful. A fearful crash of thunder came which brought poor Jack to his knees, and while in that posture he thought he would pray, and his prayer, gentlemen, I commend to your attention: 'O, Lord God, if it is all the same to you, I would like a little more light and less noise.'"

His illustration of the Democratic party trying to ride into power on the pro-slavery question was keen and apposite. It was this:

"In an early day a Methodist circuit rider came to a cross road in Illinois, where stood a typical country boy, barefooted, pants rolled up, one suspender, and shirt bosom open. The minister was mounted on about the poorest, weakest horse that had ever been seen in those parts. Addressing the boy, he said, 'My boy, which of these two roads will take me to Bloomington?' The boy paid no attention to the question; he had never seen a respectable man mounted on such a sorry steed before. The minister repeated the question. The boy looked up and replied, 'Who are you?' The answer came, 'I am a follower of the Lord.' 'Well,' said the boy, 'it won't make any difference which road you take. You'll never catch him with that hoss.'"

And so this rare man—rare in his genius, judgment, courage, honesty and kindly humor, a perfect man—God gave us as our leader and exemplar of American patriotism, American duty, American courage, and American faithfulness.

EXPERIENCES AT THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

By Surgeon Solon Marks, U. S. V.

[Read March 6, 1895.]

I SHALL make no attempt to describe the battle of Stone River, as a whole, but shall confine myself to a brief description of the little that came under my own observation while on the march to the field of Stone River, and during the battle of the 31st of December, which resulted in disaster to the Union troops.

During a heavy rainstorm on the morning of the 26th of December, 1862, the army of the Cumberland, under the command of Major General W. S. Rosecrans, left its camp, a few miles south of Nashville, and marched in the direction of Murfreesboro'. At that time the army was divided into three parts, or corps, known as the center, the right and left wings. The center was commanded by Gen. George H. Thomas, the right wing by Gen. A. McDowell McCook, the left wing by Gen. T. J. Crittenden. The right wing was composed of three divisions, Davis', Johnson's and Sheridan's, the commanders ranking in the order mentioned. Johnson's Division constituted the extreme right of the army, and I had the honor of being its chief surgeon, or medical director. The center moved by the Franklin and Wilson pikes, the left wing by the Murfreesboro' pike, while the right wing moved over what was known as the Nolensville pike, roads situated some miles apart, running in a southerly direction. Davis had the advance of the right wing, and was followed by Sheridan, Johnson being in the rear.

The troops advanced with great caution, and, if my

memory serves me, it was past midday when we first heard artillery and musketry firing. Davis' troops skirmished with the enemy, slowly pushing him back to Nolensville, where, near night, he was found in considerable force, occupying a high range of hills, defending what was known as Knob's Gap, through which the Nolensville and Triune pikes passed. Davis formedl ine of battle, and as soon as the rear division could be brought up within supporting distance, advanced, carried the heights, capturing one piece of artillery. The casualties in this engagement were few on the Union side, due, no doubt, to the elevated position of the Confederates, causing them to fire over Davis' advancing lines. The right wing bivouacked at and near Nolensville for the night.

On the following day, the 27th, Johnson's Division had the advance, followed by Sheridan, Davis being in the rear. The Confederates appeared a little more stubborn than the day before, but did not offer sufficient resistance to prevent Johnson's troops, unaided, from pushing them slowly back to Triune, where, near night, they were again found in line of battle in somewhat greater force than the day before. Johnson formed line of battle and advanced, supported by the other divisions, and, after quite a severe engagement, the Confederates gave way and retreated, Johnson following them a mile and a half or two miles before going into camp. In this engagement the casualties were numerous on both sides.

I remember two young men found near together, about the same age and size, who might easily have been mistaken for brothers, both fatally wounded—one was dressed in blue, one in gray. As their sufferings were intense and it was cold and rainy, they were taken into a farm house near by, occupied by a woman and two grown daughters. The husband and father was in the Confeder-

ate army. When the wounded men were taken into the house, the three women at once devoted themselves to the care of the Confederate, not even deigning to look at the Union soldier. Notwithstanding more than thirty years have passed since I witnessed that scene, it is as fresh in my memory as if the event had occurred yesterday. I see those women seated around that wounded soldier, one with pen, ink and paper, writing, while the dying Confederate feebly dictates a farewell letter to his mother; one supports his head, the third one wipes the death dew from his brow. On the other side of the room is the Union soldier, surrounded by comrades with whom but an hour or two before he had unhesitatingly charged those rebel lines. One comrade writes, while he dictates his last letter to the loved ones at home. No woman's hand could nurse him more tenderly than do those brave men; with eyes dimmed with tears they seem to anticipate his every want. Remaining with them until their most intense sufferings were relieved, and well knowing that they had "fought their last battle," and ere the rising sun would "sleep their last sleep," I retired to my quarters. Returning early in the morning I found them at rest. They had joined the great army of the dead. The Union soldier was buried near where he fell, while the body of the Confederate, by request, was committed to the care of those who had nursed him so tenderly in his last hours.

On the morning of the 28th it was found that the enemy had disappeared from our front. During the day reconnoissances were made in different directions and it was learned that the Confederates were massing near Murfreesboro', Davis' Division having advanced in that direction as far as Stewart's Creek.

On the morning of the 29th Sheridan moved by what

is known as Bole Jack road, to the support of Davis, and was followed by two brigades of Johnson's Division; one of his brigades, Baldwin's, remaining at Triune until evening, with a company of cavalry and a section of artillery as a corps of observation. During the latter part of the day there was heavy skirmishing in Davis' front, with numerous casualties. McCook's command camped for the night within five or six miles of Murfreesboro'.

On the morning of the 30th Sheridan had the advance, followed by Davis, and moved east in the direction of Murfreesboro', over the Wilkinson pike, Johnson's Division being held in reserve. Sheridan soon met the enemy's skirmishers, who seemed unusually stubborn, and, as he advanced, it required two or three regiments to push them back sufficiently to enable him to join the right of Thomas, who had advanced in the direction of Murfreesboro' over the Nashville pike. When Sheridan reached Thomas' right, he formed line of battle a little to the south and obliquely to the Wilkinson pike, his lines extending nearly east and west. In his front was an open field, beyond which there was a heavy belt of timber, occupied by the enemy's artillery and sharpshooters, who kept up an incessant and annoying fire. In the rear, between Sheridan's position and the Nashville pike, was a heavy cedar thicket, through which Thomas extended his right, joining Sheridan's left at an obtuse angle. Guns from Bush's and Hascock's batteries succeeded, after a sharp artillery duel, in silencing the rebel battery in their front.

As near as I can remember, between half past two and three o'clock in the afternoon of the 30th, Davis' Division formed on the right of Sheridan, and Johnson on the right of Davis. The three divisions then advanced over the open field in their front, swinging in the arc of a

circle toward the east, Sheridan's left being the pivotal point, thus establishing a continuous line with the center and the right and left wings.

As nearly all the troops of the command, excepting the reserve, were in line of battle, and as there were a large number of wounded in ambulances, a division hospital was established at Colonel Smith's plantation, where there was excellent water, with plenty of hay and straw, also a large frame house which was surrounded by numerous log houses, occupied as negro quarters, that could be used for hospital purposes. Having assigned to duty all the medical officers of the division, either at the hospital or on the field, I rode to the front as darkness was approaching, for the purpose of selecting a route by which ambulances could reach our troops. I found that the lines had advanced much further than I had expected, leading me to fear that the hospital was too far in the rear, Johnson's right having passed entirely through the timber occupied by the enemy the fore part of the day, and extending across the Franklin dirt road into an open field, without the slightest protection; while within gun shot of his front and right flank was a heavy cedar thicket beyond which nothing could be seen. I reported to General Johnson the location of the hospital, at the same time expressing regret that I could not establish it nearer our lines owing to the absence of water. However, the General expressed himself as entirely satisfied with its position, and at once relieved my anxiety in the matter by repeating orders he had received for his guidance the following day, which were substantially as follows: "If our right was attacked, it was to fall back slowly, contesting every inch of ground. Our left was to cross Stone river and move into Murfreesboro'. If the enemy failed to

attack, we were to do so at a signal to be given by Gen. Rosecrans."

Gen. Johnson established his headquarters in the edge of the timber, a short distance in the rear of his troops, where we spent an anxious and uncomfortable night. All night long the rumbling of moving artillery could be heard in our front. Gen. Sheridan, in his memoirs, tells us that "Gen. Sill, commanding a brigade in his division, came back to his headquarters about two o'clock on the morning of the 31st, and reported that on his front a continuous movement of infantry and artillery had been going on all night within the Confederate lines; that he was confident that Bragg was moving on our right with the purpose of making an attack in that direction early in the morning." He further states that he and Gen. Sill "went back to Gen. McCook's headquarters near the Grescomb House, and communicated to him the intelligence and their consequent impression." In a conversation with Gen. McCook but a few months since, he tells me that Gen. Rosecrans was kept fully informed of what was going on within the Confederate lines, yet no change was made in the position of our troops during the night.

On the morning of the 31st, every one connected with our headquarters was up and had breakfast long before daylight; horses were saddled and transportation sent to the rear. A little after six o'clock Gen. Willoch, who commanded a brigade in Johnson's Division, rode up to headquarters and entered into conversation with Gen. Johnson. Shortly after firing was heard on our right. Gen. Johnson places the time as twenty-two minutes past six o'clock. Gen. Willoch mounted, started for his command and in his great haste rode through our lines; his horse was killed and he was captured. Gen. Johnson

with most of his staff and orderlies rode to the front, while I mounted, and, accompanied by one orderly, rode to the hospital, and on reaching it found a large number of wounded had already arrived. I went into the building and was there but a moment when my orderly, an intelligent young man, came in and very quietly informed me that our troops were falling back. Supposing that they were slowly falling back in obedience to orders, and that the enemy's advance would be checked long before reaching our position, I told him that it was all right, and to be sure not to do or say anything to create excitement or alarm. He went out, but almost immediately returned and asked if I would go and see for myself, and noticing that he was somewhat excited I went out without attracting attention. As I stepped from among the buildings, where I could look to the front, I confess that I was not only surprised but paralyzed. Johnson's men were falling back as fast as their legs could carry them, in the greatest possible confusion, followed by the enemy in perfect lines of battle, outflanking them at least a quarter of a mile and outnumbering them more than four to one. It was evident that our position must shortly fall into the hands of the enemy. There was but a moment to consider what course to pursue. Any attempt to move our wounded would be worse than useless, and humanity demanded that they should not be abandoned by their medical officers. As there was a larger force of surgeons in the hospital than on the field, I felt that I could be of more service on the field and determined if possible to make my escape, hoping that those busily engaged in the building might be captured before they became aware of the true condition of things, but by the time I had determined what course to pursue, and had mounted my horse, the medical officers were by my side. Volunteers were

called for to remain with the wounded, but as there was no response, I dismounted and told them that I would stay and that they were at liberty to leave or remain. To their credit, be it said, every surgeon returned to his duty, and stood bravely at his post during the trying ordeal which followed. In a few moments our troops had fallen back past our position, and we were between the two armies. Fortunately for us, the artillery of both armies was on our left, while the log houses before mentioned offered excellent protection against small arms. During the few moments that we were between the lines, I saw but one man killed. Soon the Confederates passed by us in pursuit of our men, and as our troops retreated, they fell off towards our left across the open field, over which they had advanced the day before. From our elevated position we could see the troops of both armies. It was evident that many of our men were wounded and making every effort in their power to avoid capture. Some few had thrown away their guns and were running for dear life, while others would load their guns as they retreated, and would wheel and fire upon the advancing foe. As Johnson fell back, Davis' right was exposed, and notwithstanding his men fought with desperation, they were compelled to give way to numbers. Davis' falling back compelled Sheridan to change position. Johnson's men shortly disappeared through the cedar thicket, followed in a few moments by Davis'. Sheridan drew back his right and formed line of battle at nearly right angles to the one occupied at the opening of the engagement, and his men fought with such determination that the enemy was checked for a time in his victorious advance. After several sharp engagements Sheridan's men also fell back through the cedars and were followed by the enemy.

Our hospital was at once surrounded by skulkers, to be found in all armies, ever ready to fall out of line of battle and wander over the field, robbing the dead and wounded. They were greatly elated over their success, and embraced every opportunity to assure us that our entire army was being routed, and from what we had seen we feared that such might be the case. After both armies had disappeared through the cedars, there was a lull in the battle and we could see our wounded on the field. I approached the first general officer of the Confederate army who rode past our position, and asked if permission would be granted to go on the field with surgeons and care for the wounded. I was treated courteously, but was told that he could not give us protection and that we should remain where we were. After what seemed to be half or three-quarters of an hour of comparative quiet, we heard a rebel yell, followed by a terrific artillery and musketry fire. We were necessarily ignorant of the result of the charge, but were assured by our captors that their troops were victorious. After a time we heard another rebel yell, followed by heavy firing, which led us to conclude that our forces were not entirely driven from the field. All was again quiet, except a little sputtering of musketry here and there and an occasional artillery fire, when all at once the roar of battle rolled up from left to right, then receded, then advanced like some mighty ocean wave dashing itself into spray on a rock-bound coast, while the earth shook and trembled beneath the discharge of more than a hundred pieces of artillery. The battle raged all day long, sometimes on the right and center, at other times on the left, when the curtain of night fell upon the scene and put a stop to the conflict. We could distinctly hear the rumbling of artillery and army wagons on the Nashville pike, and were told that our

army was in full retreat. Companions, I trust that the few of us who survive may never again be called upon to endure another such a day and night of suffering and anxiety as those of us endured who were prisoners on that memorable field. In the morning we had seen that splendid body of men constituting the right wing of our army, who but a few days before had started out on an aggressive campaign, and who but the night before had so confidently stepped into line of battle, swept from the field, like chaff before the wind, by overwhelming numbers. We had seen hundreds of our comrades fall, yet we were powerless to aid them. All day long we had listened to the roar of battle beyond the cedars, and watched the feathery fringes of smoke, as it was wafted from the field above the tree tops, while everything seemed to indicate the defeat of our army. When darkness stopped the conflict and we heard the rumbling on the pike, we were not only told that our troops were retreating, but that the enemy had sent a strong force of infantry and cavalry around our right to intercept them, and that the capture or destruction of our army was only a question of time; and what we had seen during the fore part of the day led us to fear that what our captors told us might be true. Hour after hour, that cold December night, we shivered around our camp fires, listening to the rumbling on the pike, and trying to interpret its meaning.

At last the New Year was ushered in, and what a New Year, not only to our poor wounded soldiers on that sodden field, whose sufferings language could not describe, but to the thousands both north and south who mourned the loss of loved ones. Time went on, and again we listened to the rumbling on the pike, and as it did not seem to diminish in volume or grow more distant, we began to hope that our captors had reported falsely, and that our

army was not retreating, but merely changing position, bringing up ammunition and rations preparatory to renewing the struggle the coming day.

The day dawned, and with what breathless anxiety we listened, fearing, yet hoping that our forces might be there to renew the conflict. We had not long to wait before the opening of battle relieved our terrible anxiety. Then we knew that our army was on the other side of the cedars; that the brave McCook had rallied his forces, and we hoped was in position to meet the enemy under more favorable circumstances than the day before. We believed that the men of the center would be anchored to the very rocks upon which they stood, by the love and confidence they bore their great commander, Gen. George H. Thomas; that the left, under the command of Kentucky's loyal sons, would do all in the power of brave men to turn defeat into victory.

During the night the Confederate officers had gathered in the numerous skulkers, and we found ourselves almost alone in the rear of the rebel lines on the morning of the first of January, 1863. Colonel Smith, the owner of the plantation where we located, a rebel, but a kind and humane man, had saved one old and decrepit horse that he harnessed to a wagon on which was a hayrack, and went with us to aid in bringing in such of our wounded as had survived the exposure of that winter's night. We witnessed many scenes which would tend to moisten the eyes of the hardest-hearted. The field was covered with dead, whose faces had become familiar to us in camp and on the march, and who but the day before were in the prime and vigor of young manhood. We saw men living, whose broken and lacerated limbs were frozen to the ground upon which they lay. Many limbs were severed from bodies, not with the expectation of saving

life, but to relieve the sufferer from an offensive mass and render his last hours more comfortable. Very few of our men who lay on the field during the night survived for any length of time. Although the battle raged furiously from time to time, we were so thoroughly engaged with the care of our wounded that we hardly realized that an engagement was going on between two powerful armies within three quarters of a mile of us. Again darkness put a stop to the strife and the tired armies lay down to rest. There was, however, no rest for the medical officers. All night long, with lanterns and candles, they moved around among the wounded, listening to their groans and pleadings for relief.

With the morning came the renewal of battle. A few officers were again sent out to search every nook and corner on the field, over which our troops fought the first morning, that we might be sure that no living soldier was uncared for. During the day the surgeons were busy caring for the wounded as best they could under the circumstances.

It did not seem to us that the battle raged with as much fury as on the preceding days, until near night, when there was a terrific outburst of artillery firing on what seemed to be our left. We afterwards learned that it was due to our troops massing sixty-five or seventy pieces of artillery for the purpose of resisting an attack from Breckenridge's Corps, and which made sad havoc in the ranks of that command, forcing a retreat.

Near midnight of the third night, I lay down upon an improvised amputating table and was soon sound asleep. Near daylight an attendant woke me and said there was a great commotion among the rebels. As I looked out, the Confederate cavalry was leaving the field as fast as their horses could carry them. From observing the

behavior of the enemy's cavalry, we concluded that Bragg was retreating with his entire army. Taking a white handkerchief, I started for the Union lines, and not being halted by either friend or foe, I proceeded as far as the Nashville pike, where I soon met Gen. Rosecrans and staff, and procured rations and medical stores for the twelve hundred wounded in our field hospital. Gen. Rosecrans occupied Murfreesboro' with his army on the 4th of January, and the battle of Stone River was at an end.

It was reported as a Union victory; it was, however, dearly bought. Of the 42,000 officers and men taken into the battle by Gen. Rosecrans, 13,230 were killed, wounded or missing, or thirty-one and a half per cent of his entire force. Bragg had on the defensive 37,800 officers and men, and lost in killed, wounded or missing 10,306, or nearly twenty-eight per cent. of his force. These figures give some idea of the stubbornness with which the field of Stone River was contested. Many of our wounded, who could bear transportation, were sent to Nashville general hospital as rapidly as cars could be procured. General hospitals were also established in Murfreesboro', but owing to the great number of severely wounded, who could not be moved without endangering life, the field hospitals were not broken up for weeks.

The Army of the Cumberland was reinforced, partially reorganized, and remained at Murfreesboro' for nearly six months. During that time heavy earthworks were erected for the defense of the place. Foraging parties were sent out from time to time, frequently encountering the enemy, the skirmishing arising almost to the magnitude of a battle, with heavy losses on both sides. A large amount of stores were accumulated, and on the 26th of June the army started on what was known as the Tullahoma campaign.

Companions, the part taken by the Union troops in the battle of Stone River has gone into history that will be read by future generations, after the monument erected to commemorate their heroic deeds has disintegrated and crumbled to dust; and if the spirits of those who fell upon that field are permitted to take cognizance of earthly things; if they can see the flag they once loved so well and for which they laid down their lives, now flung to the breeze from ocean to ocean; if they realize that their blood helped to permanently cement this Union; if they appreciate the magnitude and strength of this Republic, and its influence among the nations of the earth, we may well believe that they rejoice and return thanks that they had a life to give in defense of our national existence.

THE ARMIES OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

By Surgeon Walter Kempster, U. S. V.

[Read April 3, 1895.]

DURING the years 1891, 1892 and 1893, unusual opportunities were afforded me of making personal observation of soldiers in some old-world countries. Interest in such matters led me to make notes of the impressions received, and the statistical material was obtained from official sources, for the purpose of aiding me to watch more closely the passing events in the military world, which at that time led many well informed persons to believe that war was imminent.

The standard of comparison was of course the army that we knew, "The boys of '61," after they had toughened their fibres, both muscular and military, by years of campaigning, which but added lustre to the already brilliant career of the American Soldier. And who that saw, or took part in it, can ever forget the ideal movement and bearing of the man, the company, the corps, the army, as it moved faultlessly along Pennsylvania avenue, those bright days in 1865; the very embodiment, if I may be permitted the expression, of graceful force; the conscious possessors of that most glorious of all garlands—the chaplet of victory.

It is but fair to say that the armies which I saw abroad, were not flushed with the pride of recent triumph; but they were parts of those great organizations whose histories stretch backward to a remote antiquity. Continually recruited from the bone and sinew of the people, they are compelled to render many years of

active military duty in their respective countries, and may therefore be presumed to possess all the art and knack of war, which long experience and training give; while thews and sinews are kept in proper form by daily drill. Two unusual opportunities opened the way for me to see the troops of England massed. One was upon the occasion of the visit of Emperor William II. to England in 1891, shortly after his accession to the throne of Germany; the other was at the ceremony of "trooping the colors," when the militia was massed in 1893. In 1891 Emperor William II. reviewed the troops, and in 1893 the Prince of Wales. At the first review the regulars predominated, at the second the militia.

The British regular is examined with some care as to his physique; the very small per diem does not attract men, and, as a consequence, quite a number of lads get into the army; so marked a feature is this, that Parliament has enacted a law providing that the lads shall not be sent to do service in India, until they have become somewhat seasoned by duty performed nearer home. They are, however, a sturdy-looking lot of fellows, in whom muscle is dominant; the general countenance does not indicate a surplusage of intelligence. Stripped of his gaudy uniform, he would appear heavy and commonplace. It is his drill, and discipline, and dress that clothe him with his martial air and bearing.

There is great diversity in the costumes of the British soldiery. From the grenadier guards, to the uniforms of some troops, there is a variety of color and shape so great that it would be wearying to mention them. The practice of clothing the soldiers by regiments in a uniform dress was not introduced into the English army until about the year 1665; and the rank and file have never taken kindly to the plan. It is part of the policy which

governs British army matters to dress the men in bright colors. It is said that the absurdly tight-fitting, short jacket and trousers, which now display the outlines of the British soldier's figure, and which must restrict not only his breathing, but the free movement of his limbs, are much liked by the troops; while the ridiculous fatigue cap, not much larger than a brawny fist, perched saucily over the right ear, and which is neither protection from sun nor rain, they would not give up for any consideration. So tight are the trousers worn and strapped beneath the foot, that it seems that, if the man were to stoop over for any purpose, the result would be most disastrous to the integrity of the cloth located over a conspicuous part of his anatomy.

Even when on parade or in review, the British regular impressed me as though he were trussed, so tightly does the uniform fit his figure; and the abominable stock, still used in some regiments, makes the men appear as though a regiment of candidates for apoplexy was approaching. The British regular appears at his best when, in fatigue dress, he nonchalantly promenades Piccadilly, with an admiring lass on each arm.

The regular troops marched with precision, and the various evolutions were well done; but the movements impressed me as mechanical—lacking the *elan* characteristic of troops to be mentioned later; there was a heaviness, an idea of ponderosity, as though the evolutions were performed by means of force applied from without, rather than as springing from an intelligent thought inborn, which awaited the anticipated word of command. In other words, those bayonets do not think.

The movements of the militia had much more sprightliness; this was to be expected after slight examination of the men; they are more intelligent in appearance, and the

esprit de corps is altogether more manifest. The finest marching and the best general evolutions, in fact the best equipped English militia regiment that I saw, was recruited from the letter carriers and employes of the London post office, about 1500 strong. They were bright-looking fellows, much of one size and weight, clad in a dark gray uniform, loose and easy, with leggings reaching half way up the calf; and topped with a sensible felt hat and natty plume. Accustomed to walking as they are, they moved off with a swinging easy gait that approached more closely our ideal than any other troops that I saw; their alignment and precision left little to be desired. They were armed with a magazine gun and usual accoutrements; altogether they made a fine appearance and elicited well-merited applause. They wore the only uniforms which impressed me as not gaudy in color and trappings, and made a strange contrast to the many other begilded and flaming uniforms about them, nearly all of which had either scarlet garments or brilliant trimmings. It should be remarked that these men had all passed a civil service examination.

The finest looking regiment of men that I saw in Britain, perhaps I should say in the old world, was a troop of Scotch Highlanders. They were tall, stalwart, hardy fellows, bred in the mountains, and clad in the quaint and picturesque costume of the old time Highlander. Each soldier had the bearing of a chieftain; the strong fine faces, the quick, spirited movements, recalled the romance and tragedy of Scotland's bloody history. The fire, the loyalty, the tenacity, the endurance, were all visible still; the drill and discipline but enhanced them. Low cut shoes, bright plaid stockings, bare knees, philli-beg, sporran and plaid; and the bonnet jauntily to one

side—such was the costume. It was worn with the air of a true descendant of Wallace.

The British cavalry did not impress me particularly except by the gaudiness of the dress. The horses were, in my judgment, too large and heavy, and the troopers overloaded with accoutrements, which hamper them in their movements. The evolutions were not well done; the marching was poor. The troops did not keep proper distance, so that great gaps continually occurred in the column, during the march, and in evolutions.

There is, however, one noticeable exception, that of the Horse Guards, who are on duty about some of the government buildings. At these places the guard sits his horse under an arch; he is clad in a burnished cuirass and headpiece, which, however, are not worn in the field. All other habiliments are also brilliant. Once in position, the horse and man are almost motionless until relieved, and make a striking picture. These men are a picked corps, selected for appearance, and able to endure the strain of almost motionless position for hours at a time.

The artillery impressed me favorably. The men were more alert, and under better discipline than other corps; and while they were also gaudily attired, the uniforms were less conspicuous than some other troops. These brilliantly colored uniforms are objected to by some of the higher officers, but they are an inherited legacy, therefore difficult to displace, and they say this finery attracts a certain class to enlist.

The troops designed for service in India and Egypt are supplied with loose-fitting uniforms of drab or greyish brown cloth, cut loose about the neck; they wear leggings, and a hat of cork or canvas, made to shade the eyes and base of the skull, with many openings for ventilation. The grand total of the standing army of Great

Britain is stated to be about 308,000, of which 20,000 are cavalry; and there are about 600 field guns. This does not include the army of India, about 134,000 men—22,000 of them being cavalry. In the Indian army the officers are English, and about 64 per cent. are native troops. In addition, Great Britain has about 800,000 militia, all volunteers, and not liable to active service unless in time of war.

The British soldier enlists for twelve years, five years being spent in department service, the balance in the army reserve. England is now the only great power which does not conscript the men—all enlistments being voluntary.

In recent years non-commissioned officers may receive promotion by competitive examination, and since this change has been made a better class of men are making the necessary effort to secure the coveted prize. The infantry is armed with the Martini rifle, which is being replaced by a more modern and better weapon—a magazine gun.

The pay of a private in the British army is one shilling a day, with a penny a day additional for good behavior after the second year. His ration consists of three-quarters of a pound of meat and one pound of white bread; during peace he must buy anything else he wants, and each company has a mess, which purchases tea, sugar, vegetables, etc., at a cost of about three-pence-half-penny per day per man.

Just across the English Channel, only twenty miles distant, an entirely different class of men, and of systems prevail. The men are smaller in stature and lighter in weight. Here, too, we found the soldier somewhat gaudily dressed, red being the prevailing color, and in spite of the fact that French officers claim vast improvement in drill,

discipline and efficiency of the army since the disastrous campaigns of 1871, the soldiery did not impress me as being up to the standard in many respects. Even in Paris, where, if anywhere, one would expect to find efficiency in maneuvers, and a desire to make a fine appearance, discipline was sadly deficient, and in those troops who are on duty about the city the uniforms were untidy, I may even use the word slouchy, in appearance.

The men often moved at will in marching, so that I thought they were marching route step, until I saw and heard the officers endeavoring to make them keep proper alignment and distance, an effort, however, which was never wholly successful. The men appeared sulky and indifferent; their uniforms unbuttoned, and sometimes bespattered with well-dried old mud; the brass buttons and accoutrements dull from lack of cleaning, and a general air of slouchiness not expected in a country which has produced so many great soldiers. The uniforms seemed to have been made for men several sizes smaller than the wearer, producing a grotesque appearance not at all soldierly in effect.

French officers claim that this unkempt condition of the troops does not in any way impair the efficiency of the army, and that in time of war, or when in active field service, the men respond to army discipline; that the matters criticised are due to a spirit of independence characteristic of the French, and in no wise impairs their efficiency when real service is demanded. But this is not my opinion. The results of those disastrous days of 1871, when lack of proper organization led to military reverses which might not have happened under a more perfect state of discipline, do not appear to have inculcated the necessary lessons.

The men were talked to too much,—prompt and

implicit obedience to orders did not exist, and some maneuvers of company, battalion and regiment would, in this country, be considered a disgrace to new militiamen.

The men are doubtless brave and intend to obey orders, but undisciplined bravery is no match for that which is disciplined. In my judgment this is where the French army is weak, although the drill now demanded of the men should make this a thing of the past.

The cavalry impressed me more favorably. The men were finer looking and responded more promptly to the word of command. The horses are excellent; they are bred and trained on government farms established for that purpose. In general the troopers made a fine appearance, although there was room for improvement in the matter of attention to the condition of the uniform and in individual bearing. In the cuirassiers this inattention was less conspicuous than in other organizations, but even here it was observable.

A most undisciplined and slouchy looking corps of men were the *chasseurs à cheval*, or mounted skirmishers. They wear dark jackets and loose red trousers, re-enforced from the foot to just below the knee with a clumsy leather contrivance, not so heavy, but reminding one of the bootlegs worn during the Revolutionary War by the Hessians. They are neither infantry nor cavalry; were I to judge them by their generally unmilitary bearing, I should say they had been disavowed by both arms, and left to follow their own inclinations. The *chasseur à cheval* is, as the name practically suggests, a mounted infantryman, designed to move with rapidity, but to fight on foot.

The prevailing lack of discipline observed is not a recent condition. It has been commented upon by others. In the history of Napoleon, now being published in the Century Magazine, it is stated that "in 1785 the army

was in sorry plight." That "barracks and camps were schools of vice," and "that the first thought of officers was position and pleasure, duty and their profession being considerations of vanishing importance." Furthermore, "Neither the organization nor the equipment, nor the commissariat was in condition to insure accuracy or promptness in the working of the machine."

An advertisement for recruits at that time reads: "There are dances three times a week, rackets twice, the rest of the time skittles, prisoners base and drill." Napoleon, while a young officer, repeatedly disobeyed orders in the most flagrant manner, and for so doing was once cashiered, and on another occasion his name was "officially struck from the list of general officers on duty, in view of his refusal to proceed to the post assigned him." During his first ten years of service, and until he became a brigadier general, he had been promoted but once according to routine, and his case was by no means exceptional. The conditions referred to existed until he became the head of the army, when perfect discipline was established and maintained for a time; but the troops which fought at Waterloo lacked the dash and spirit and perfect discipline which characterized the great commander's brilliant exploits upon other fields.

The annual number of recruits drawn for the French army is about 220,000; no exemption from service is recognized, except for actual physical incapacity; short men are used as clerks, or employed as mechanics, etc. The law provides for the discharge from active duty of thoroughly trained men at the end of the second year of service, but the liability to serve continues for twenty-five years; and as they are not enlisted until the age of 21, military duty ceases only with their 46th year. Ten years are spent in the active army; generally three years

in the ranks and the rest in the reserve. If, however, it is thought proper, the troops may be kept in active service beyond the third year limit, a matter to be determined by the minister of war.

France has about one hundred and sixty-two infantry regiments, thirty jager battalions of six companies each, for mountain campaigns, four regiments of Zouaves, four Algerian Tirailleurs, or a total force of five hundred and sixty-one battalions of infantry, which has been latterly increased by what is now designated as a colonial army. There are also four engineer regiments of nineteen battalions, one railway regiment of three battalions, two battalions of pontooniers, consisting of twenty eight companies.

France took the lead in arming her infantry with small calibre rifles and smokeless powder; an example soon followed by the other powers. Aeronautics are made a special feature, there being a corps of men with captive balloons devoted to this work. I saw these balloons high in air—the men signaling with flash-lights from the elevation.

Bicyclists and carrier pigeons are made use of during the field maneuvers and are part of the regular equipment of the army.

In the cavalry there are twelve regiments of cuirassiers, thirty of dragoons, twenty-one chasseurs à cheval, twelve of hussars, six chasseurs d'Afrique, four spahis (mounted men serving in Algeria). A regiment of cavalry is made up of five escadrons, corresponding to a battalion of infantry, a total of four hundred und twenty-eight squadrons. Each cavalry regiment takes the field for active service, with only four escadrons, leaving one for depot purposes. Only a few regiments carry lances, and these, I was informed, are laid aside in active service.

There were, in 1893, 480 batteries of six guns each, 36 guns being assigned to each division of infantry. France had not, at that time, re-organized her artillery service so as to provide guns of the same calibre, nor do I know that it has since been done.

You will recall the fact that in the campaign of 1871 most disastrous consequences occurred to the French army because many batteries were found to have been supplied with ammunition of a calibre differing from the bore of the guns. The pontooniers are technically assigned to the artillery corps.

The total strength of the regular army in peace times is about 550,000 men, the total war strength about 2,500,000, while a general war levy would raise the number to 3,750,000.

Just across the river dividing the two countries—France and Germany, there is another army, quite different from the French in many particulars. As one crosses the German frontier, marked contrasts are immediately conspicuous. On one side you observe soldiers clad in showy uniforms, slouchy in cut and appearance, and not in the best order; sometimes the coat is buttoned up, sometimes not; the guards move without regard to military step, perhaps humming a song, and generally listless. On the other side, the guard has a distinctly martial appearance in every particular.

I recall reading an incident about Emperor William I., which, whether true or not, at least characterizes the discipline he maintained in his army. As the story runs, a great concourse of people suddenly assembled about the palace in Berlin. He was, for the moment, lying down in fatigue dress; he was told of the presence and clamor of the crowd, and hastily arising, put on his coat, which he began to button. One of the attendants, desiring to get

the Emperor to the window with as little delay as possible, remarked: "Sire, all buttons are fastened except one." Instantly pulling off his glove, the old Emperor proceeded to button that one button, exclaiming: "It is the one button left unbuttoned that ruins the discipline of an army." Wherever I saw German troops I was reminded of that saying. Whenever German troops are on duty, that one button is never left unbuttoned.

Soldierly in appearance, their uniform, although it may show marks of wear, is scrupulously neat, and the accoutrements spotless. Their movements are made with an alertness and precision which surprise one. In short, the whole bearing is soldierly in every respect, and illustrates the value of the discipline to which the recruit is subjected when he enters the service. It has been said that this discipline has been brought about by the almost inhuman treatment of the drill masters. There may be instances of this kind, but the army regulations provide extremely severe penalties for any officer who is guilty of cruelty to his men, and the punishment is certainly inflicted, without regard to the person or high rank of the offender. While serious attention to business marks the attitude of the soldier when on duty, he appears to be prankish and full of fun as soon as relieved. One incident to be seen everywhere, illustrates the effect of discipline. Whenever a private sees an officer approach, at any time, day or night, whether on duty or off, he quickly pulls himself together, comes to a halt in the position of "Attention," and, with hand resting by the side of his cap, stands in this attitude, as though expecting an order, until the officer passes. The heedless disregard and indifference of the superior officer to the salute of the soldier, was less agreeable to observe, and officers not infrequently ignore the salute.

Opportunity was afforded me to see the German soldiery in many places; in Berlin, reviewed by the Emperor, and at other places, in the interior or on the frontier. When approaching the Russian frontier, in 1891, I witnessed the movements of troops then being mobilized, with a view to protect the border from an anticipated approach of Russian troops. Here I saw infantry, artillery and cavalry all maneuvering, and it was a fine sight. A battery was in an especially difficult position, on a short, sharp incline, amidst many small shrubs and trees, with a morass at the foot; the attacking party were supposed to be coming from the other side of the hill. The maneuver was for drill only, but the pieces were handled in a faultless manner. They went into position with remarkable rapidity, the several dangers anticipated, and thus avoided. The position the gun was intended to occupy was indicated by a mounted marker, and the piece taken to the spot in spite of the difficulties encountered. Here, as elsewhere, everything about the troops was in order—even that one button was buttoned.

After midnight, at Cologne, I was awakened by the tap of a drum beating time; looking out of the window I saw troops approaching. The drum corps struck up "The Watch on the Rhine." There was no one in the streets, the town was quiet,—there were no onlookers that they knew of. The moon shone brightly and I could see the evolutions almost as plainly as in the day. The troops marched with parade precision. Every movement was made as though the Emperor's eye was on them, and finally, at the appropriate command, the butt of every rifle struck the street, with one sharp, metallic clank, as though on dress parade.

Whenever I saw them, on parade, on guard, marching, or on other duty, this discipline was always apparent, and

it pervades every arm of the service. The evolutions of the infantry were particularly good. The rank and file appeared to me far more intellectual in appearance than those in England or France, and statistics kept with the same precision that applies to all other military things in that country, show that this is the fact,—the percentage of illiteracy being less in the German than in any other European army.

Another significant fact found in the statistics, is, that the sick, and death rate is lower in the German than any other army.

During the Franco-Prussian War, the deaths from small-pox in the French army were 23,469. In the German army, which occupied the same territory and was of course subjected to precisely the same climatic conditions, the deaths from small-pox were 261. The statistics show that for some years the annual average death rate from small-pox in the German army was five in 100,000. Since re-vaccination has been compulsory, which has been the case for some years, the death rate from this disease has fallen to less than two in 100,000.

The entire land force in time of peace consists of twenty army corps, with a total of about 516,000 men. They are divided into 538 battalions of infantry, 465 squadrons of cavalry, 434 field batteries. The entire infantry of the army is under the same drill and discipline. There are, however, a few battalions recruited from professional foresters and rangers, known as Prussian rifles. The most alert are assigned to these battalions. The infantry is armed with breech-loaders, five cartridges being introduced in the magazine in one frame. Each regiment has three battalions, each battalion four companies.

In the cavalry there are 34 regiments of dragoons, 20

of hussars, 25 of Uhlans, 10 cuirassiers, 4 of heavy horse—total, 93 regiments of five squadrons each. Total strength of regiment, 25 officers and 667 men. Each regiment enters the field with four squadrons, one being left at the depot. The cavalry is equipped throughout with sword, lance and carbine, the lance being a steel tube. Germany has more cavalry than any other power, except Russia.

The effective work of the Uhlans during the war of 1871, which is so well known, leaves little to be said in their praise.

Of the 434 batteries, 46 are horse batteries—that is, the men follow the guns on horseback—while in others they ride the limbers and caissons. In general, the horse batteries are attached to the cavalry. Each battery consists of six guns, eight ammunition caissons, and two magazines. This is the only army in Europe which has, up to this time, made complete uniformity in the guns of the field artillery; every gun being 8.8 centimetres calibre (about 3½ inches).

It is estimated that upon a war footing nearly 3,000,000 men can be mobilized. The military liability begins with the 17th year, and ends with the 45th. The terms of service are three years in the ranks, four in the reserve, five years in the first levy of the Landwehr; then to the 39th year in the second levy of the Landwehr, and to the 45th year in the Landsturm. An educated man has his term of service in the ranks reduced to one year. No criminal is permitted to serve in the army. A volunteer may choose his own troop. About 170,000 recruits are drawn for the army annually.

Again across a stream, so narrow that one could toss a pebble over it. It is spanned by a railroad bridge, however, and at one end stands the trim, natty figure of the German guard; at the other, a man in long boots, with

dark trousers tucked inside, a long, gray overcoat, a stiff, round cap without visor, and underneath the stolid face of a Russian private.

Shortly after crossing the frontier, heavy earth-works are passed, and one soon realizes that he is within the dominion of the Czar. Here one is reminded at every turn of the military character of the government, and uniformed men are generally visible even in the smallest towns. I first saw troops in considerable numbers at St. Petersburg. Near that city, at a small place called Krasnoè-Seloi, the Czar reviews the troops annually in August, and during that month many military maneuvers take place. As there are generally from 40,000 to 50,000 troops of all arms assembled, one may obtain a good idea of the incongruous elements which enter into the composition of the Russian army. One may see platoons of Asiatic troops from Khiva and Bokhara; the Georgians, Tcherkesses, and troops from the Caucasus.

There is one troop which leads the grand review, wearing long coats of mail over costly dresses, and armed with the old steel mace and lance; this is a reproduction of the uniform worn by troops in the time of Attila; and one may also see there soldiers from the Paul regiment, wearing large copper hats, shaped somewhat like a bishop's mitre, which were worn by the grenadiers during the time of Frederick the Great, and it is said that all the men recruited for this regiment have flat noses, to accord with an old custom.

The picturesque sights to be seen at this review would furnish material for a lecture, but we must pass to other considerations. I watched with much interest the maneuvers of troops here, but more particularly when, after breaking camp, they resumed the line of march—for under

such circumstances one gets a better idea of soldierly qualities.

They are old-looking young men, rather compactly built, with a heaviness of countenance which one might expect to find among men, more than 80 per cent. of whom can neither read nor write, and who are the children of centuries of serfdom. There is a stolid face, rarely relieved by anything approaching merriment, with a dogged expression of endurance and resignation. They are taught from the cradle that the Czar is the agent of God on earth, and that whatever the Czar wills, is the will of God. Their religion inculcates this doctrine and they believe it, hence there is a species of fatalism about them which does not add to their *esprit du corps*, neither does it detract from their pertinacity in time of battle.

The evolutions of the Russian soldier are deliberate; the manual of arms is performed with a movement which reminded me of the jerk sometimes seen in the mechanical toys of children; it lacked the nervous energy of men of higher intellectual attainments.

In marching, the columns were kept compact, and the step is shorter than that of other European troops. The weight of the heavy, long-legged boots causes the step to lack the elasticity, which is so graceful a feature in marching troops. I saw regiment after regiment pass the winter palace, and the marching was the same in all.

Formerly the Russian army was largely modeled after German methods, and followed them very closely in equipment and drill; but since the period of wholesale Russification has been introduced, everything changeable has been changed. Guns are carried differently, swords worn differently, and the company formation altered. To my mind the changes are not for the better.

The *impedimenta* of the soldier are heavy; for, besides

cartridges and four days rations, he carries a small tent, and all other necessaries used in campaigning; the blanket is slung over his shoulder as our infantry carried it. In response to my criticism of this feature, I was told that it lessens the size of the baggage train, and makes mobilization much easier, and in some places an army can be moved a great distance without baggage trains. The consensus of opinion, however, among the army officers, was that the man was overloaded. Personal experience had taught me that half the load placed upon the backs of those men would have been dumped by the boys of '61, and if an attempt had been made to compel the carrying of such a load, there would have been serious resistance, to say the least. Yet this load is carried patiently and as quite the proper thing, because it is the will of the "Little Father," and that settles the matter.

Punishment for slight disobedience of orders is very severe, and until recently the men were whipped unmercifully; it is said this barbarity has been stopped, and I hope so, but have my doubts. A man is ordered a hundred strokes on the bare back for some offense, and this is how it is done. There are two lines of infantry standing inward face; each man is armed with a heavy rod or switch. Two men precede and two follow the culprit as he passes between the lines, and, as he walks slowly along, each man in line strikes his back with the whip; to insure hard strokes, two non-commissioned officers walk behind the columns, and any man thought to strike too light a blow gets a chalk mark on his own jacket, which subjects him also to the rod. If the wretched culprit falls fainting before the full number of blows are given, he is taken to the hospital, carefully treated, and, as soon as able, returns to camp for the balance of the punishment.

The ration consists of coarse rye bread, and coffee for

breakfast, cabbage soup with bread for dinner (a dish much used by the peasants), rye bread and tea for supper; but little meat is used.

The pay of a private is 95 kopecks for three months service, which is equal to the munificent sum of 16 cents per month, out of which he may indulge in such luxuries as his salary commands. The men sometimes receive a furlough, conditioned that they return with a new pair of boots.

Russia has more cavalry than any other great power, and her Cossacks are almost inexhaustible. In time of peace there are 106 regiments, consisting of 687 squadrons. In time of war her Cossack cavalry numbers 155 regiments, the Cossacks of the Don alone sending 62 regiments to war. They are an ideal cavalry. Taught to ride as soon as they can stride a horse, their practice ceases only with death. The man and his horse are practically one; the latter, a small, wiry beast, not at all prepossessing, but tireless in action, and docile as a dog. They are great walkers; the Kabardin horses will walk five miles an hour, and are very easy under the saddle. The Cossack and his horse do not appear to know what fatigue means. Their dark uniform is very simple, and there is no glitter or useless ornamentation; they do not even wear spurs. It has been said of them, that a hundred Cossacks will move with less noise than one regular cavalryman. They are tall, straight fellows, with dark skins, dark sparkling eyes, and ever alert. In their drill they are simply marvelous. They will stand upright in the saddle, the horse going at full speed; fire at a mark, generally hit it, and drop again into the saddle, without apparent effort. They will pick up carbine, pistol or sword from the ground while at full speed. At the word of command, the docile horse drops to the ground and forms a rampart for his rider. Their

markmanship is nearly perfection, and their sabre strokes rarely miss the mark; at a word of command, the force breaks and scatters, to re-assemble, re-formed at another point. The esteem in which the Cossack cavalry is held may be estimated when the statement is made that, of all the Russian troops, the Cossacks are those detailed as guards for the person of the Czar and for duty at St. Petersburg. Their maneuvers at drill are continuous, and may be likened to the opening display at a circus, but any troop of Cossacks can discount the finest circus parade I ever saw, both in rapidity of execution and daring achievements. The movements are faultless, and executed without word of command loud enough for spectators to hear.

Next to the terrible winter, the Cossacks had more to do with the destruction of Napoleon's army in its retreat from Moscow than any other one thing, and they were not so numerous then as they are now. They are armed with rifle, sword, pistol and a heavy poniard, and some of the regiments carry lances. Nearly all the cavalry except Cossacks are dragoons. The uniform is simple, the horses fine. There are several riding and training schools, and troops are drilled to jump ditches and hedges while in column. They are drilled to swim rivers, and also comprise formations for the purpose of fighting on foot. The cavalry is armed with a small calibre repeating rifle, with bayonet attachment, and always carries a large quantity of ammunition. These men will play a most important part in the next war involving the Russian army, and the officials seem to understand this fact.

Passing through the interior of the country, I saw all arms marching towards the German frontier. They kept well away from main lines of travel, and while en route went through the drill of deploying, skirmishing, and

other movements necessary to form line of battle, all arms participating. Even the artillery was called into use, and target practice was a feature. There are eight guns in a battery; the guns were of heavier weight than those of the other powers, but I was told they were rapidly introducing the modern field gun. There are 303 batteries, with a reserve in peace of 144 batteries, all having eight guns. When on a war footing all guns are assigned to the divisions, and there is no artillery corps proper. Six batteries or forty-eight guns are assigned to each division of infantry. The active infantry of Russia is composed of 48 divisions, four regiments each; 55 battalions of riflemen, and 109 other battalions, which, during war, are transformed into the same number of regiments.

There are also 164 depots battalions, 32 battalions of the line, and 13 local battalions, representing a total force, exclusive of officers, of about 1,400,000 men. In time of war this number can be increased to 5,000,000, all arms, which is the estimated war footing of the Russian army.

The annual number of recruits conscripted is about 255,000, and every man is held liable for military duty from his 21st to the termination of his 43d year. His active service is five years in the ranks, and thirteen in the reserve. He next enters the imperial militia, where he is subject to two other levies in time of war.

The Austro-Hungarian army is a fine body of men. The annual drill and discipline of each division of the army, at fixed camps, both in Austria and Hungary, is an especial feature. These camps are occupied from May until September. Each army division goes there successively for hard work, not only in maneuvers, but officers are examined for promotion, and technical schools are opened for officers and non-commissioned officers.

These are supplemental to military schools in both countries. There is naturally great rivalry between the Austrian and Hungarian contingents, which brings discipline to a high state of perfection.

The Hungarian contingent carries its own colors and emblems, and has its own commanders; but in time of war this contingent must serve under any commander placed over them. I was struck with the fine appearance of the men, and the spirit manifested in their maneuvers. Great care is taken in the mental training of both men and officers, and the *esprit du corps* appears to be excellent. It is only necessary to look into their faces to understand why that little country maintains its own institutions, in spite of the tremendous pressure brought to bear to amalgamate it with Austria. A people which produces Kosciuskos and Kossuths, has a spirit of independence, which will never bend the neck to despotism; and to-day the love of true liberty among this people is as firm as it was when those noble spirits sought to strike off the shackles of monarchy.

The incubus under which the people suffer is the great burden of taxation made necessary to maintain the enormous standing army of non-producers. The country has fine resources, and but for this drain would rank as one of the wealthiest in Europe.

Let me say, in passing, that the people seen in this country, called Hungarians, who are almost everywhere disturbers of order and peace, are not Hungarians,—they are Slovaks and Gallicians, and are as cordially detested by the true Magyar as they are by ourselves.

The military service required in Austro-Hungary is 24 years after reaching majority; 3 years in active service, 7 in reserve, then 10 years in Ersatz reserve, and the balance under levy. The annual number of recruits is about

103,000. The grand total of troops during peace is 300,000; during war about 2,300,000.

The organization of the infantry regiment is peculiar. In peace it consists of 1,422 men and 73 officers; in war 4,871 men and 98 officers; a field company consists of 232 men and 4 officers.

There are 42 regiments of cavalry, each regiment consisting of two divisions, three squadrons in a division, and a squadron contains 5 officers and 166 men. In war the regiment is increased to 62 officers and 1,649 men.

The artillery of peace footing is 912 pieces of ordnance; the war footing 1,918, all calibres, exclusive of fortress artillery.

The Austro-Hungarian army is magnificently uniformed, but, in my judgment, the dress is altogether too vivid in color—red predominating—and too much gold lace. For parade purposes, it is impressive, especially the Hungarian contingent of the Imperial Guard. There is a trimness, promptitude, and intelligent expression about the troops that indicates sharp oversight, as well as interest among the men.

I was fortunate in seeing a gathering of the Italian army, being in Rome in 1893, upon the 25th anniversary of the marriage of King Humbert, and at the time when the Emperor of Germany, and other royal personages visited him. The troops (and I saw all arms) did not impress me favorably, with the exception of one corps. The marching, even under the inspiriting circumstances of the time, was indifferently performed; the men appearing careless, and movements were not executed promptly, but in a spiritless manner; there was an apparent dogged indifference and resentfulness stamped upon the faces of the men that did not manifest hearty co-operation on their part. The efforts of the officers to bring about a

better condition of affairs did not avail; the men seemed to have made up their minds to take their own time in complying with orders, and they did so. Some of the street marching was simply outrageous, the men straggled, talked, sang, did almost what they pleased, and at times it was difficult to determine the outlines of the formation. Officers ordered, then talked and chided the men, who, for the moment, made a spasmodic movement of obedience, but soon relapsed into disorder.

Their uniforms were generally untidy and did not fit; the accoutrements were tarnished, coats buttoned or unbuttoned at will, and of all unsightly things, dirty white gloves—the fingers of which were invariably all too long. The picture is not pleasing, but it was what I saw.

The troop which was the exception is the Bersaglieri, who are chosen from among the best proportioned men of the country. They had pride in their organization, which is, so to speak, a crack corps, and, in my opinion, the men are selected not only because of their physical stature, but also the mental, for they had an intelligent expression, indicating good intellectual powers. Their uniform is neat and atttractive; a long, well-fitted dark green jacket, tastefully trimmed with narrow gold lace, easy-fitting light-colored trousers, with over-gaiters, and a dark slouch hat, worn jauntily on the side of the head, upon which is an enormous bunch of cock-tail feathers, hanging towards and over the right shoulder, which it almost covers. He is a picturesque soldier, and seems to know and be proud of it, and puts forth his best effort to maintain the reputation of his corps. The corps consists of twelve regiments of twelve companies each, with 67 officers and 1270 men in each regiment. There is another corps in the Italian army not found in other European nations. That is the Alpine infantry. Recruited solely

from residents of the Alps, it is their duty to maneuver exclusively in the mountains, and their equipment is provided accordingly. Besides their infantry outfit, each man carries a stout pole or Alpenstock, not for show, but for service; the rifle, meantime, is slung between the right arm and the knapsack. They are a hardy-looking lot of fellows, such indeed as can only be found among men who are raised on the mountain side. A part of their drill is to maneuver in the high mountain passes and deep snows, and despite the storms, to keep open, or cross the mountain passes, which are there called the Gates of Italy. They have a corps of mountain artilley, which is transported upon the backs of mules. The whole corps is divided into seven regiments, the aggregate strength being 487 officers and 9,575 men.

The total efficient military force of Italy is estimated to be about 2,750,000 men. Of the standing force of 800,000, about 250,000 are under arms three years, and 384,000 on leave, who have already received three years training; and 165,000 have received some instruction and are called into service whenever necessary.

The cavalry of Italy consists of twenty-four regiments of sixty squadrons each; ten are lancers and fourteen light cavalry, having an aggregate of 1,030 officers and 25,752 men. This service has hitherto been poor, but much attention is now being paid to it.

The artillery service is arranged so that there are twenty-four guns with each division of infantry, six guns to a battery.

Liability to service begins with the 19th and ends with the 39th year, and about 82,000 are conscripted annually.

Turkey can put into the field an immense force whenever the green flag of the Prophet is unfurled, but as to

discipline, that is another matter. Her standing army numbers about 185,000 effective men, and the law requires that every Moslem must serve from his 20th to his 40th year. Christians are excluded from service in the army.

They are, in the main, fierce-looking fellows, lithe, agile, erect and prompt, possessing all the good qualities needed, but they are restive if disciplined. The efforts to introduce modern tactics have been thwarted. Yet they are magnificent fighters, as the Russians found to their cost in 1877-78. They have constant opportunities for practice, owing to the unstable condition of civil affairs in many parts of the Turkish dominions, and the hordes of robber bands, which appear first in one place and then in another. They are governed by what we call fanatical motives, and account it only pleasure to die on the battlefield in defense of the principles of the Prophet, which entitles the slain to instant entrance to paradise, and immediate participation in the joys which their creed promises them.

While in Asiatic Turkey, our party desired to visit the ruins of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. To do this it was necessary to take an infantry escort, as the hills about Ephesus are said to be infested by robber bands. We had them with us for the trip, but of what use they were, or might have been, it is impossible to say, as we saw but little of them after our start. In this expedition there was not an atom of discipline of any kind. The whole affair was a "go as you please." To be just, however, they were neatly dressed in dark blue jackets, dark blue Zouave trousers, and fez. Cartridge holders were fastened on the front of the jackets, and they carried a magazine gun. They treat all Christian dogs with disdain; their supercilious manner when in the presence of a

Christian leaves no possible doubt of their sentiment in this matter.

The officers, excepting those holding high commands, have no general education; some precepts from the Koran, which are the rule of life, and a slight acquaintance with addition and multiplication (branches generally used against the Christian visitor), constitute their education. I was told that the principal difficulty is found in the attempt to inculcate anything new. When new methods are attemped, every man exclaims, "What is this for? It was not taught by our fathers; it is the work of a Christian devil; we will have none of it. Allah is great," and that ends it.

The subordinate officers are in accord with the men, for they are of the same religious creed, and this is true of some of the higher officials, so that some orders which are issued by the Sultan himself cannot be carried out.

One of the most picturesque soldiers remains to be mentioned.

One day, on my way to visit that superb structure, the Acropolis at Athens, I heard a drum-beat. Looking up the street, I saw a sight which for the moment puzzled me. Approaching with measured tread, was the head of a column, of what at first appeared to be ballet dancers. They were dressed in tight, white stockings, gartered just below the knee; a short, very full white skirt falling just to the knee, but standing well out from the body like the ballet dancer's; a loose, soft, white shirt, gathered at the waist, and a dark-colored open over-vest, richly embroidered with narrow gold braid. On the head reposed jauntily a soft red cap, without visor, something like, but more becoming than a fez; on the feet a pair of low-cut red slippers, turning well up at the toe and ending in a sharp point, which supports a red pompon.

At a right shoulder shift they carried a rifle, and marched with an easy, swinging gait, and a delicious nonchalance, like trained veterans. The regiment was the Imperial Guard of his majesty King George of Greece, in the old Albanian costume, which only picked and true men are permitted to wear, for it is a badge of honor; and I think if our ladies could have seen that regiment they would, with one acclaim, declare that men should wear the petticoat, at least a short one, for a more picturesque looking lot of men one rarely sees.

Men did I say? Aye, men! For one glance at those bronzed faces, with a profile like a Greek statue, tells you that you are in the land of Marathon, where ten thousand Greeks utterly routed an army of Persians, more than ten times their own number, in open field fight. At Thermopylæ, (you remember this, Greece was invaded, the Spartan general sent orders to Leonidas to "hold the pass at Thermopylae"). With three hundred Spartans and seven hundred Thespians, he held at bay for two days the horde of Persians, under Xerxes, said to number 3,000,000.

A lion marks the spot, and on it we read this simple inscription: "Stranger, tell the Spartans that we are lying here in obedience to their commands."

There are strange sights to be seen in matters military in out-of-the-way places of the earth. One of the most striking, however, is the corps of Turkish soldiers on duty at the holy places in and about Jerusalem.

There are Turkish soldiers constantly on guard within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, standing by the very entrance to the supposed tomb, and at other places within the sacred precincts. There is quite a strong force at Bethlehem, on guard in the Church of the Nativity; Mohammedan soldiers under arms, standing at the crypt,

wherein it is said the "Prince of Peace" was born, and the reason is passing strange—it is to prevent the several sects of Christians from murdering each other at those places.

This is no fairy tale—at least two bishops and several other persons in "holy orders" have recently been shot or stabbed at those places, and many disastrous riots, involving considerable loss of life, have taken place. On Easter Sunday there is almost always a riot among the throng of Christians collected in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in their attempts to light their candle from the fire which they are told descends from heaven on that day.

Kinglake, in his history of the Crimean war, says that the war was inaugurated because of a dispute which arose as to the precise spot where a metal star should be inserted in the floor of the Church of the Nativity, commemorative of the fall of the Star of Bethlehem.

One other picture is vivid in my mind. As we came down the Mount of Olives, walking towards Jerusalem, just before sunset, we met on the road the son of the sheik who is charged with protecting the fords of the Jordan and the country beyond, from marauding bands of Bedouins, the sheik and his command being native Syrian soldiers.

This sheik-apparent was mounted on a superb Arabian horse, whose nervous ears, bright eyes and delicate outlines stamped him as one of the choicest specimens of his class. The rider was slender and straight as an arrow, and though his skin was dark, he would any where be called a handsome man. Extremely courteous in his deportment, his bearing was a type for the true gentleman and soldier. He was clad in a long, flowing, dark-blue, rich silk garment, with wide Turkish trousers and leggings, and around his fez was wound a green

turban, indicating his descent from the "Prophet." His armor consisted of a rifle, a sword and lance. Through our dragoman, the request of the ladies in the party to see his sword was instantly responded to with a dignity and ease of manner which would grace a courtier. The weapon was of Damascus steel, and a beauty. The old desire came over me, I wanted that sword, and no paltry consideration of pounds sterling was to prevent my acquisition of it. Still courteous and charming in manner, I was told it had been his father's father's, and it had been inherited by him; only that consideration kept him from offering it freely to "the one who has honored me by asking it."

Instantly I returned it to him, in military style; the act pleased him, and he gave an exhibition of sword exercise such as I have rarely, if ever, seen. This was followed by lance drill, with thrusts at all points; so dextrously was this done as to fill me with amazement. Meanwhile the horse moved, at command, to advantageous positions. It gave me better ideas of what the lance might be made to do as a weapon in skilled hands. His leave-taking was as courteous and respectful as the salutation. We watched him as he rode away at a gallop, over Mount Olivet, in the rays of the setting sun. It was as if one of Schreyer's pictures had suddenly become animated and left its frame.

There are some points of resemblance in the armies of the various countries. Those of Germany, Austria and Hungary, impressed me as being similar in many respects, more particularly in the prompt execution of orders and in efficiency of drill. While the armies of France and Italy have some points of resemblance, I regret to say those points were not creditable to either army. I could not be mistaken, as to the general laxity of discipline

observed; much more marked, however, in the Italian than in the French army.

The English troops are unlike either. In both the German and English the phlegmatic temperament predominates, and yet the soldiers of Germany appear more active in their movements than their English contemporaries.

It may be that the efforts made to broaden the intellectual scope of the soldiers in the German and Austro-Hungarian armies, which is so prominent a feature of their organizations, accounts for the favorable conditions noted above; if so, it is an object lesson for all nations.

The Russian army does not resemble any other I have seen. It is more automatic in its movements, more mechanical, heavier; there is less intellectual response manifested in both looks and drill than in the other armies; and in this case the cause is not far to seek. The man is ignorant; he has not learned to think.

But, after all, we return to the American soldier as the ideal. The "thinking bayonets," the true men who have ever fought for human liberty, "the boys of '61;" men who are governed by an *intelligent* patriotism, soldiers in *peace* as well as in war; quick to obey commands when in the field, and the mandates of law in the walks of peace; in whose breasts the love of country is a fire which glows forever with undimmed brightness.

OUR SOLDIERS AS CITIZENS.

By Major Wm. Ruger, U. S. V.

[Read October 2, 1895.]

Of the deeds of our soldiers in the field volume upon volume has been written, but we look in vain for any distinctive history of the part they have taken in civil affairs—of their walk, as a class, in the paths of peace we find no record.

Definite information as to this can only be gleaned through examination of a great mass of biographical sketches. I hoped to compile and condense some portion of this data, but found the task too great, and hence can only present the subject, "Our Soldiers as Citizens," in a very general way.

We should expect the soldiers of our republic to differ from those of a monarchy, as to their interest in and disposition towards civil affairs. They occupy the dual relation of soldiers and civilians. As soldiers, their duty is to maintain the governmental authority, vested in all of the people as civilians, and by them delegated to civil and military agents of their own selection. The soldier occupying such relations to his nation, and the representative of its governmental authority, will naturally be interested in civil affairs—in his civic as well as in his martial relation. He has taken part in ordaining that the civil law and authority shall be paramount, and military law and authority subservient to its maintenance.

In governments founded on the theory that the king is ruler and the people subjects, the soldier is an instrument to maintain authority over, but not of the people—

to enforce the policy of the ruler, whether it be the policy of the people or not. Sympathy with the people, and civil affairs concerning their welfare, would not be expected from soldiers so divorced from them. Like the centurion of old, the soldier of a monarchy is a man set under authority, which he obeys, asking not and thinking not of its consequences respecting the subject and civil affairs. Unlike the soldier of a republic he is a soldier only, and has no voice in determining what the governmental authority shall be, and no responsibility respecting its effect upon civil affairs and welfare of the people.

Such diversity of conditions and purposes in the bearing of arms would also be expected to develop marked differences between the soldiers of republics and those of monarchies, respecting their knowledge of and capacity for, as well as in their interest in civil affairs. Thus, it was natural that the history of the soldiers of the revolution largely embraces the history of the founding and early progress of our nation; and that he who was first in that great struggle, was also first in the peace that followed.

We find, indeed, that the impress upon the life and character of our nation made by Washington and his compatriots in arms, has continued and will continue to greatly influence our destiny, so long as government of the people endures. As time goes on their views as to national policy seem to grow more potent, and their examples, as citizens, to shine more brightly.

To Washington and his compatriots in arms are we, and all liberty-loving people of the earth, chiefly indebted for a new plan of government, with sovereignty vested in all the people, and yet having power efficient to permanently maintain its authority, and insure equality of rights and protection to all of its citizens.

Love of liberty induced them to take arms to resist the oppressions of a government in which they had no voice. Thus were they schooled and fortified against the error of creating a government with power to oppress. Their experience as soldiers also warned against the evils of a governmental organization, lacking in power to maintain its authority, as paramount, throughout the whole national domain.

Respecting the question of power to be vested in the national government, they differed widely from others of experience in political affairs, but lacking experience as soldiers, and hence lacking their appreciation of the necessity for vesting in it plenary power to maintain its authority and effectuate the object of its creation. As the events of time have demonstrated the wisdom of their plan, it has frequently been said, they builded wiser than they knew. This is from the standpoint of the civilian. From the standpoint of soldier and civilian, may we not justly say, their dual experience was their guide, and that they did foresee the tests to which the government they builded might be subjected. Indeed, the farewell address of the foremost actor, whom we revere as the "father of his and our country," was prophetic of the trials which have in fact tested the endurance of the nation; and we may well believe it will ever serve as a lamp to light the way and safely guide in our governmental affairs.

In brief, what our revolutionary sires accomplished as soldiers made our nation possible. To the civic part taken by Washington and his compatriots in establishing it, are we chiefly indebted for the blessings which have come from the new form of government, having sovereignty necessary to its dignity and endurance, and the power to promote the welfare of, and insure equality

of rights to all of its citizens, and yet lacking power through which oppressions might come.

And of the private soldiers of the Revolution what may we say? A wise plan for establishing a nation in a wilderness would have been futile without patriotic, industrious and hardy citizens. These requisite qualities were, in high degree, possessed by the soldiers who carried the muskets, and who, with their commanders, endured the privations and toil, and braved the dangers of that long and most trying of wars. Such experience gave them the fortitude so conspicuous in the lives of our early pioneers, who made the first homes and farms, with their muskets ever as ready at hand as their axes and implements of husbandry. Like their leading officers, they were patriotic, and pre-eminent in love of peace and order. And who, more than the soldier who has participated in a long and bloody war, should value and love peace and order? As waters that rage at the cataract are afterward sure to rest in calmness of flow, so the quietude of the peace they conquered was profound, for never in the history of nations have laws been so well respected as by our sires who carried the swords and muskets in our war for independence.

While yet in formative state our nation had its second war. Two of its most prominent soldiers afterward became its chief civil magistrates, and again demonstrated that the soldier of a republic need yield to none in respect for and obedience to law, and that the success of civil government depends upon the making and upholding of just and expedient laws.

The intent of Washington and his compatriots, that this nation should, along with its guarantees against oppression, have the powers necessary to preserve its sovereignty, and protect its citizens as against all other

authority, was again most strongly asserted and defended.

General Jackson, as chief civil magistrate, earnestly demanded obedience to national authority, and his fellow soldiers again, as citizens, stoutly supported the policy of national unity, through the enforcement of obedience to national law.

Our chief soldiers of the Mexican war, also as chief civil officers, well exemplified the fact I wish to impress—that the soldiers of our republic have ever been pre-eminently patriotic, and lovers of peace and order in civil affairs. Indeed, the plan of Washington and his compatriots that our government, of the people, should constitute us a nation with paramount authority throughout the whole national domain, was most sacredly defended by all soldiers who afterward participated in civil affairs, down to the time of the great rebellion.

But those who cradled the nation, and devised its form of government, succumbing to apparent necessity, ignored one great truth respecting national life, proclaimed by the Almighty Ruler of all people—that righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is a reproach to any people.

The great national sin of human slavery, impliedly recognized as existing of right, was sure to bring such degree of punishment as should be necessary to purge it and take from us its reproach.

In 1860 the executive chambers and halls of Congress at the National Capital were filled with public officials, schooled in political theories, but greatly lacking in that better schooling of sacrifice for country. They had, in words, saved the country on many occasions, but had never fought for it. The soldier statesmen had passed away, and none remained to take prominent part in civil

affairs. The old heresy, which Washington and Jackson and their compatriots repressed, was again boldly asserted in defense and support of this great national sin. If a soldier citizen had then occupied the White House, with soldier citizens in his Cabinet and in the halls of Congress, who can doubt that the subsequent history of our generation would have been far other than it is? But we must assume that the fullness of time had come for purgation of, and expiation for, the sin of human slavery, and that, to that end, it was ordained that soldier citizens should be lacking in the high places of national authority.

Again we may take the pre-eminent soldiers in our great political rebellion, as the type of the soldier in his character of citizen. And let us here remember that the great Lincoln was, in his time, as Washington in his, first in war as well as in peace. As chief civil magistrate he was also commander in chief of the army, and this fact that our chief civil officers are under chief soldiers is most significant of harmony in character of our soldiers and citizens. Of necessity the military authority became paramount, and he exercised his authority as our chief soldier throughout that great struggle. He endured its trials in greater degree than any who wore the swords or carried the muskets; in large measure he braved its dangers. In solemn hour, with the dead at Gettysburg, he dedicated his life to the great task then remaining, that this nation, under God, should have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, should not perish from the earth. The life he so dedicated became a sacrifice indeed, for the governmental principle he so eloquently and forcefully enunciated; but the impress of his exemplification of the principle, both as soldier and citizen, must ever endure, and to him chiefly belongs the

credit of doing that which Washington and his compatriots failed to do.

As chief civil magistrate he proclaimed the abolition of slavery, and thus supplied what was lacking to make our government consistent with its original declaration, that all men are born free and equal, and with inalienable right to liberty.

Since the death of the great Lincoln, we have had Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and Harrison to exemplify the character of our soldiers as citizens in the chief civil office of the nation, and great hosts of the rank and file of that great army in civic positions of every character. The part they have taken in civic affairs is fresh in memory and far too wide in scope to permit specific mention. The sententious utterance of our most illustrous soldier, "Let us have peace," well typifies the attitude of all.

When, after the last stacking of arms, that great army disbanded, we apprehended civil discords, doubting whether soldiers so long enured to lives of excitement and adventure could immediately conform to the quietude of civil life in times of peace. Civil discords have arisen, but none have been or could be charged to the citizens who bore arms as soldiers, but contrariwise they have been foremost in demanding and volunteering to assist in the preservation and enforcement of civil authority. Indeed, when the authority of the national government respecting transportation of the mails and interstate traffic was questioned and defied, we beheld the most gratifying spectacle of universal manifestations of loyalty, and love of law and order, by the brave soldiers who fought for the lost cause. The glowing words of patriotism, uttered by the battle-scarred General Gordon, will be gratefully remembered as convincing evidence of their loyalty to peace and order. Like loyal utterances by many ex-con-

federate soldiers, and the recent fraternal association of the soldiers of north and south, give earnest that the soldiers of the south did not take arms for the purpose of subverting law and order in civil life. They fought to establish a new nation, based on a political heresy which the citizen soldiers of the Revolution and the war of 1812, did not fully eradicate. When their mistaken cause was lost, they were first of the men of the south to manifest the traits of good citizenship to the nation they had failed to divide. The patriotism they would have manifested to the nation they sought to establish, is now manifested toward the nation they failed to divide. We see them yielding willing obedience to, and ready to help maintain, the national authority. If any shall say they are not now entitled to claim good citizenship, he will not be an ex-soldier of the north.

Scanning the events of the three decades since our last and greatest war, who shall say that soldiers who participated in it have not been first in the peace ensuing? Or who will withhold from them chief credit for the new birth of freedom which has come to our nation?

Are not the soldiers whose valor made this nation possible, and whose wisdom, in great part, devised its plan and established it in accordance therewith, and the soldiers who have since dedicated their lives to maintain its integrity, the best moral representatives of the nation and good citizenship in it?

In conclusion—so long as our soldiers are citizens, and our citizens soldiers as occasion may require, this nation, remembering that righteousness only exalteth, shall, under God, endure to bless its citizens, and, as the bright and shining star in the constellation of nations, lighten the uttermost parts of the earth.

CHICKAMAUGA.

By Captain E. B. Parsons, U. S. V.,
of the Wisconsin Chickamauga Commission.

[Read October 2, 1895.]

THE theme of "Chickamauga" is so vast, that in the few moments allotted me, I cannot much more than speak of what the Wisconsin Commission has done and of the dedication exercises. The past two weeks have seen a great gathering from all parts of the Union on that historic field, and a vast amount of oratory and eloquence has been expended, the most of which has been published, and will afford the readers much satisfaction in reading and studying the field as presented by both sides. The more the Battle of Chickamauga is studied the greater its importance in the history of the war of the rebellion appears. The stubborness with which it was fought on both sides, and the appalling lists of casualties (being nearly equal on both sides; or to be exact, Rosecrans' loss was 16,179, and Bragg's 17,804, a total loss of 33,983), and the percentage of loss as compared with the great battles of the world, shows that the battle of Chickamauga was one of the most sanguinary in the world's history. The total loss of our army was about 33 per cent. of the troops actually engaged. On the Union side, one man out of every thirty-three was actually shot dead on the field of battle; one in every six was wounded; one in every thirteen was missing; in killed, wounded and missing, we lost one man out of nearly every three engaged in the battle. Steadman's and Brannen's Divisions lost 49 per cent. of their men in four hours fighting. Among the

Confederate losses, Longstreet lost 44 per cent. of his forces, and all, too, on the second day, and the most part within two hours on Sunday afternoon. Bushrod Johnson's Division lost 44 per cent. Anderson's Brigade of Hindman's Division lost 30 per cent.; this brigade, with Deas' of Hindman's Division, being the troops that after a stubborn fight of half an hour, drove back Lytle's Brigade of Sheridan's Division, to which my regiment (the 24th Wisconsin) belonged. Bate's Brigade of Stewart's Division lost 52 per cent. Preston's Division lost 33 per cent. This division was held in reserve supporting the troops that drove us on the right of the line, and it did not become engaged until late in the afternoon, and the loss all occurred in about two hours. Gracie's Brigade lost nearly 35 per cent, and all within an hour before sunset on that bloody Sunday. Cheatham's Division lost from 35 to 50 per cent.; Breckenridge's Division 33 per cent, and Cleburne's Division 43 per cent. These figures need no comment, but show that, in comparison with battles of ancient or modern times, this was one of the bloodiest battles in the world's history.

The government has placed in the park about 300 large-sized historical tablets, and 300 other tablets indicating locality and distance. Each battery engaged is being marked by at least two guns. The number of guns mounted in fighting position of batteries is 150, and there are 400 guns on the ground ready for mounting. There are also five observation towers on different parts of the field, and eight pyramidal shell monuments, each ten feet high and made of eight inch shells. Four of these mark the spots where Union general officers fell, and the other four are erected to Confederate general officers where they fell. There have already been erected, or are in process of erection, monuments as follows:

Ohio	54
Illinois	33
Minnesota	5
Indiana	37
Michigan	11
Massachusetts	1
Kansas	3
Missouri	5
Wisconsin	9
U. S. Regulars	9

There have been authorized and will soon be erected:

New York	20
Pennsylvania	18
Connecticut	2
Tennessee	4

The Commission appointed from Wisconsin to locate positions of Wisconsin troops and to erect monuments for the commands that were engaged there, has, we hope, nearly completed its labors. We selected designs from several hundred offered, and contracted for nine monuments as follows:

For the First Cavalry to cost $1800.

For the 1st, 10th, 15th, 21st and 24th Infantry, each $1700.

For the 3d, 5th and 8th Batteries, each $1200; also five markers, and all of them are in place and have been accepted, except those for the First Cavalry and Third Battery, which, from the great amount of work required, could not be completed in time, but are now probably on the ground. The Commission feels well satisfied that Wisconsin has some of the most attractive monuments in the park, and instead of using all the appropriation made by the state, will have the

satisfaction of turning over several thousand dollars of the funds which it has saved. The general opinion I heard expressed on the field was, that the Wisconsin monuments were the most attractive of any in the park, and about the city, as I listened to the comments of those who had been to the park, I noticed that Wisconsin was mentioned more often than any other state. And at this point I want to speak of the fidelity and zeal with which the Chairman of our Commission, William Wirt Watkins, who is our guest this evening, has performed his duties. Shouldering the great responsibility, he has, under many discouragements, gone forward, giving almost his entire time, until now he can begin to see the fruition of his labors.

I am of the opinion, however, that the monuments now being placed on the Chickamauga field will only be the markers of the positions occupied by the troops on the battle-field, and that each state will eventually erect an elaborate state monument. I understand that New York has already taken some steps in this direction. The Confederates have not as yet done very much; only one of their monuments being placed, although the government has marked all their positions with tablets. One of our party asked a Johnny why they had not got more of their monuments up. He said, "You 'uns go on and put your monuments here, there and everywhere, and we 'uns were right thar." The dedication exercises for the Wisconsin monuments took place at noon, Wednesday, Sept. 18th, near the monuments of the 1st, 10th, and 21st Infantry. With uncovered heads we stood on the battle-field where once the din of battle had been heard, while the Rev. Jackson E. Webster, of the 10th Wis. Infantry, invoked the divine blessing, and fervently thanked God that we were then on a different mission from that of thirty-two years ago. Then Chairman Watkins, in behalf of the Com-

mission, in a brief outline of what the Commission had done, presented the monuments to the Governor of Wisconsin, Hon. W. H. Upham. The Governor, in accepting the monuments, highly complimented the Commission upon the result of its labors, and accepted them for the State of Wisconsin, and in a brief and well chosen address, presented them to the National Commission.

Our beloved Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Fairchild, in his usual eloquent and happy manner, received them for the National Commission. All, led by Phil. Cheek, then joined in singing America. Then Companion B. F. Bryant followed with an oration, and to my mind gave one of the clearest and most comprehensive accounts of the battle and its results that I have seen, and it will prove interesting for all to read. After Col. Bryant's address, the exercises were closed with a benediction by the Rev. Mr. Webster. Thus we held our dedicatory services.

Companions: It seemed to me like a dream that I was permitted to stand on that same field, where, thirty-two years ago, I listened to the roar of battle, the like of which was never exceeded on God's green earth, and the demoniac yells of an exultant foe, and was now listening to the messages of peace and good will, the prayer of thankfulness to Almighty God for our preservation, and the singing of our National anthem—surely it was an experience of a life-time.

In concluding my remarks, I would say that we were well treated by the ex-Confederates. A number of us were taken up into their camp, and this badge which I hold in my hand was pinned on my lapel by an ex-Confederate, who now holds a prominent government position at Chattanooga, and something he said conveyed an idea that I had not thought of before. He said, "I always told our people that we should have taken the flag with

us, which we were as much entitled to as anything else we took, and that it was a mistake, our adopting a new flag. Why," he said, "I never see the old flag without feeling like taking off my hat to it." Those we met were cordial and friendly, and their "Lincoln county toddy" was also "cordial."

I heard of some instances where a bitter feeling still seems to exist; but I think this feeling is fanned more by sprouts that have grown up since the war, than it is by those who were actually engaged in it. The wonder to me, all things considered, is that we do not see more of this feeling expressed while some of their leaders are still blatant, and still preach that they were right, and teach their children that their cause was just; notably, Gov. Turney, of Tennessee. Mr. Henderson, of Tennessee, in his remarks, put it this way. He said, "We were not whipped, but wore ourselves out, whipping you."

But I fear that I have taken more than my allotted time, and while I had intended to say something in regard to the negro and the negro problem at the South, I will close, thanking you for your kind indulgence.

INDEX.

Act of Wisconsin Legislature to provide for defense and to aid in enforcing the laws and maintaining the Federal Government, 161.

Act of Wisconsin Legislature to provide for borrowing money to repel invasion, suppress insurrection and defend the State in time of war, 161.

Adams, George, killed at Fredericksburg, 203.

Albert, W., Col., 53.

Allanson, George, Capt., 204.

Allen, H. W., Col., at Baton Rouge, 62.

Anderson, G. T., Gen., wounded at Gettysburg, 273.

Anderson, Robt., Brig. Gen., 13.

Anderson's Brigade at Chickamauga, 439.

Anderson's Gap, battle of, 174.

Archer's Brigade at Gettysburg, 216-220, 238.

Armies of Other Countries, by Surgeon Walter Kempster, 399-429.

Armies 1861-5, The Development of, by Capt. G. W. Burnell, 70-80.

Armistead, Lewis A., Gen., Brevet Major and Captain 6th U. S. Inf., killed at Gettysburg, 336.

Army of the Cumberland, organization of, 109.

Army of the Frontier, 181-182.

Army of the James, 134.

Army of North Carolina at Gettysburg, 234.

Army of Ohio at Fort McCook, 102-105; march to Louisville, 106; disbanded, 109.

Army of the Potomac, 44; at Petersburg and Monocacy, 75-77; crossed the Rapidan at Mine Run, 88-89; at Fitz Hugh Crossing and Chancellorsville, 207; at Gettysburg, 234-235.

Army of the Tennessee at Bull Run, 113.

Arthur, Chester A., President, 436.

Atlanta, surrender of, 32.

Augur, C. C., Gen., 2.

Averell, W. W., Gen., 291; at Fisher's Hill, Moorefield, 300-302.

Ayer, Oliver, death of, 370.

Badeau, A., Capt., 27.

Bailey, E. H., Lieut., 281.

Bailey, Joseph, Gen., Col. 4th Wis. Cav., saved Gen. Banks' army on Red River by constructing floating dams, shot by highwaymen, 188.

Banks and Gordon, in Virginia Campaign, 352.

Banks, N. P., Gen., 27.

Barlow, F. C., Gen., at Gettysburg, 243, 273.

Barlow's Division, 11th Army Corps at Gettysburg, 243.

Barry, A. C., Chaplain 4th Wis. Cav., 189.

Barstow, W. A., Gov., 179; death of, 186.

Bate's Brigade at Chickamauga, 439.

Baton Rouge, battle of 52–69; losses of, Confederates claimed victory and had driven the Union troops into the river, 65; capture of Gen. Breckenridge's sword, Gen. Clark taken prisoner, 66.

Bayard, George D., Gen., 338.

Beach, W. H., Lieut., "Some Reminiscences of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry," 276-302; correspondence with Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, 295.

Bean, Sidney A., Lieut. Col. 4th Wis. Cav., at Baton Rouge, 58; killed at Port Hudson, 58; 187-188.

Beauregard, P. G. T., Gen., 117; Drury's Bluff, 118; Manassas, 129-130.

Biddle, J. C., Lieut., at Baton Rouge, 59.

Birch, Harvey, 290.

Black, John C., Gen., Col. 37th Ill. Inf., wounded at Prairie Grove, 181.

Blaine, James G. Hon., 133.

Blair, Frank, Capt., 11.
Blair, Montgomery, Hon., 11-12.
Bleyer, George, killed at Stone River, 203.
Bloodgood, Wilkie, 202; killed at Bull Run, 203.
Blunt, J. G., Gen., commands Army of the Frontier, 181-182.
Boardman, F. A., Major 4th Wis. Cav., 187; killed in battle in Louisiana, 188.
Booth, Sherman M., 175.
Boyd, W. H., Capt. 1st N. Y. Cav., 278.
Boys of the Loyal Legion, by Capt. Charles King, 201-206.
Bradshaw, Robert C., 155.
Bragg, Braxton, Col., 6, 102, 118.
Brannen's Division at Chickamauga, 438.
Breckenridge, John C., Gen., 57; wounded at Baton Rouge, 65, 66; 439.
Brooks, Edwin F., 176.
Brown, B. Gratz, 11.
Brown, Harvey, Col., 53.
Bryant, B. F., Capt., 442.
Bryant, Edwin E., Col., The Battle of Gettysburg, 230-275.
Buell, Don Carlos, Gen., 1, 8, 15, 77, 102, 106.
Buford, John, Gen., at Gettysburg, 217.
Buford's Cavalry at Gettysburg, 215.
Bull Run, battles of, 113, 117, 153, 357-372.
Burnell, George W., Capt., The Development of Our Armies, 1861-65, 70-80; 97.
Burnside, A. E., Gen., 26; at Fredericksburg, 77-78, 92-93, 120.
Bush's Battery at Chaplin Hills, 107.
Butler, Benjamin F., Gen., 55, 116, 134; organized first signal corps, 222.
Butterfield, Daniel, Gen., at Gettysburg, 253, 273.

CALDWELL, J. N., Col., at Fredericksburg, 255.
Cahill, Thomas W., Col. 9th Conn. Inf. 58, 61, 66.
Calhoun, J., Gen., 135.
Calkins, E. A., Col. 3d Wis. Cav., The Wisconsin Cavalry Regiments, 173-193.
Cameron, Simon, Hon., Secretary of War, 12, 13.
Camp Jackson, capture of, 150, 158.
Camp Randall, 312.
Canby, E. R. S., Gen., 5; campaign against Navajo Indians in Mexico, 222.
Carruth, W. H., Lieut Everett's Battery at Baton Rouge, 59-61; 63-64.
Carson, Kit, Lieut., 4.
Carter, George W., Capt. 4th Wis. Cav., lost a leg at Port Hudson, 189.
Catlett's Station, raid on, 357.
Cedar Creek, battle of 96, 300-302.
Cedar Mountain, battle of, 346.
Century War Papers, 67.
Chamberlain, J. L., Col. 20th Maine Inf., at Gettysburg, 248.
Chancellorsville, battle of, 207.
Chapin, A. L., Rev. Dr., 314.
Chaplin Hills, battle of, 106-107.
Cheatham's Division at Chickamauga, 439.
Cheburne's Division at Chickamauga, 439.
"Chickamauga," by Capt. E. B. Parsons, 438-443; erection of monuments on battle field, 439-441.
Chickamauga, battle of, losses, 438-439.
Chillicothe, skirmish at, 150-153.
Chittenden, L. E., Register of the Treasury, 323.
Chivas, Robert, wounded at Chickamauga, killed at Mission Ridge, 204.
Cincinnati, The Society of, 83-84; criticism of, 84; Gen. Washington, President; Gen. Gates, Vice-President; Gen. Knox, Secretary; badge of the Order, 85.
Clark, Charles, Brig.-Gen. at Baton Rouge, 62; taken prisoner, 66.
Clark, Thomas S., Gen., 6th Mich. Inf. at Baton Rouge, 58, 61; taken prisoner, 66.
Clarke, Almon, Surgeon, "In the Immediate Rear; Experiences and Observations of a Field Surgeon," 87-101; caring for the wounded at battle of Mine Run, 87-89; at battle of Wilderness, 89; at Spottsylvania, 94; at Cold Harbor, 95.
Clinton, E. D., 176.
Clinton, George O., Capt. 1st. Wis. Cav., 176.
Cochrane, John, Gen., 120.
Cold Harbor, battle of, 94-96; caring for the wounded, 96-97.
Cole, Orsamus, Chief Justice Supreme Court of Wisconsin, 161, 172.
Collins, William, Major, 202.
Columbia, Ky., surrender of, 38.

Conkey, Theodore, Capt. 3d Wis. Cav., 187.
Conn. 9th Inf., at Baton Rouge, 58-61.
Constitution of the Loyal Legion, U. S., preamble of, 81.
Cook, John E., Capt. 76th New York Inf., at Gettysburg, 218.
Cooke, Philip St. George, 343.
Copeland, Frederick A., Lieut 3d Wis. Cav., 187.
Corinth, advance on, 17.
Crawford, S. W., Gen., at Gettysburg, 270.
Crittenden, T. S., Gen., 385.
Cullom's Register, 67.
Curtenius, E. A., Col. 6th Mich. Inf., at Baton Rouge, 58.
Curtis, Samuel R., Lieut., 182.
Curtis, Z., Col., Adjutant General on Gen. Blunt's Staff, captured and shot at Baxter Springs, 182.
Cushing, S. B., Lieut. 2d Wis. Inf., 222-223.
Custer, Geo. A., Gen., 95, 328.
Cutler, Lysander, Brig. Gen. 211.
Cutler's Brigade at Gettysburg, 216-238.

DALE, Nicholas H., Major 2d Wis. Cav., 178.
Daniels, Edward, Col. 1st Wis., Cav., 174.
Davis, C. K., Adjutant 28th Wis. Inf., Governor of Minnesota, 191.
Davis, Jefferson, Gen., graduated at West Point, in Mexican War, 110; as Commander-in-Chief, 110-136; his first mistake in conduct of war, 111; at Bull Run, 113; as Secretary of War, 115; at Manassas, 129-130; at Fair Oaks, 131; capture of, 175.
Davis, John R., Gen., at Gettysburg, 218.
Dawes, Rufus, Lieut. Col. 6th Wis. Inf., at Gettysburg, 239.
Davis' Brigade at Gettysburg, 238.
Dean, C. E., Dr., Hospital Steward, Baton Rouge, 59, 65.
DeKay, Charles, Lieut. Aide-de-Camp, killed, 55, 59.
Des Forges, George, 178, 202.
Development of Our Armies, 1861-5, by Capt. George W. Burnell, 70-80.
Dixon, Luther S., Chief Justice Supreme Court of Wisconsin, 161.
Donnelly, George K., Capt. Missouri Home Guard, 150; in 4th U. S. Art. in Mexican War, 154; at Shiloh, wounded in Mexican War, 155; injured at Platte River, 157.
Doubleday, Abner, Gen., commands First Army Corps at Gettysburg, 214-220, 273; article on Battle of Gettysburg, 214, 238, 359, 362.
Drake, George, killed at Falling Waters, 206.
Drum, R. C., Gen., 53.
Drummer Boy at Cold Harbor, 95-96.
Drury's Bluff, battle of, 118.
Dudley, N. A. M., Col. 30th Mass. Inf. Capt. 10th U. S. Inf., 58.

EARLY War Days in Missouri, by Capt. Charles Morton, 145-158.
Eighteenth Army Corps at Cold Harbor, 95.
Eleventh Army Corps at Gettysburg, 244.
Elliot, H. H., Lieut. 9th New York Inf., Lieut. Col. 1st La. Inf., 59.
Emancipation Proclamation, 128.
Erwin, Jacob, first enlisted man in volunteer cavalry killed, 278-279.
Evans, Simon E., Capt., 156.
Everett's Mass. Battery at Baton Rouge, 58, 61.
Ewell's Corps at Gettysburg, 236.
Ewing, Ella Boyle, Mrs., 6.
Ewing, Thomas, Hon., 1, 6.
Experiences at Battle of Stone River, by Surgeon Solon Marks, 385-398.
Experiences with the 9th Brigade, Rousseau's Division, Army of Ohio, by Surgeon Solon Marks, 102-109.

FAHNESTOCK, H. J., 219.
Farnsworth, E. J., Gen., at Gettysburg, 272.
Fairchild, Lucius, Gen., 191; Col. 2d Wis. Inf., 209-210; lost an arm at Gettysburg, 210, 238, 442.
Fairfax Court House, 130.
Fair Oaks, battle of, 131.
Fallows, Samuel, Bishop, "Abraham Lincoln," 373-378.
Farr, Asa W., Quartermaster 3d Wis. Cav., captured and shot at Baxter Springs, 182.
Farragut, D. G., Commodore, at Port Hudson, 225-226.
Fauntleroy, T. K., Col., 129-131.
Ferguson, Edward, Capt., wounded at Chaplin Hills, 205.
Fifteenth Army Corps, 45.
Fifth Army Corps at Gettysburg, 235.
First Army Corps at Gettysburg, 215, 220, 235, 255.

Fisk, Clinton B., 11.
Fisher's Hill, battle of, 301.
Fitz Hugh Crossing, battle of, 207.
Florida, Campaign, 52.
Forrest, N. B., Gen., capture of Memphis, 177.
Fort Donelson, 78, 118.
Fort Hinman, capture of, 21.
Fort McCook, 103.
Fort Sumter, fall of, 146-149, 276.
Foster, John G., Gen., 35.
Fourteenth Army Corps, 45.
Franklin, Wm. B., Gen., 2, 120.
Fremont, J. C., Gen., 158, 179.

GAINESVILLE, Groveton and Second Bull Run, by Lieut. Theron W. Haight, 357-372.
Gamble's Cavalry at Gettysburg, 237-238.
Garfield, James A., President, 436.
Gaylord, Augustus, Gen., 86, "In and Out of the Wisconsin Adjutant General's Office 1862-1866," 308-330; Adjutant General of Wisconsin, 308-309.
Gettysburg, battle of, by Col. Edwin E. Bryant, 230; description of, with maps, 231-268; transporting and caring for the wounded, 273-274; table of losses, 275.
Gettysburg, Reminiscences of battle of, by Lieutenant Cornelius Wheeler, 207-220.
Gibbon, John, Gen., wounded at Gettysburg, 270, 273; 360.
Gibson, Major 14th Penn. Cav., 291.
Glover, Samuel, 175.
Goldsmith, G., killed at Chickamauga, 203.
Gordon, J. B., Gen., 314-315, 436.
Gove, Richard L., Lieut. 1st Wis. Cav., 176.
Gracie's Brigade at Chickamauga, 439.
Graham, G. Mason, Gen., 8.
Graham, Warren, 206.
Grant, U. S., Gen., 2, 16-17, 28, 78-79; at Cold Harbor, 96-97; 113, 126; commissioned Lieut. General, 127; at Sailor's Creek, 302; 436.
Gray, E. B., Capt. 4th Wis. Cav., Col. 28th Wis. Inf., 189.
Greeley, Horace, Hon., 117.
Green, Charles, 35.
Greene, Howard, Capt., killed at Mission Ridge, 204.

HAIGHT, THERON W., Lieut., "King's Division—Fredericksburg to Manassas—An Episode of Pope's Virginia Campaign," 345-356; "Gainesville, Groveton and Second Bull Run," 357-372.
Hall, James A., Capt. 2d Maine Battery, at Gettysburg, 217-218.
Halleck, H. W., Gen., 3, 15, 23-24, 36.
Halsted, E. P., Major, Adjt. Gen., 216-217.
Hampton, Wade, Gen., at Gettysburg, 271.
Hancock, Winfield S., Gen., wounded at Gettysburg, 270; 273.
Hancock's Second Army Corps at Gettysburg, 264.
Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, construction of, 149.
Hanson, Moses P., Surgeon 2d Wis. Cav., 178.
Hardee, William J., Lieut. Col., 35.
Harnden, Henry, Gen., Col. 1st Wis. Cav., 175, 192.
Harris, Moses, Major, "The Old Army," 331-344.
Harrison, Benjamin, President, 436.
"Hartford," Flag Ship, at Port Hudson, 225-226.
Harvey, L. P., Governor of Wisconsin, 308; drowned in Tennessee River at Savannah, funeral services, 313.
Hatch's Brigade in Virginia campaign, 346; 359.
Hawkins, Rush, Col., 54.
Hayes, R. B., Gen., at Gettysburg, 267; 436.
Heath's Division of Hill's Corps, 210.
Helm, B. H., Brig.-Gen., injured at Baton Rouge, 62, 66.
Henning, Benjamin S., Col. 3d Wis. Cav., 187.
Herren, E. R., Major 4th Wis. Cav., 189.
Heth, Henry, Capt. 10th U. S. Inf., devised system of target practice, 335.
Hibbard, "Lish," Lt. Col. 24th Wis. Inf., 204.
Hidden, H. B., Lieut., killed, 279.
Hill, A. R., Col., 210.
Hill's Corps at Gettysburg, 237.
Hindman's Division at Chickamauga, 439.
Hitchcock, Henry, Major, 41.
Hoard, W. D., Governor of Wisconsin, 189; "Abraham Lincoln," 379-384.
Hobart, Harrison C., Gen., Capt. 4th Wis. Cav., Col. 21st Wis. Inf., planned escape from Libby Prison, 189; 191.

Hoffman, Wickham, Capt., at Baton Rouge, 59.
Hoffman, William, Col. 56th Penn. Inf., at Gettysburg, 218.
Hood, Charles P., Gen. 32, 113.
Hooker, Joseph E., Gen., at Chancellorsville, 77-78; 235.
Hooker, Samuel, 202.
Holton, Edward, 202.
Houston, A. Ross, Captain, "The Loyal Legion, its Members—First Class Original; In Succession; By Inheritance; Second Class; Third Class," 81-86.
Howard, O. O., Gen., 34, 37.
Howland, Levi, Major, 1st Wis. Cav., 176.
Hunt, T. H., Col., at Baton Rouge, 62.
Hunter, David, Gen., 290.

ILLINOIS 37th Inf., at Prairie Grove, 181.
"In and Out of the Wisconsin Adjutant General's Office, 1862-1866," by Gen. Augustus Gaylord, 308-330.
"In the Immediate Rear—Experiences and Observations of a Field Surgeon," by Surgeon Almon Clarke, 87-101.
Indiana 3d Inf., 217.
Indiana 21st Inf., at Baton Rouge, 58, 63.
Indiana 27th Inf., at Gettysburg, 260.
Indiana 28th Inf., at Chaplin Hills, 107.
Iron Brigade, 207; at Gettysburg, 233.

JACKSON, Claib. Governor of Missouri, 148, 151, 155.
Jackson, H. B., Capt., "A Reminiscence," 137-144.
Jackson, Richard, Col. 5th U.S. Art., 53.
Jackson, Stonewall, Gen., at Gettysburg, 241, 357, 371, 434-436.
Jackson's Winchester Expedition, 118.
Johnson, Andrew, President, 175.
Johnson, Bradley T., Gen., 291-297; Army of North Carolina, 295.
Johnson, Bushrod, Gen., at Chickamauga, 439.
Johnston, A. S., Col., Utah Expedition, 53.
Johnston, Joseph E., Gen., 22, 23, 117, 125, 129-130.
Johnston, Sidney, Gen., death of, 117-118.
Jones, Abram, Capt. 1st New York Cav., 285, 294.

KEARNEY, Phillip, Gen., 4, 278.
Keith, John A., Col., wounded at Baton Rouge, 64-65.
Keith, Tom, killed at Adairsville, 203.
Kelly, P., Capt. 30th Mass. Inf., killed at Baton Rouge, 65.
Kempster, Walter, Surgeon, "The Armies of Other Countries," 399-429.
Kerr, T. R., Capt. 14th Penn. Cav., 292.
Kilbourn, Byron H., Lieut. 3d Wis, Cav., 202.
Kilpatrick, Judson, Gen., 42; at Gettysburg, 272.
King, Charles, Capt., "Boys of the Loyal Legion," 201-206.
King, Rufus, Gen., commands 1st Div. 1st Army Corps, 345.
King's Division. Fredericksburg to Manassas,—An Episode of Pope's Virginia Campaign, by Lieut. Theron W. Haight, 345-356.
Kiser, F. C., Lieut. 3d Wis. Cav., 187.
Knowles, O. B., Gen., 278.
Knox, Henry, Gen., Vice President of the Society of the Cincinnati, 85.

LACY HOUSE, 92.
LaFlesh, Thomas, Capt. 2d Wis. Cav. 178.
LaGrange, Oscar H., Col. 1st Wis. Cav., Brvt. Brig. Gen., 175.
Latimer, A. E., Major, at Gettysburg, 251.
Lee, Fitzhugh, Gen., at Gettysburg, 271.
Lee, Robert E., Gen., surrender of, 40, 79, 125, 357.
Legate, George H., Sergeant-Major 2d Wis. Inf., killed at Gettysburg, 209.
Libby Prison, 189.
Lincoln, Abraham, President, 11; Commander-in-Chief of Army, in Black Hawk War, 110; correspondence with Gen. McClellan, 112, 116; correspondence with Gen. J. E. Hooker, 121, 122; visited by delegation from New York asking for gun boat for protection of city, 124; issues emancipation proclamation, 128; appoints a national thanksgiving day, 132; his last public address, 133; 151, 163; memorial addresses by Bishop Samuel Fallows, 373, 378; Hon. W. D. Hoard, 379-384, 436.
Logan, John A., Gen., 79.

Lomax, L. L., Lieut., 336.
Lookout Mountain, battle of, 113.
Long, Eli, Gen., 336.
Longstreet's Corps at Battle of Wilderness, 92, 357; at Chickamauga, 439.
Losses in Union Army, 190, 438.
Losses in Wisconsin Regiments, 190, 438.
Lovell, C. S., Gen., Col. 14th U. S. Inf., 315.
Loyal Legion, Its Members—First Class Original; in Succession; by Inheritance; Second Class; Third Class, by Captain A. Ross Houston, 81-86; where and how originated; preamble of the Constitution, 81; fundamental principles and objects of, 82; membership in 1891; patterned after the Society of the Cincinnati, 83-84; division of membership, 85-86; Companions-at-Large; Eldest Sons' Meeting, with ladies invited, 86.
Luxton, Edward D., Major 2d Wis. Cav., 178.
Lyon, Nathaniel, Gen., 1, 11.
Lytle, W. H., Gen., wounded and captured at Chaplin Hills, 108; 439.
Lytle's Brigade at Chickamauga, 439.

MAGDEBURG, F. H., Capt., "General William Tecumseh Sherman," 1-51; "The Women of the North, 1861-1865," 194-200.
Maine 14th Inf., at Baton Rouge, 58, 63.
Maine 20th Inf., at Gettysburg, 248.
Manning's Battery at Baton Rouge, 58-61.
Mansfield, John, Lieut. Col. 2d Wis. Inf., at Gettysburg, 217.
Marks, Solon, Surgeon, "Experiences with 9th Brigade, Rousseau's Division, Army of Ohio," 102-109; injured at Fort McCook, 104; assigned as Chief Surgeon, Rousseau's Division, 106; "Experiences at the Battle of Stone River," 385-398.
Mason, R. B., Gen., 3, 4, 8.
Massachusetts 2d Infantry at Gettysburg, 260.
Massachusetts 30th Infantry at Baton Rouge, 58.
McArthur, Arthur, Judge, 170, 172.
McArthur, Arthur, Jr., Lieut. Col. 24th Wis. Inf., Maj. A. A. G., 202.
McClellan, G. B., Gen., 73; at Antietam, 77; 357.
McClernand, John A., Gen., 21.
McCook, A. McDowell, Gen., 385-397.
McDougall, T. M., Gen., at Gettysburg, 258.
McDowell, Irvin, Gen., 357.
McGowan, George, Col., 36.
McIntosh, J. B., Gen., at Gettysburg, 271.
McKibbin, D. B., Gen., 315.
McMillan, James W., Col. 21st Ind. Inf., wounded at Baton Rouge, 58, 64.
McPherson, James B., Gen., 15, 28-29, 32; death of, 33.
McReynolds, A. T., Col. 1st New York Cav., 278.
Meade, George G., Gen., Mine Run, 77; commands Army of the Potomac, 78; at Gettysburg, 235.
Memphis, capture of, 177.
Meredith's Brigade at Gettysburg, 215, 238.
Meridian Campaign, 27.
Merrick, George W., 202, wounded at Stone River, 204.
Mexican campaign, 52.
Meyer, A. J., Major, Chief Signal Officer of U. S., 222-223.
Michigan 4th Cav., 175.
Michigan 6th Inf., at Baton Rouge, 58, 63.
Mine Run, battle of, 88.
Minor, Edward S., Capt. 2d Wis. Cav., 178.
Missouri Home Guard, organized for self protection from outrages, presented with a flag, 179.
Missouri, population in 1860, number of soldiers furnished, number of engagements in, 152.
Missouri 25th Inf., 158.
Mitchell, John L., Lieut., 202.
Mitchell, William S., Capt., 202; killed at Chickamauga, 203.
Moore, John P., Capt. 3d Wis. Cav.
Morgan, G. W., Gen., 20.
Morgan, William H., Asst. Adjutant General, 178.
Morton, Charles, Captain, "Early War Days in Missouri," 145-158.
Mosby, John S., Col., 299, 303-307.
Mosby and His Men, by Col. J. A. Watrous, 303-307.
Mosby's Rangers, 304-307.
Mower, S. C., Capt. 4th Wis. Cav., 187.
Mulligan, James A., Col., 155.
Mulligan's "Irish Brigade," 155.
Murfreesboro', battle of, 385, 387, 389.

NELSON, Knute, Corporal 4th Wis. Cav., 189; Governor of Minnesota, 191.
Nelson, P. F., death of, 301.
Newberry, O. P., Major, 155.
New Orleans, capture, of 187.
Newton, John, Gen., 2, 120; commands First Army Corps at Gettysburg, 255.
New York 1st (Lincoln) Cavalry, Some Reminiscences of, by Lieut. W. H. Beach, 276-302; its first engagement, at Manassas, 279; at Williamsport, 282; at Cedar Creek, Sailor's Creek, 302; mustered out of service, 302.
New York 76th Inf. at Gettysburg, 218.
New York 140th Inf. at Gettysburg, 248.
Nickerson, F. S., Col. 14th Maine Inf., 58.
Nimm's Battery at Baton Rouge, 58.
Nix, Christian, Lieut. 24th Wis. Inf., killed at Stone River, 203.
Norfolk, capture of, 119.

O'CONNOR, Edgar, Col. 2d Wis. Inf., death of, 362.
Oliver, Joseph B., Capt., 202.
Ord, E. O. C., Lieut., 3, 6.
O'Rorke, P. H., Col. 140th New York Inf., killed at Gettysburg, 248.
Orton, Harlow S., Capt. 3d Wis. Cav., 179.
Otis, George H., Capt. 2d Wis. Inf., 212.
Osterhaus, Peter J., Gen., 24.
"Our Soldiers as Citizens," by Major William Ruger, 430-437.

PAINE, Halbert E., Col. 4th Wis. Cav., at Baton Rouge, 58, 66, 187.
Paine, Byron, Justice of Supreme Court of Wisconsin, 161.
Palmer, Charles M., Capt. 2d Wis. Cav., 178.
Parkinson, John, 202, killed at Fredericksburg, 203.
Parsons, E. B., Capt. 24th Wis. Inf., 204; "Chickamauga," 438-443.
Patrick, M. R., Gen., 362.
Peabody, Everett, Col., 154.
Peavey, George G., 300.
Peck, George W., Lieut. 4th Wis. Cav., 89, 191.
Peckham, Geo. W., 202.
Pellage, Henry, 182.
Pennsylvania 56th Inf., at Gettysburg, 218.
Pennsylvania 79th Inf., at Chaplin Hills, 107.
Petersburg, capture of, 39.
Phelps, E., Capt., 25.
Phillips, H. J., Surgeon 6th Vermont Inf., 93.
Pierce, Oscar H., 202, 206.
Pillow, G. J., Gen. 118.
Plummer, E. S., Dr., 17.
Pond, J. B., Major 3d Wis. Cav., 187.
Pope, John, Gen., 2, 357.
Pope's Virginia Campaign, 345-356.
Porter, David, Capt., 59.
Porter, Fitz John, Gen., 357.
Port Hudson, fortified, 66; battle of, 187-188.
Potter, John F., Hon., 86.
Prairie Grove, battle of, 180.
Preston's Division at Chickamauga, 439.
Price, W. R., Gen., 118, 157.
Pritchard, Col. 4th Mich. Cav., 175.

RANDALL, Alexander W., Governor of Wisconsin, 159-161.
Ransom, Robert, Capt., 336.
Rawlins, John A., Col., 22.
Red River Expedition, 187-188.
Reed, Henry, 206.
"Reminiscence, A," by Capt. H. B. Jackson, 137-144.
Reminiscences of the Battle of Gettysburg, by Lieut. Col. Cornelius Wheeler, 207-220.
Reminiscences of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, by Lieut. W. H. Beach, 276-302.
Reynolds, Benoni O., Surgeon 3d Wis. Cav. at Prairie Grove, 181; 187.
Reynolds, John F., Major Gen., killed at Gettysburg, 210; 217, 236.
Richards, S. W., 276.
Richmond, capture of, 39, 125.
Richmond, George N., Col. 2d Wis. Cav., 178.
Rickett's Battery, capture of, 213.
Rihl, William H., Corporal 1st New Cav., killed at Greencastle, 284.
Ring, George W., Capt. 2d Wis. Cav., 178.
Roberts, George T., Col. 7th Vermont Inf., 58, 61, killed at Baton Rouge, 62, 65.
Rogers, Charles D., Capt. 24th Wis. Inf., 202.
Rogers, E. M., Major, 303.
Rogers, Henry G., 202, 206.

Robinson, W. W., Col. 4th Wis. Inf., at Gettysburg, 217.
Rosencrans, William S., Gen., 2, 77, 385, 386, 390.
Rowley, W. W., Capt., "The Signal Corps of the Army during the Rebellion," 222-229.
Rucker, D. H., 6.
Ruger, T. H., Gen., at Gettysburg, 258.
Ruger, William, Major, "Our Soldiers as Citizens," 430-437.
Ruggles, Daniel, Gen., at Baton Rouge, 62.
Rusk, Jeremiah M., Gen., 191.
Russell, George C., Quartermaster 2d Wis. Cav., 178.

SACKETT, Delos B., Gen., 336.
Salomon, Edward, Governor of Wisconsin, 169-171, 318.
Sanders, H. T., Col. 19th Wis. Inf., 312.
Savacool, Edwin F., wounded at Sailor's Creek, 302.
Sawyer, James, Major, 202.
Schlensted, Fred., killed at Jonesboro, 203.
Schmitz, Joseph, Capt., 156.
Schurz, Carl, Gen., organzied first cavalry regiment, known as "Lincoln Cavalry," appointed minister to Spain, 277.
Schofield, John M., Gen., 11, 42.
Schroeling, John C., Col. 3d Wis. Cav., 187.
Scott, Winfield, Gen., 6, 77.
Second Army Corps at Gettysburg, 235.
Sedgwick, John, Gen. at Battle of Wilderness, 90; in campaign against Kiowa Indians, 339.
Sessions, George A., Licut., 73.
Seventh Army Corps, 75.
Seymour, T., Gen., at Battle of Wilderness, 90-94.
Shaler, Alexander, Gen., at Battle of Wilderness, 90-94.
Shenandoah Valley campaign, 99; caring for the wounded, 99-101.
Shepard, S. G., Lieut. Col. 7th Tenn. Inf. at Gettysburg, 218.
Sheridan, Philip H., Gen., 79; campaign in Shenandoah Valley, 199-200; 300-302.
Sherman, Charles Robert, Judge, death of, 1.
Sherman, John, Senator, 11.
Sherman, Mary Hoyt, 1.
Sherman, T. W., Gen., lost a leg at Port Hudson, 53.
Sherman, William Tecumseh, General, by Captain F. H. Magdeburg, 1-51; entered West Point, 1; graduated 2d Lieut. 3d Arty., 1st Lieut. 3d Arty., on recruiting service, 2; instructs engineers to push survey of routes for railroads in Sierra Nevada Mountains, 5; his marriage, Capt. 3d Arty., 6; as banker, 7-8; superintendent of Seminary at Alexandria, La, 8; writes to Governor of Louisiana that the moment the State determines to secede he wishes to be relieved, 10; offered office of Chief Clerk, War Dept., declines to accept, 11; his letter of declination, rumor that he intended joining rebel army, 12; Colonel 13th U. S. Inf.; at Bull Run, Brig.-Gen. of Vols., in defenses of Washington, 13; visits Secty. of War and reports number of troops necessary to hold Kentucky, 14; commands Camp and Post at Benton Barracks and Post at Paducah, 15; at Shiloh, 16; Major Gen. of Vols., advance on Corinth, correspondence with Dr. E. S. Plummer, and editors of newspapers regarding the dealing in contraband of war at Memphis, 17-18; conference with Gen. U. S. Grant with view to taking Vicksburg, 19; attack on Vicksburg, 20-22; capture of Fort Hindman, 21; correspondence with Col. John A. Rawlins, regarding plan for capture of Vicksburg, 22; Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army for brilliant services in campaign at Vicksburg, correspondence with Gen. H. W. Halleck, regarding reconstruction of Mississippi or such other states as were occupied by Union troops, 23-24; death of his son Willie, 24-25; at Chattanooga, 25-26; at Knoxville, 26; commands Dept. and Army of Tenn., on the Meridian campaign, 27; letter from Gen. Grant, commending his services, and reply thereto, 28-29; at Nashville, 30; Major Gen. U. S. Army, surrender of Atlanta, 32; at Savannah, 33-35; surrender of Columbia, 38; at Averysboro, Bentonville, Goldsboro, 39; march to Raleigh, 39-40; announces Gen. Lee's surrender, receives news of assassination of President Lincoln, 40; farewell

orders to his soldiers, 45; commands Military Division of Missouri, 45-46; Lieut. General U. S. Army, General U. S. Army, 46; retirement from Army, 47-48; letter to Hon. James G. Blaine declining to accept were he nominated for President of the United States, 48-49; President of the Army of the Tennessee, 50; death and funeral of, 50-51.
Shiloh, battle of, 16, 155.
Shipman, S. V., Col. 1st Wis. Cav., wounded at Cape Girardeau, Mo., 175.
Sickles, D. E., Gen., at Gettysburg, 245, 273.
Signal Corps of the Army during the Rebellion, by Capt. W. W. Rowley, 221-229; international code of signals, first signal corps organized by Gen. B. F. Butler, 222.
Signal Corps, Southern Army, 226.
Simmons' Battery at Chaplin Hills, 107.
Sixteenth Army Corps, 45.
Sixth Army Corps at Battle of Wilderness, 93; Cold Harbor, 94-95; Gettysburg, 235.
Slocum, H. W., Gen., 34, 37; at Gettysburg, 235.
Smith, A. J., Gen., 4-6, 20.
Smith, C. F., Gen., illness of, 16.
Smith, Gustavus, Gen., 118.
Smith, Ira, Col., shot at Baxter Springs, 182.
Smith, Jacob H., Major, 134.
Smith, M. L., Gen., 20, 54.
Smith, Thomas B., Col., at Baton Rouge, 62.
Smith, W. F., Gen., 120.
Society of Army of the Potomac, 44.
Soule, F., Capt. 6th Mich. Inf., wounded at Baton Rouge, 63.
Stansbury, Howard, Major U. S. Army, death of, 315.
Stannard, George J., Gen., at Gettysburg, 255.
Stanton, E. M., Secretary of War, 44, 119, 125-127.
Starkweather, Charles, 202.
Steadman's Division at Chickamauga, 438.
Stephens, Thomas, Lieut. Col. 2d Wis. Cav., 177; taught school of officers at Camp Randall, 178.
Sterling, Levi, Major 2d Wis. Cav., Paymaster, death of, 178.
Stevens, George H., Lieut. Col., wounded at Gettysburg, 210.
Stone's Battery at Chaplin Hills, 107.
Stone River, experiences at the battle of, by Surgeon Solon Marks, 385-398.
Stoneman, George, Lieut., 4.
Strong, W. K., Brig. Gen., 312.
Stuart's Cavalry at Gettysburg, 235.
Stuart, J. E., Gen., 336-337.
Sturgis, S. D., Gen., 120.
Sumner, E. V., Gen., 4.
Supreme Court of Wisconsin, War Questions in, by Gen. F. C. Winkler, 159-172.
Sutherland, George E., Capt., "Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis as Commanders-in-Chief," 110-136.

TALLIAFERRO, L., Col., wounded, 362.
Taylor, Zachary, Gen., 6, 110.
Tennessee 7th Infantry at Gettysburg, 218.
Terrill, W. R., Gen., at Chaplin Hills, death of, 108.
Terry, Alfred H., Gen., 42.
Thatcher, Horace M., Major, 155.
Thatcher, Horace M., Mrs., 155.
The Old Army, by Major Moses Harris, 331-344; uniforms and arms of, 333-335; campaign against Kiowa Indians, 339.
Third Army Corps at Gettysburg, 235.
Thomas, George H., Gen., 1, 45, 79, 343, 385-395.
Thomas, W. H., Col. 3d Wis. Cav. 187.
Thompson, A. P., Col., at Baton Rouge, 62; wounded, 66.
Thompson, Joseph, editor, St. Joseph, Mo., 155.
Torbert, C. T. A., Gen., at Gettysburg, 255.
Town, Hiram, Capt. 1st Wis. Cav., 176.
Townsend, "Mandy," killed in battle in Arkansas, 204.
Trull, George G., Lieut., commands Nimms' Battery at Baton Rouge, 58-61.
Twelfth Army Corps at Gettysburg, 235.

UPHAM, William H., Governor of Wisconsin, 442.
Utley, W. L., Gen., Col. 22d Wis. Inf., 309.

VAN NOSTRAND, A. H., Surgeon 4th Wis. Cav., Supt. Insane Hospital, Madison, death of, 188.

Van Slyke, N. B., Col., Asst. Quartermaster, 312.
Vermont 7th Infantry, at Baton Rouge, 58.
Vicksburg, attack on, 20-22; fall of, President appoints a national thanksgsving day, 132.
Vicksburg Expedition and Battle of Baton Rouge, by Right Rev. G. Mott Williams, Bishop of Marquette, 52-69.
Virgin, Horatio N., Adjutant 2d Wis. Cav., Lieut. Col. 33d Wis. Inf., 178.
Vittum, David S., Capt. 3d Wis. Cav., 187.

WAGGONER, James H., Lieut. 2d Wis. Cav., 178.
Walter, Joseph, Lieut., killed at Appomatox Station, 302.
War Questions in the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, by Gen. F. C. Winkler, 159-172; Governor calls special session of legislature to take measures to raise money for public defenses, 159-160; correspondence between Governor and Judges of Supreme Court regarding constitutionality of the Act and validity of the bonds, 160, 161; enlistment of boys under 18 years of age, 161-162; rights of citizens vs. the power of Government, 162; judicial importance of privilege of writ of *habeas corpus*, 162-163; Act of Legislature allowing soldiers to vote in the field, 166; Act of Legislature to pay bounties to volunteers, 169.
Warner, William H., Capt., 5.
Warren, G. K., Gen., at Gettysburg, 273.
Warrensburg, battle of, 155.
Washburn, C. C., Gen., Col. 2d Wis. Cav., 308; at capture of Memphis, Governor of Wis., death of, 177.
Washington, D. C., defenses of, 13.
Washington, George, Gen., President of the Society of the Cincinnati, 85; 435-436.
Watkins, William W., 1st Lieut. and Adjt. 1st Wis. Inf., 441.
Watrous, J. A., Col., "Mosby and his Men," 303-307; in Army of the Potomac, 303.
Webster, Jackson E., Rev., 441.
Weed, S. H., Gen., killed at Gettysburg, 248; 273.
Weitzel, Godfrey, Gen., 66.
Welch, George, Capt., wounded, 99.
Weyeth, John A., Dr., article on "Hard Times in Camp Morton," 87.
Wheeler, Cornelius, Col., "Reminiscenses of Battle of Gettysburg," 207-220; Orderly Sergeant and Lieut. 2d Wis. Inf., 207.
Wilderness, battle of, 88-94; capture of Gens. Seymour and Shaler, 90-94; bands prohibited to play, 94.
Williams, G. Mott, Right Rev., Bishop of Marquette, "The First Vicksburg Expedition and the Battle of Baton Rouge, 1862," 52-69; visits battle ground, 59.
Williams, John R., Gen., title of Major General conferred by the President of the U. S. and confirmed by the Senate, 52.
Williams, Joseph O., Sergeant 2d Wis. Inf., killed at Gettysburg, 208-209.
Williams, Seth, Gen., 2.
Williams, Thomas, Gen., Florida campaign, Mexican campaign, distinguished for gallantry at Contreras, Churubusco and Chapultepec, 52-53; Brig. Gen. of Vols., 53; at Hatteras, Vicksburg, 54; Baton Rouge, 54-58; his attitude toward slavery, 56-57; killed at Baton Rouge, 65; obituary orders, 67.
Williams, R. S., Lieut., 5.
Williamsport, battle of, 282.
Wilson, H. H., Lieut., 120.
Wing, O. H., Major 4th U. S. Cav., 189.
Winkler, F. C., Gen., "War Questions in the Supreme Court of Wisconsin," 159-172.
Wisconsin 1st Infantry at Chaplin Hills, 107; at Gettysburg, 238; 440-441.
Wisconsin 2d Infantry at Fitz Hugh Crossing and Gettysburg, 207; losses of, at Gettysburg, 212, 238.
Wisconsin 4th Infantry at Baton Rouge, 58.
Wisconsin 6th Infantry at Gettysburg, 239.
Wisconsin 10th Infantry at Chaplin Hills, 107-108; 440-441.
Wisconsin 15th Infantry, 440-441.
Wisconsin 20th Infantry at Prairie Grove, 181.
Wisconsin 21st Infantry at Chaplin Hills, 107; 440-441.
Wisconsin 24th Infantry, 440-441.
Wisconsin 26th Infantry at Gettysburg, 242.
Wisconsin 1st Cavalry, organization of, 174; assisted in capture of Jeffer-

son Davis, shared in reward for capture, 175-176; mustered out of service, the killed and wounded, 175; 440.
Wisconsin 2nd Cavalry, organization of, participated in cavalry raids in Mississippi, muster out of service, 177.
Wisconsin 3d Cavalry, organization of, 179; skirmishes with guerrilla bands, 180-183; at Prairie Grove, 180.
Wisconsin 4th Cavalry, organization of, joined Army of the Gulf, at capture of New Orleans, 187; in Gen. Banks' Red River Expedition, mustered out of service, 188.
Wisconsin Cavalry Regiments, by Col. E. A. Calkins, 173-193.
Wisconsin Regiments, losses of, 190; number of soldiers furnished, 326.
Wisconsin Supreme Court, War Questions, 159-172.
Wise, John S., Hon., 311.
Wood, Thomas J., Gen., 336.
Woodle, Isaac, Col. 3d Wis. Cav., 187.
Wool, John E., Gen., 119.
Women of the North 1861-1865, by Capt. F. H. Magdeburg, 194-200; as nurses, raised money for establishment of Soldiers' Home near Milwaukee, organized societies for care of soldiers' families, 195.

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